

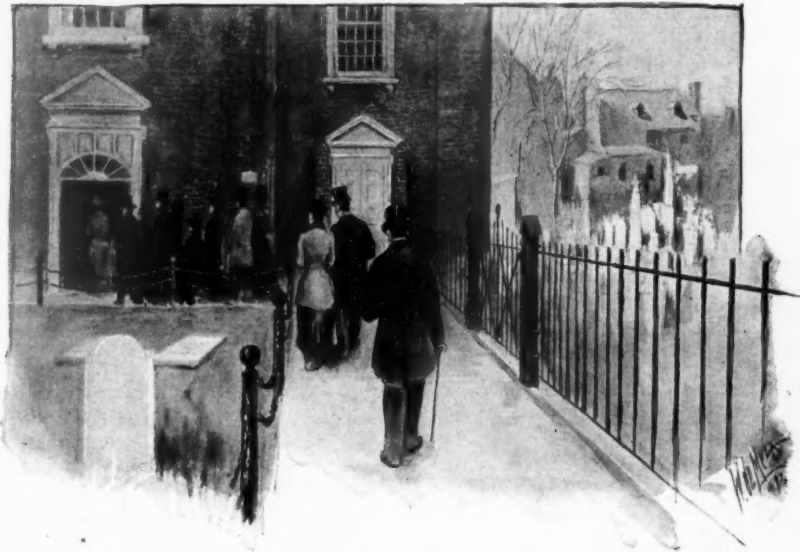
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"THE ST. PETER'S PEOPLE, SUNDAY AFTER SUNDAY, GO IN TO SERVICE BETWEEN FILES OF DECOROUS TOMBSTONES."

IN THE ST. PETER'S SET.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

I.

IT is well understood in Philadelphia—and the better understood because it is generally denied—that the position occupied in that city by the "nice" portion of the congregation of St. Peter's Church is much the same as that occupied in the less well ordered (because less exclusive) community of Paradise by the Senior Seraphim.

There are several other churches in Philadelphia—St. Mark's, St. James's, Holy Trinity—to which one may belong with entire propriety. As to the St. Clement's

people—well, they occupy, like the esthetic set in London, a place by themselves. They go in for color and candles, and one never can be quite sure what they will or will not do next. In a word, they are lacking in that veneration of established customs without which a Philadelphian might as well be anybody else.

But none of these churches stands in its own graveyard. St. Peter's does. That, mainly, is what gives it a social precedence. A graveyard—provided it contains the right sort of graves—is conservative, in a very literal sense of the word, of good society. The St. Peter's people, Sunday

after Sunday, go in to the service of the Sanctuary between files of decorous tombstones on which are carved their father's and their grandfather's, and their great grandfather's names: all of whom, and the remoter generations back of them, have died in the odor of Philadelphia respectability; and all of whom, therefore, have come from (even as Philadelphia bricks come from), and are in the process of returning to, a distinctly superior sort of clay. Fortified by their family tombstones as by a rampart, the temporal pinnacle upon which the St. Peter's people socially are exalted is unassailable; while in regard to eternal matters they are upborne by the agreeable conviction that they are entitled to a more than respectable future because they have had a more than respectable past.

In modern times, with the shifting of population incident to a city's growth, the Faubourg St. Pierre has ceased to be geographically in the vicinity of the church—on South Third and South Fourth streets, and along the lower reaches of Spruce and Pine. This region, to be sure, is not wholly abandoned; but the families which were to be found here in the past generation are now to be found, for the most part, in that portion of the city which is focussed on Rittenhouse Square. A serious and substantial quarter of the city is this; a little corrupted, unfortunately, within the past ten years by the work of light-minded architects, who have set at defiance the traditional white marble trimmings and seemly red bricks, but utterly unlike the North Broad street region with its various flippancies in tortured stone.

Yet while the Faubourg has migrated westward, its social organization has remained intact. It permits, it even recognizes, the existence of an outside world; but it declines, of course, to have anything to do with the dwellers in that remote barbaric wild. Neither wit nor wealth will serve for a password for those who would enter its carefully exclusive circle. Even as sixteen quarterings are required on the part of those who would ally themselves with the old German nobility, so must the candidate for admission to the St. Peter's set be in a position to exhibit at least six generations of

reputable family tombstones ranged in a decent row.

Precisely because the recognition of this calmly superior body is so difficult to obtain, every Philadelphian who yearns to be among the socially elect denies that such recognition is of even the smallest value—and covets it above pearls of price.

II.

For Mrs. Catesby Ballingwood to aspire to admission to the St. Peter's set was nothing less than sheer effrontery. She and her husband between them could muster only five ancestral tombstones—four of which belonged to their immediate progenitors, and none of which was at all the right kind. However, her presumption was born of ignorance. She would have essayed much less had she but known a little more.

What she counted upon mainly to carry her through was the fifth tombstone—that is to say, her husband's grandfather. He was not much of a grandfather, for he had been only a currier in a Philadelphia tannery. But he was real; and by speaking of him as a leather dealer he instantly became highly respectable—that being a branch of business in excellent repute among the Quaker stock in Philadelphia two generations ago. Presumably, Mr. Ballingwood also had possessed a grandfather in the female line; but this shy ancestor, when search was made for him, eluded capture.

Mrs. Ballingwood's paternal grandfather was purely inferential. Through her father, who came of the Celtic house of McShane, she could trace her pedigree only to the doors of Castle Garden. There it stopped short. But she had no desire to go beyond that closed portal. In itself, the name was so much more than enough for her purposes that she had made her husband promise never to utter it—not even in confidential talk with herself. On the maternal side her case was better, for there rudimentary traces of a serviceable article of grandfather survived. She remembered that her mother had spoken about feeding pigs and chickens, and also about driving cows to pasture—from which facts she arrived at the conclusion that her grandfather must have been a farmer. This base being established, she



"HE SAID THAT THE MATTER WAS SETTLED ABSOLUTELY BECAUSE WE SPELL THE NAME, YOU KNOW, WITH TWO I'S."

argued—from his possession of several pigs and more than one cow—that he must have been a farmer of means; or, in other words, a country gentleman. But she also remembered allusions on her mother's part to "father's store"—which seemed to warrant her in describing her grandfather as a merchant; and as this was a substantial calling she was disposed to adopt it. Mr. Ballingwood suggested that the bucolic and the commercial features of the case could be harmonized by the reasonable assumption that her grandfather had kept a country store—but his suggestion was not well received.

Such was the ancestral case which this aspiring lady made out for herself. With her husband's paternal grandfather, who could be made presentable by using him with a judicious restraint; with her own maternal grandfather, who could be handled with great freedom because so little was known about him; and with a bank account as overwhelming as it was genuine to glaze over all deficiencies, Mrs. Catesby Ballingwood—such was her innocence!—believed that she could induce the straitest sect in Philadelphia to admit her within its pale.

In Pittsburgh—this was after her husband had invented his direct-leverage roll, and the rolling-mill people, on the strength of it, had promoted him from foreman to a partnership—Mrs. Ballingwood had made her way into the upper regions of Pittsburgh society without difficulty. When they came to Philadelphia—her husband, by that time, being general manager of the stock company that had been formed—she achieved what she believed to be a like social success in even a shorter time. They had bought a house on North Broad street—undeniably the most desirable part of the town to live in—and she was astonished, for she had heard a good deal about Philadelphia exclusiveness, by the celerity with which her neighbors in that auriferous region became her friends.

Before she had lived in Philadelphia a year however, she recognized the fact that she was not really in Philadelphia society at all. So far as that society was concerned, she might as well still have been in Pittsburgh; indeed, better—for Pittsburgh simply was a part of the outside world, with no especial stigma attaching

to its inhabitants: while for her to live in Philadelphia and yet to live north of Market street (lacking, as she did, the saving grace of relationship to any of the Arch street Quaker families) was to bring a hopeless blot upon the place where the scutcheon which she did not happen to possess ought to be.

At the end of a year she effected a change of base. She ordered the purchase of the best house that could be bought in the proper part of Walnut street, and when this order had been executed they took up their abode in what she now knew to be the correct quarter of the town. Until that time, her husband had written his name John C. Ballingwood. After their migration southward the John vanished, and the C. was expanded into Catesby—in which reconstructed shape his name appeared on their Walnut-street cards.

But Mr. Ballingwood marched at the extreme rear of this procession and manifested little enthusiasm. "What's the good of it all?" he asked in a remonstrant spirit when Mrs. Ballingwood issued her order for the move southward. "We're ever so much more comfortable here than we will be down town. And what's the sense of pulling up stakes just as we've got to knowing our neighbors and are beginning to feel at home?"

"It's because of the neighbors that we must go, Jack—I mean Catesby." (Mrs. Ballingwood was struggling bravely to call her husband Catesby, but the change came hard. Her effort to make him address her as Mary was a dead failure.) "They're not the right sort of neighbors at all. Now that the children are growing up I want them to move in really good society; to belong to the same set of old families that your grandfather must have belonged to, Ja—Catesby."

"'Jacatesby' is good," replied Mr. Ballingwood, taking an unfair advantage of his wife's slip between habit and intention, "but I'm not as big a jacatesby as I look. What sort of a set of old families did my grandfather the currier ever belong to, I'd like to know?"

"Please, please remember, Catesby, that you've promised me always to speak about your grandfather as a leather dealer. Currier does sound so low! I don't mean, of course, that your grandfather knew many of the nice people intimately. He

was too poor for that, of course. But with his name he must have belonged to the very best. Why, at Mrs. Dowd's the other day—she knows quite a lot of downtown people, you know—you ought to have heard her pluming herself upon having been to a tea that a Mrs. Hector Ballingwood gave. You know perfectly well that the Ballingwoods are one of the very best of the old families—and that the Catesbys are too."

"And you know perfectly well that I'm no more related to the Catesbys than I am to the man in the moon—that I'm only named after old John Catesby, who owned the tannery where grandfather used to work. And I ain't the right kind of a Ballingwood, either. The swell family spells the name with only one l. Bartrand told me that, years ago in Pittsburgh. He said he had relatives in Philadelphia of my name; but when he found that I spelled it with two l's he said I didn't come of his stock. You remember Bartrand, don't you? He was that young fellow from Philadelphia who came to our mill to learn the business before he went out to the Philadelphia plant in Colorado—the fellow I had that fight with at the picnic because he had the cheek to want to dance with you three times running."

"I remember that there was such a person," Mrs. Ballingwood replied a little consciously; "but no matter what he said about the spelling, it's all the same family, of course. Please remember that—and about his not being a currier, too."

"All right, Polly, I'll drop the currying board and slap the old man right up at the head of the concern. Don't you worry, I'll get him straight before folks. But I tell you for a cold fact that unless you stop changing that grandfather of yours around from one thing to another I'll get tangled on him, sure. Can't you straighten him out anyway? I know your mother died when you were a baby—but didn't McShane ever tell you anything about him?"

"Oh, Jack—I mean Catesby—do be more careful. You know we agreed that we never—not even in talking to each other—would mention father's name."

"He was a devilish good fellow, all the same," said Mr. Ballingwood, stoutly, "and it was a good day's work for me when I was put on his gang of rolls. If

it hadn't been for that I'd never have laid eyes on you, like enough, Polly."

"Dear father—of course he was as good as he could be. But indeed we musn't talk about him. It is such a perfectly hopeless name, you know. And we must think of the children, Jack—Catesby."

"Good enough, old woman. I'll try to keep my mouth shut about old man Mike—that's what us fellows at the rolls always called him, you know—and we'll play your grandfather the merchant and my grandfather the leather dealer for all they're worth. I guess we'll make things go."

III.

On this basis of a judiciously suppressed and expanded ancestry, Mrs. Ballingwood's down-town campaign opened, as she believed, brilliantly. Several of the friends of her friend Mrs. Dowd called upon her; and, later, the friends of these friends called also. The street names of the unknowable north vanished from her card basket, and in place thereof came the street names of the aristocratic south. All of which was very well indeed.

But the painful truth presently became manifest to Mrs. Ballingwood that while the names of the streets were all right, the names of the people were all, or nearly all, wrong. They were not the old Philadelphia names, and their possessors were not in the least of the old Philadelphia stock. Still worse, as she assured herself by farther investigation, almost everyone of these new friends was just such an outsider as she was herself, and was making just such a fight as she was making to get inside. All of which was most discouragingly bad.

Her one substantial advance had been the achievement of the acquaintance—through the useful Mrs. Dowd—of Mrs. Hector Ballingwood, whom she was determined to regard in the light of a relative notwithstanding the fact that the name was spelled with but a single l. When she referred to the possible relationship she did not receive, it must be confessed, any great amount of encouragement. Mrs. Ballingwood frankly declared that she could not begin to understand the intricacies of Philadelphia family connections, and as frankly thanked heaven that she had been born in New York, where—as she observed

with a flippant irreverence that was in keeping with her unfortunate origin—people did not insist upon making a perpetual exhibition of all their ancestral dead.

But persistent endeavor rarely fails to conquer Fate: which exalted truth Mrs. Ballingwood realized when—upon the occasion of her second call at the house of her possible relative—she was so fortunate as to strike up an intimacy with Mrs. Pennington Brown. It was much more than a mere casual meeting. Other visitors came in, by whom the attention of their hostess was engaged, and they had a long and very friendly talk: in the course of which the open-hearted scion of the McShanes was led on by sympathetic (yet not wholly artless) questioning to reveal much more than she realized of her somewhat shady past, and the whole of her hopes in regard to her entirely brilliant future.

The outcome of this agreeable interview seemed to be the certainty that all for which she hoped was about to come to pass. In the most cordial manner Mrs. Brown announced that she would call upon Mrs. Ballingwood on that lady's next ensuing day at home; and that subsequently—at as early a date as could be arranged—she would have the pleasure of giving to Mr. and Mrs. Ballingwood a dinner party at which they would meet precisely the blue-blooded variety of Philadelphians whom they longed to know.

Naturally, Mrs. Ballingwood came home all in a flutter over this fortunate turn in her affairs. "It is the best thing that has happened to us yet, Catesby," she declared with enthusiasm. "Mrs. Pennington Brown is the very nicest of the nice. Her mother was a Port—the sister of that very aristocratic Mr. Hutchinson Port that Mr. Dowd was telling such queer stories about the other night at dinner."

"Do you mean that old beast who told some lady at her own table that she didn't know how canvas-back ducks ought to be cooked?"

"Yes, that one. It wasn't nice, of course—but he's very eccentric, you know; and cooking is his hobby. He's her uncle; and he was her guardian for a while, too. Her husband, Mrs. Dowd says, was one of the Browns—the family that's all mixed in somehow with William Penn.

Her marriage seems to have been such a sad romance. Her husband was quite an old gentleman, and he died of rheumatic fever in Russia while they were on their wedding journey. She is very brave about it. She spoke about his death so coldly that a careless listener would have been quite deceived—but I could see plainly how deeply she felt it, and how cruelly her poor heart was wrung."

"Oh, it's that Dorothy Port woman, is it?"

"Why, Catesby, what do you mean?"

"I know all about her, now. Two of our directors were talking about her the other day after the board meeting. They didn't leave her a leg to stand on. They said that she had a devil of a temper and nearly drove her uncle wild while he was her guardian; and that she married old Brown partly for the sake of his money and partly to get a free foot; and that she carted him off to Russia on purpose to let the cold get in its work on his rheumatism and kill him—as it did. She seems to be a bad lot all the way through."

"I'm sure it's a string of wicked falsehoods from beginning to end," Mrs. Ballingwood replied hotly. "There's nothing that men—especially old men—won't say against a woman. I know it's all false, and that I can trust her—she has such a frank manner and such lovely gray eyes."

Actually, the slanders repeated by Mr. Ballingwood—as must be made clear in simple justice to the slandered—rested upon a very slim foundation of fact. It was true that Mr. Pennington Brown had died suddenly in St. Petersburg of acute rheumatic fever—induced, generally, by adverse climatic conditions; and, specifically, by exposure to extreme cold upon a sledging frolic which his wife (who delighted in sledging) quite unintentionally had prolonged until he was chilled to the very marrow of his old bones. But the assertion that she deliberately had sought to compass his death by exposing him to the rigors of a northern winter, was—as Mrs. Ballingwood very properly had said it was—a wicked falsehood.

The fact of the matter was that Mrs. Pennington Brown had not thought about her husband one way or the other. Her simple concept of the St. Petersburg expedition was that she wanted to go there herself—and with this lady, whose amia-

ble habit it was to assume that her own personal contentment was equivalent to universal happiness, a strong desire to do anything or to go anywhere always was an amply sufficient reason for doing it or going it at once. So far from being unmoved by Mr. Brown's untimely death, the sad occurrence occasioned her a great deal of annoyance and surprise—which welling up of deep feeling was none the less sincere because her admirably balanced head enabled her to apply the excellent restraint of philosophy to the flutterings of her wounded heart.

"It was very trying indeed, Uncle Hutchinson," this consolate widow observed in the course of a conversation with her relative immediately succeeding her return to America, "to have poor dear Pennington die that way—and right at the very height of the delightful winter season, too.

But we had half a winter, anyway, and enjoyed every bit of it—at least I did—and that was a great deal better than nothing at all. You know I always wanted *you* to take me to St. Petersburg; and you never would, you selfish dear. But my heart was quite set on going, and if I hadn't married and got there that way I'm sure that sooner or later you would have given in—for you never could be cruel to your angel for long at a time, you know.

"And how odd it would have been, Uncle Hutchinson," the angel continued in a tone of thoughtful interest, "if things had turned out that way—if I hadn't married poor dear Pennington, you know, and gone with him, but had gone with you and it had been you who had died there? Wouldn't that have been queer? But you're quite safe now, you dear thing. I don't want to go again; and even if I



"IT IS BECAUSE OF THE NEIGHBORS THAT WE
MUST MOVE, JACK."

did I wouldn't have to bother you—for it's one of the comfortable things about being a widow that I can go about alone as much as I please."

IV.

Being compelled by business reasons, two years or so after her husband's death, to return to the halls of her Philadelphia ancestors, Mrs. Pennington Brown found herself bored almost to desperation. Although born in those halls, she had left them at a very early stage in her earthly pilgrimage; and almost the whole of her life had been passed on the eastern side of the Atlantic. Her hereditary Philadelphia instincts had been obliterated by her foreign environment, and life in Philadelphia—such was the perversion of her nature—seemed to her a penance more than she could bear. To liken her, during

her enforced temporary residence in that severely ordered city, to a dove beating against the bars of its cage, may be to employ too poetic imagery. Strictly speaking, Dorothy and doves had but little in common; and there certainly was nothing whatever dove-like in her resentment of the seemly social ordinances, of a conservative character, by which she constantly found herself brought up with a round turn.

But precisely because she entertained such views in regard to her surroundings, Mrs. Pennington Brown's disposition toward any person who, like herself, was at odds with them, was of the most cordial sort; and it was on these grounds that she had developed so suddenly a liking for Mrs. Catesby Ballingwood—who was most hopelessly at odds with her surroundings without at all knowing it. Mrs. Brown had found her very frank revelation of her socially depressed past and of her socially aspiring future quite as good as a chapter of Balzac; and she had perceived what a restfully diverting situation could be developed by giving this naïve person the identical social opportunity—the chance to meet people whom she would not like, and who would not like her—that she so ardently desired. From which partly humane, partly philosophical motives sprang her promptly-formed determination to take Mrs. Ballingwood up.

And so it came to pass that at almost the identical moment that the object of these amiable intentions was exhibiting to her husband the bright future which was opening before her, the prospective author of that future was exhibiting her plans for its accomplishment to her elderly kinsman, Mr. Hutchinson Port. Mr. Port had been dining with his agreeable niece, and the very especial burgundy—in the drinking of which, to one of his gouty habit, there was a pleasing spice of peril—had permeated his whole being with a genial glow. It is not impossible that his niece had waited for this factitious enlargement of his normally scant disposition to be obliging before she opened to him her intentions in the following terms:

"Your angel is going to give a dinner party, Uncle Hutchinson, and she expects you to be sweet and lovely and help her to make it a success."

The fact should be mentioned that this

lady had adopted, during the animated term of her insubmission to her uncle's guardianship, the pretty conceit of referring to herself as his angel; and the cognate fact may be stated that Mr. Port—having repeatedly tried her in her own angelic balances, and having uniformly found her wanting—entertained strong convictions as to the inadequacy of the grounds upon which this celestial pseudonym was used. Further, an extended and bitter experience had taught him that his only safety in dealing with his energetic young relative—whose faculty for making ellipses out of inches was phenomenal—resided in denying even her smallest request instantly and point blank.

Yet on this occasion—such is the mellowing and humanizing influence of a really sound burgundy—he replied to her tentative statement in the blandest of tones: "Any dinner party that you may give, Dorothy, necessarily must be a success provided a feature of it is this really remarkable wine. I remember perfectly when Pen laid it in. He bought it himself in Dijon, and it has been precisely sixteen years in glass. It will afford me much pleasure, however, to contribute in any way that lies in my power toward making your proposed entertainment all that you desire it to be. On second thoughts, unless your guests are to be persons of real intelligence, I would advise you not to serve this wine. One bottle might be provided for me, you know—you could tell James to place it in the basket with the label down—and for the remainder of the company you can order to be served some of Pen's really excellent Pommard. But we can decide this point definitely when you tell me who you expect to have."

"I'm giving the dinner to a Mrs. Ballingwood and her husband—"

"A Mrs. Balingwood? There is only one Mrs. Balingwood, now—the wife of Hector. George has not married; and their mother, you know, died last year."

"The Mrs. Ballingwood I mean is Mrs. Catesby Ballingwood. She—"

"There is no such person," Mr. Port struck in with great decision. "You must know that yourself, Dorothy. Hector Balingwood's great-grandfather had only one son—there were several daughters—and he married a Galtney. His two

sons were Hector and Elisha. Hector never married, and the present Hector is Elisha's son—Elisha married Mary Bartrand. There is no connection between the Catesbys and the Balingwoods. The Catesbys are a very good family. Old John Catesby's tannery, upon Pegg's Run, was the largest tannery in the city when I was a boy. But there has been no intermarriage with the Balingwoods. This woman's husband, unless he belongs to the Virginia branch, must belong to the other family—not the Balingwoods at all. How does he spell his name—with one l, or two?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Does it make any difference?"

"It makes the greatest possible difference. If he spells it with two l's that settles matters. It would make him one of the others—and you could not have them to dinner. It is quite impossible to know those other Balingwoods—the ones with the double l!" Mr. Port spoke with a grave energy, and the tone in which he referred to the additional letter was such as to project its unfortunate owners into a remote region of unknowableness too shocking to be defined in words.

"But she must be one of the right ones, Uncle Hutchinson. It was at Mrs. Hector Balingwood's that I met her—and she and her husband are coming, and so is that Bartrand cousin of theirs who's here from Colorado. I've asked the Joshua Catesbys, too."

"That does not prove anything at all. I don't know young Bartrand, but Hector Balingwood is an ass; and his wife is worse than he is, for she is not a Philadelphian. She comes of a fairly good New York family, I understand—but you know how New York people, even nice people, are. All that she thinks of is the sparkle of the passing moment. I have heard that she has said openly that she would ask a Choctaw to dinner if he could say clever things. And I know absolutely that at her house you are liable to meet people from North Broad street, and even people"—Mr. Port's voice dropped to a tone of solemn horror—"from Spring Garden street! No, Dorothy, Mrs. Hector Balingwood has none of that proper feeling which teaches true Philadelphians to respect their own and other people's descent. Her indorsement of anybody proves nothing at all."

"But Maria has that sort of feeling all over her, and Maria is coming too."

Mr. Port's severe manner instantly relaxed, and with a yielding suavity he answered: "That, of course, entirely changes the situation. Mrs. Logan Rittenhouse never has been known to be in error in any matter of Philadelphia genealogy. I infer from her willingness to meet these people that they do belong to the Virginia branch—in which event, of course, their standing in society is assured. Under these circumstances, Dorothy, I shall have much pleasure in being one of the guests at the dinner you propose giving them—and, on the whole, I think that my suggestion in regard to the burgundy had better be acted upon. The Virginian probably would appreciate it, but the young man from Colorado certainly would not—and it simply would be casting pearls before Hector Balingwood and Josh Catesby to give them such a wine. But don't forget, Dorothy, to tell James to serve my bottle with the label down."

That Mr. Port's obliging change of front had been secured by a recourse to strategy did not materially lessen the pleasure with which his ingenuous niece welcomed it. In declaring that her sister-in-law, Mrs. Logan Rittenhouse, was coming to her dinner, she had spoken prophetic truth rather than truth assured. It was her intention that Mrs. Rittenhouse should come, and she knew by extensive experience that her inborn ability to realize her intentions was large. Therefore she did not hesitate to make the argumentative assertion, as it may be delicately termed, which immediately produced so satisfactorily convincing a result.

The practical advantages of her method were obvious when dealing with Mrs. Logan Rittenhouse on the ensuing day. Mrs. Rittenhouse raised precisely the same doubts and objections in regard to these unknown Balingwoods which had been raised by Mr. Port. But Dorothy was in a position to meet and to overcome her with precisely the tactics which had overcome her uncle, and with the advantage of operating from a securely established base. In other words, she could, and did, reply that her uncle had promised to come to the dinner because in his opinion Mr. Catesby Balingwood was one of the Balingwoods of Virginia—whereupon Mrs.

Rittenhouse, whose respect for Mr. Port as an embodied Table of Philadelphia Descents was quite equal to his respect for her on like grounds—at once withdrew her objections and promised to come too. It was not badly managed, on the whole.

There was no love lost between Dorothy and her sister-in-law; but, in spite of Dorothy's tendency toward aggression, they had succeeded so far in keeping upon outwardly friendly terms. It is but just to add that the credit of their apparently amicable relations belonged wholly to the elder lady, and was bred of her imaginings as to what might be the outcome of their engaging in a regular stand-up fight. That Mrs. Logan Rittenhouse would have cast herself to the lions rather than confess that her desire for peace had anything to do with her dread of war, does not admit of a doubt; but that she would have performed this Early Christian act in an Early Christian spirit, does.

V.

It was with feelings akin to those of a newly made angel joyfully trying its newly acquired wings that Mrs. Catesby Balingwood gat her to the dinner party of her hopes. So warm and buoyant was her mood that even her presentation to Mrs. Logan Rittenhouse did not appreciably chill her; and finding herself leading the procession from the drawing room, with her hand actually on the arm of Mr. Hutchinson Port, filled her with no more than an agreeable awe. The one drop of bitterness in her cup of otherwise undiluted bliss was the threatening possibility—which Mr. Balingwood, with a truly man-like choice of time, had revealed to her just as she was finishing dressing—that they might be compelled to return to Pittsburg within the next fortnight. To leave Philadelphia at the very moment when her highest social hopes in that city were in course of triumphant realization, and for no better reason than that a lot of low workmen in a rolling-mill could not be kept in order by anybody but her husband, she felt would break her heart. However, she did not mean to go.

Possibly because her mind thus was directed toward rolling-mills, she seemed

to associate with that branch of industry the bearded gentleman who had been presented to her in the moment before going in to dinner and whose name she did not hear. His voice certainly had a familiar sound. When they were seated, he was out of range of her eyes—his place being on Mrs. Brown's left and therefore on the same side of the table with herself, but cut off from her by Mr. Hector Balingwood and Mrs. Josh Catesby. Somehow, this vaguely familiar voice, and the vague associations which it recalled, worried her. She was disturbed, too, by perceiving that her husband, seated on Mrs. Brown's right, had for his neighbor on the other side the formidable Mrs. Logan Rittenhouse; a juxtaposition in which, if the half that she had heard about this lady were true, there was peril. Diagonally facing her, seated between Mrs. Rittenhouse and Mrs. Hector Balingwood, was Mr. Josh Catesby—at whom, although her hope that so respectable a person was a relative of her husband's had been abandoned, she looked with a good deal of interest. At least, the two families had been in a way associated in the old days. But with her interest there was mingled a touch of dread. He was younger than her husband, she was glad to see; but, nevertheless, he might have an awkwardly tenacious memory. Thus, in her very first glance around the table, while unfolding her napkin, Mrs. Catesby Balingwood added one or two more tiny drops of bitterness to the brimming draught of happiness which Fate, operating through her amiable hostess, was pressing to her longing lips.

At Mrs. Pennington Brown's table conversation never flagged. Mrs. Brown not only knew how to talk herself, but she knew how to make other people talk. The unregenerate Mrs. Hector Balingwood of New York possessed the same happy subjective and objective colloquial faculties. Being seated at opposite ends of the table, these two sprightly ladies were so excellent a leaven that they effectually leavened the lumpishness of Mr. and Mrs. Josh Catesby, and overcame the slight awkwardness felt by Mr. and Mrs. Balingwood upon finding themselves in so exalted a company of almost total strangers; even the frigidity of Mrs. Logan Rittenhouse thawed a little, and the taci-



"I KNOW ABSOLUTELY THAT AT HER HOUSE
YOU ARE LIABLE TO MEET PEOPLE FROM NORTH BROAD STREET."

turnity of Mr. Hutchinson Port passed unobserved.

By the time the entrées were served, the entire company—excepting the two members of it who did not mellow readily—had mellowed to a very genial cordiality; and Mrs. Catesby Ballingwood, in easy talk with her potential kinsman on her right and with her potential family friend across the table—into which talk Mrs. Hector Balingwood entered with so much spirit that even Mr. Port now and then was moved to throw in a word—had forgotten wholly her vague misgivings and was surrendered to a lively joy. At his end of the table, Mr. Catesby Ballingwood equally was enjoying himself. Mrs. Brown, discovering quickly the subject upon which he was most at home, had set him to talking about iron and iron-making—and he was talking very well indeed. He had a truly American dry humor, and some of his stories about iron-mill life were capital. The conditions of the case—the irreproachable dinner, the generous wines from the late Mr. Pennington Brown's famous cellar, the obvious inter-

est that he inspired in his listeners—all were favorable to a glib loquacity that put the spoken word some distance in advance of the considerate thought.

Partly for this genial reason, partly because he was in ignorance of the sacredness of the rite, Mr. Ballingwood paid no attention to the solemn pause in the conversation—which his wife was quick enough to observe and to acquiesce in—when the terrapin was served. Just as though that holy chelonian had no existence (let alone a cult) he went ahead with the story that he was telling—and Mrs. Ballingwood was additionally horrified by discovering that it was the story of that picnic of the mill hands when he and the young Philadelphian, contending for her grace, had come so gallantly to blows. In a moment she found that he was telling it in the third person—and drew a long sigh of relief.

But her relief was not destined to be lasting—for this was the beginning of the end!

The story was so well told that, in spite of the flavor of sacrilege imparted to

it by telling it at so sacred a juncture, a laugh went round the table as it came to an end. And then, as the laugh subsided, the gentleman seated on Mrs. Brown's left spoke out with a cheery heartiness these words of doom: "That settles it, Jack, old man. You've shaved off your beard and I've let mine grow, and we're both of us nearly fifteen years older—but you're the same man who punched my head that day, and who used to work with me at old man Mike McShane's gang of rolls!" And then, turning to his hostess he added: "Mr. Ballingwood and I were the heroes of that occasion, Mrs. Brown; and I'm sure you've only to look at Mrs. Ballingwood—who then was Miss Polly McShane—to see that we had a heroine worth fighting for to the death!"

But this gallant speech was lost upon Mrs. Ballingwood. A sudden chill had seized her, followed by so violent a rush of blood through her veins, and so loud a ringing in her ears, that the words were indistinguishable and the voice seemed to be but a vague murmur far away. Her extreme discomposure was but momentary. As she recovered from it she heard her husband saying, in a most awkwardly constrained voice:

"—glad to see you indeed, Bartrand. You went West, I remember, from our works—I'm one of the owners, now, you know—to that plant in Colorado. How do things go out there? You make a good article of iron, I know; but it comes too high to pay, don't it?"

Mrs. Logan Rittenhouse held her eyeglass to her eyes by its long tortoise-shell handle and gazed critically at Mr. Ballingwood as he spoke. Without giving him an opportunity to pursue the interesting subject of the cost of iron-making in Colorado, she said incisively: "Ah, then, it is with some of your own autobiography, Mr. Ballingwood, that you have been entertaining us so agreeably. May I ask, since you have yourself opened the subject, if you belong to the Virginia Ballingwoods? It is a branch of our own Philadelphia family, you know; and a very desirable branch to belong to. I have had the pleasure of meeting some members of it in the past—very charming people. They were your immediate relatives, I presume?"

"N-o-o," Mr. Ballingwood answered,

with a hesitation that made his wife grind her teeth. "N-o-o, I don't belong to that family. I am a Philadelphian—at least my father and my grandfather were." And then, gathering assurance by the perceptible relaxation of Mrs. Rittenhouse's severity at the mention of a grandfather, he added: "My grandfather was a leather dealer here in old times—one of the tanneries up on Pegg's Run, you know."

Mr. Josh Catesby, seated on the other side of Mrs. Rittenhouse, leaned forward and spoke across her with a look of much interest: "You don't say so! Why, we've been in leather, my people you know, right up there for nearly two hundred years. What firm was your grandfather with? I don't remember the name of Ballingwood in leather—it must have been before my day. But hold on! There was a Ballingwood in our own place in my grandfather's time, I remember perfectly. He was foreman of the currying shop, and my grandfather thought the world of him. And it seems to me that I remember hearing my grandfather—John Catesby, you know—say that there was a son or a grandson named after him. And—by Jove!—isn't your name Catesby Ballingwood? You don't mean to say that you're the very man named after my grandfather? Why how jolly that is—and how I wish grandfather was alive to see you! But he died, you know, ten years—"

Mrs. Logan Rittenhouse checked the eager flow of Mr. Josh Catesby's reminiscences with a stately wave of her hand. "May I ask, Mr. Ballingwood," she said in the tone of a chief justice speaking from the bench, "how you spell your name? Is it with one l, or two?"

"Well, I believe that nowadays we most of us spell it with—with two. But I think I remember hearing my grandfather say—"

"I remember what he said better than you do, Jack—let me tell it. The dear old man was very fond of me, you know, and he has said it to me a hundred times. Let me tell it, dear!"

It was Mrs. Ballingwood who spoke—and Mr. Ballingwood could not have started more violently if the voice had come from the disintegrated terrapin. To his certain knowledge his wife never had laid eyes on his father, let alone on his

grandfather; what on earth she was driving at in thus suddenly expressing a desire to tell something that she professed to know all about, when he himself was doing his best to make it up as he went along, puzzled him beyond expression; and for her to cap this most extraordinary climax by addressing him as "Jack," in such a company, fairly set him aghast. "Go ahead, Polly," he managed to articulate—and leaned back in his chair, rather more than half dazed, to await results.

Mrs. Ballingwood smiled on the company in the frankest manner and spoke in the frankest tone. "We always call each other Jack and Polly," she said; "it reminds us so pleasantly of the time when we were just comfortable common work-people—when I did the cooking and washing at home and Jack was a hand in the rolling-mill and worked on my father's gang of rolls. Jack has tried to call me Mary, and to make me call him Catesby, since we got rich—but I can't bear to let the dear old names go."

At this point in his wife's address, Mr. Ballingwood furtively pinched his right leg under the table. To his intense astonishment, his simple experiment in applied psychology convinced him that he was awake.

"I'm afraid that my father, Michael McShane, would have been a little out of place here, dear Mrs. Brown," Mrs. Ballingwood continued sweetly; "but indeed I do wish that you could have known him—he was so hearty and honest, and his Irish wit made him say such bright things. He was mother as well as father to me," there was a tender drop in her voice, "for my mother died when I was only nine years old. All that I remember about her are stories that she used to tell me about helping to feed the pigs and to take care of the cows which belonged to her father—who kept a little country store. When she died, my dear father was everything to me. You knew him, Mr. Bartrand, and I'm sure you don't think that I'm saying too much about his goodness?"

"Indeed you're not," Bartrand answered with a most unmistakable sincerity. "Mike McShane was one of the best fellows I ever knew."

"But you did not know old Mr. Bal-

lingwood, Jack's grandfather. He died before you came to learn the business at the mill. He has told me over and over again, Mr. Catesby, how good your grandfather was to him—he was nothing but a currier, you know; and how proud he was that your grandfather was willing that the baby should have his name."

"Well, it worked both ways, Mrs. Ballingwood," Mr. Catesby said with a good deal of feeling, "I've often heard my grandfather say how much he thought of your husband's grandfather. As I was just saying, I wish with all my heart that the old gentleman was alive to know all about this, and to talk it over with us—it would please him right down to the very tips of his toes."

"But what Jack was just going to say," Mrs. Ballingwood went on, "was that his grandfather always impressed upon him that he must not consider himself in any way related to the nice family of Ballingwoods—your family, that is, Mr. Ballingwood. He said that the matter was settled absolutely because we spell the name, you know, with two P's."

As this fatal statement was made, Mr. Hutchinson Port turned his eyes upward toward outraged heaven, and Mrs. Logan Rittenhouse audibly moaned.

"But indeed, Mrs. Brown, I must beg that you will pardon me for inflicting upon you all this talk about ourselves. It was the pleasant surprise of meeting with Mr. Bartrand, and the interest that Mrs. Rittenhouse was kind enough to take in the spelling of the name, that set me off. Jack calls me a chatterpot, and indeed I am about the dear old times. How delicious this terrapin is, Mr. Port. I am told that you have a wonderful recipe of your own for preparing terrapin. Have you, really?"

Mr. Port was in no condition to answer this or any other question. The shock of the awful disclosure that had burst upon him had been more than he could bear. For the moment, he was completely unmanned. He tried to answer, but he could only mumble and gasp. Fortunately, his niece—as usual—was equal to the emergency. With her customary presence of mind she advanced the flagrant heresy that anybody could dress terrapin; and that no matter how they were dressed



"ACTUALLY, I TOOK THAT WOMAN FROM THE NORTHERN LIBERTIES OUT TO DINNER ON MY ARM!"

they were horrid things to eat : which assertions, in accordance with her expectation, drew forth from Mr. Josh Catesby and Mr. Hector Balingwood such indignant contradiction that some sort of a diversion was effected—and so the dinner went on.

Mr. Port and Mrs. Rittenhouse finished the meal in absolute silence ; and the bearing of Mr. Catesby Balingwood—from whose possible contaminating touch Mrs. Rittenhouse carefully drew away her immaculate skirts—was decidedly constrained. But Mrs. Catesby Balingwood never had been gayer, never had seemed to be more entirely light-hearted, never had said in so short a time so many good things. With the silent exceptions noted, she fairly carried the company by storm. Finally, she neither unduly hastened nor unduly delayed her departure ; she broke up the party at precisely the right time.

There was a very perceptible warmth in Mrs. Pennington Brown's manner—and neither Mrs. Brown nor her manner warmed easily—when she bade her guest good night. Mrs. Josh Catesby's manner was more than warm, it was effusive ; and she expressed her intention of calling upon Mrs. Balingwood on the following afternoon—as that happened to be her day. Mrs. Hector Balingwood went still farther : she fairly hugged her double l'd name-sake as she heartily kissed her guest good night. A like kindly feeling was manifested by the men. Bartrand shook hands with her on the score of old acquaintance ; Mr. Josh Catesby on the score of the old family friendship ; and Mr. Hector Balingwood on the score of his regret that he could not claim a relationship of blood. As for her husband—who was still in a dazed condition—he was passed around from hand to hand among the members of this cordial company like refreshments on a tray. Mr. Port and Mrs. Rittenhouse, naturally, were not in the running. Like a gentlemanly priest and a very ladylike Levite, they stood, as it were, afar off from all this friendliness ; and when they bade Mr. and Mrs. Balingwood good night, it was with stately bows.

When Mrs. Balingwood fairly was gone, there was an outburst of eulogy over her frank avowal of so extraordinary a series of family facts. The men, with one exception, were in raptures over her ; and

the women, with one exception, gave her as nearly unqualified praise as is possible with women when speaking of their kind. It was decided with emphasis that Mrs. Catesby Balingwood was a person who deserved to be taken up.

And just as this decision was reached in Mrs. Pennington Brown's drawing room, the lady whom it concerned was saying to her husband in the carriage :

"—because it was the only possible thing to do ! That woman was determined to get it all out of you, and the more she made you flounder the deeper you were getting in the mire. I *had* to tell.

"And now, whether you want to or not, Jack, we've got to go back to Pittsburgh—or to go somewhere—right away. All those women, the young ones, I mean, will be nice to us ; and so will the men. But that old hag and that old brute won't. They hate us—and they mean to show it in every possible horrid way. I've beaten them tonight—but in the long run they'd beat me. We've got to go !" And thus did Mrs. Catesby Balingwood withdraw from the conflict—defeated yet triumphant—carrying with her her colors and her arms.

Yet, and justly, the hatred of Mr. Port and Mrs. Rittenhouse was poured out primarily upon Mrs. Pennington Brown—who had trampled upon the highest instincts of their natures, and by whom their considerate confidence in each other's social rectitude had been most outrageously betrayed. The bitterness of their feeling toward her, indeed, was more intense, not to say deadly, than anyone born outside of Philadelphia fully can understand.

As the first of these parted from her that fateful night he said : "Dorothy, you have gone out of your way on many occasions to wound my most sacred feelings—but never before have you done anything like this. Actually, I took that woman from the Northern Liberties out to dinner on my arm !"

And the second of these, leaving her, said : "I can in part forgive you, Dorothy, for having married my unfortunate brother in order that you might murder him—but I never can forgive you for compelling me to sit through an entire dinner with those people who spell their name with two l's !"

EVOLUTION AND CHRISTIANITY.

BY ST. GEORGE MIVART.

WHAT is "Evolution"? The term generally used to denote the mode in which the physical universe, and especially our own globe, with the plants which clothe its surface and the animals they directly or indirectly nourish, are supposed to have become what now we see them. As amongst those animals man must be included, with all his present powers and acquirements, evolution, in the widest sense of the word, must also include the gradual development of industry, commerce, art, science, statesmanship and religion.

However, when people talk of "Evolution" now they generally refer to the origin of living beings of different kinds, the origin either of mere individuals or of new kinds (or "species") of plants and animals.

The most obvious and familiar instance of the evolution of a new individual animal is the hatching of a hen's egg. A new-laid egg contains nothing but an apparently lifeless mass of two semi-fluid substances—the white and the yolk: nor will the highest powers of the microscope reveal more therein than certain minute, rounded bodies technically called "cells." Yet it needs nothing but a persistent supply of moderate warmth to make that seemingly inert, semi-fluid matter become a definite organic being possessing the most surprising powers. These little cells will arrange themselves in three superficial layers; the layers will fold themselves in complex ways, thickening here and there and growing in various directions. Soon the brain that is to be is sketched out; a tube arises beneath, folds itself, and becomes a pulsating heart, and blood is formed and begins to circulate. Gradually the body distinctly shows itself and incipient limbs bud forth till the different parts, with all their organs, become defined, and

ultimately a living bird, clothed with downy feathers, chips the shell, comes forth and walks about this new world with widely open eyes and quickly shows the sharpness of its senses by pecking at grains and even catching an insect on the wing! The really wonderful nature of this growth is generally unthought of by us on account of our very familiarity with it. But the more we ponder over it the more really marvellous it will appear.

Almost all animals and plants go through a process of individual evolution which is essentially similar, however different the details of that process may be, before they attain their full development.

"Evolution" should mean, according to its etymology, a process of "unfolding," and the minute, closely packed leaves of a bud gradually unfold themselves and so "evolve" a flower or a shoot, as the case may be. But evidently no minute organs exist folded up in the glairy fluid of the new-laid egg. This the microscope makes us as obviously certain of as we are certain they cannot be introduced from without. The air and vapor of water find their way through the porous eggshell, but these, together with heat, obviously afford us no explanation of the formation of a heart, eyes, etc., etc.

It is plain then that the hatching of a chicken—or its "evolution"—must be due to something in the new-laid egg which no microscope can detect, as also that the chicken's various organs were only pre-existent within it in a non-natural sense—in the sense that the egg's substance has somehow the power of producing them when the requisite conditions are supplied. None of the theories of Buffon, Darwin, Weissmann, Eimer or anyone else can really supply us with any other explanation. We may, as they have done, imagine at will any number of intermedi-

It has been suggested that a brief exposition of certain problems connected with the doctrine of evolution, especially as regards its most serious consequences, would not be unwelcome to constituents of the Cosmopolitan. Having studied that doctrine for more than thirty years and personally known some of its most distinguished advocates, in compliance with that suggestion I very willingly here set down some of the conclusions at which I have arrived, in the hope that they may not be altogether useless to a very intelligent section of the enormous public of American readers. The subject will be considered in four papers. The first has reference to the facts bearing upon evolution. The parts to follow will treat of Natural Selection, The Causes of Evolution, and lastly The Bearing of Evolution on Christianity.

ate steps, purely speculative and theoretical, but we are no better at the end than is the Hindoo who thinks that the mystery of the earth's being supported on the back of an enormous elephant is explained by supposing that elephant to stand on an enormous tortoise.

These remarks as to individual evolution are intended as introductory to our consideration of what most persons mean by that term, namely, the evolution of species.

That new species have arisen from time to time in some mode or other is made absolutely certain by the relics we find imbedded in rocks of different degrees of antiquity. Nowhere is this more obvious than in the United States, which have startled the scientific world again and again by the number of extraordinary beasts, birds and reptiles their rich deposits show to have once dwelt there, although we do not find with them any trace of other such creatures which live now, and which would have left some relic behind them had they then already made their appearance on the surface of this planet. Again we find, in much older rocks, abundant remains of huge marine reptiles without a trace of any contemporary whale or porpoise, although, had these latter existed with them, their remains would have been intermingled with the others, since at a later day such relics are found in masses of countless individuals—although the reptilian denizens of the ocean had by that time ceased to navigate its waves, as the absence of their bones declares.

But these are facts which seem to show that new species have not merely succeeded one another, but that there has been some special bond of connection between such successively arising forms.

As we have said, each animal during its development (or process of individual evolution) passes through a number of stages, the miniature individual being sometimes very unlike the adult—as the tadpole is unlike the frog, and the caterpillar is unlike the butterfly.

Now it was long ago remarked—years, that is, before the late Mr. Darwin promulgated his hypothesis—that many fossil forms that have passed away forever resemble still-living animals in the earlier stages of their existence. They were

what may be called "big babies," as Sir Richard Owen said to us in the year 1848. It seemed to naturalists of that day that these animal forms had lived their lives in a relatively undeveloped state, which creatures of our own day have somehow managed to get beyond. Reptiles of later date being more and more like existing forms, the fact was recognized that earlier creatures bear to later forms (also now extinct) a similar contrast, though one less in degree, to that they represent as compared with animals still living.

Another fact was also then much remarked upon, namely, the fact that each individual animal, in the process of its individual development, goes through a series of stages in which it successively presents a series of general resemblance to other animals of lower kinds. Thus a very young dog is (long before its birth) in many respects like a fish—though of course it never is one—and a human being is, for a time, indistinguishable from a monkey. Therefore, a sort of zoological rule-of-three sum presents itself as follows:

"As the young of living kinds are to living adults, so are animals of more ancient periods to those of recent times and of our own day."

But the living adults are the actual physical products of such young, therefore the suggestion naturally presents itself to the mind that the animals of our own day may analogously be the actual physical products of the animals of more ancient periods.

This suggestion became reinforced as the distribution of the various kinds of animals over the earth's surface grew to be better known; it was reinforced two ways.

The science of animal geography, of which the late Professor Edward Forbes—the delight of all who knew him—was one of the earliest promoters, shows us in the first place that a close relationship exists between the zoological geography of the past and of the present. Nowhere but in America do we find those wonderful animals whose whole existence is so closely bound up with the trees of the forest they inhabit that they may be called animal "epiphytes"—we mean the sloths. They pass their lives hanging by their hook-like claws from the branches of the trees on the leaves of which they feed, and they can

sleep in all security while so suspended, because their limbs are so cunningly contrived that the attitude by which they cling is their attitude of rest. It needs an effort for them to unhook either a hand or foot. No other forests of the world—whether the sombre glades of equatorial Africa described by Stanley, or the monkey-peopled woods of the Indian archipelago—possess any animal comparable with the sloth for the perfect adaptation of its form to its peculiar needs. A "sloth" as to its movements it may well be: for its food is ever present on all sides of it, and it requires but to progress slowly as it lays one branch after another bare of foliage.

Not only do we find no such creature living in the old world, but no fossil remains of any animal at all similar to it have as yet been discovered anywhere in that hemisphere.

Yet it is very different in America. There, in the recent geological past, there lived in great numbers and in numerous varieties animals which the anatomist at once recognizes as being the sloth's first cousins. We say "the anatomist," because the ordinary, unskilled observer would at first be disposed to regard them as very different. Instead of being creatures not much bigger than a cat, these predecessors of the sloths were of the bulk of the hippopotamus, or even larger. How such creatures could have lived on trees was a puzzle, and one Scandinavian naturalist suggested that there might then have been trees gigantic in proportion. There is, however, no need to adopt so "gigantic" an hypothesis; for, as Sir Richard Owen sagaciously pointed out (after studying the indications their bones presented, of having been clothed with voluminous muscles of enormous power), they probably embraced trees with their arms and then, resting on their hind limbs and powerful tail as on a tripod, swayed them to and fro till they fell, after which they could quietly strip the leaves from their prostrate branches.

Now no one supposes that sloths can have directly descended from these huge sires, but the exclusive possession by America of these in essential points similar, yet in others very different forms, clearly suggests some "kinship" between them—some more or less removed

"cousinship" such as we have suggested.

America, again, is the exclusive home of those curious little beasts the armadillos, and in America alone have also been found remains of similar creatures of much larger size known as "glyptodons."

But the old world possesses analogous curiosities of a different kind. In India and Africa creatures now exist of a kind termed pangolin or manis. By early naturalists these beasts were classed with lizards, because their body is clothed not with hair, but with horny overlapping scales; the sharp, projecting edges of which, when the creature, for security, rolls itself into a ball, give it very efficient protection.

Africa also possesses a curious animal known as the ant bear, and which has teeth so wonderfully different from those of every other kind of beast that their like is only to be found in a kind of skate or ray among fishes.

Now no pangolin or ant bear has been fossil in America; but both have turned up in the Island of Samos, in the Turkish archipelago—the ancient Turkish pangolin being three times the size of existing species. Therefore we can hardly doubt but that a real bond of some kind connects these existing forms with their extinct predecessors.

There are multitudes of monkeys on both sides of the Atlantic, but no single old-world kind is naturally an inhabitant of the new, and vice versa.

Fossil monkeys are found both in America and in the old world, but these ancient forms were as distinct from each other as those which now exist.

This fact again points in the same direction as those just previously mentioned.

When Banks and Solander, who accompanied Captain Cook on his memorable exploration of the world, first landed on the shores of Australia, it must have appeared to those naturalists almost as if they had visited some new planet, so different were the animal and vegetable products which there met their eyes from those of any other land.

There and nowhere else kangaroos are found; and there and nowhere else have also been found the remains of larger ani-

mals which, though distinct in kind, are plainly near allies of those jumping Australian beasts.

But we easily might go on enumerating similar cases of close affinity between the recent and the ancient inhabitants of the same parts of the world, from animals of the most varied kinds. We think, however, enough has now been said to serve our present purpose so that we may pass on to notice the second way in which the study of the geography of animals reinforces the lesson indicated to us through the resemblance presented by the phases of individual development and the adult forms of creatures now extinct.

It used to be thought, before the study of zoological geography began, that wherever suitable conditions for the life of any kind of animal existed, there such animals would be found; and their distribution was supposed to be limited only by the absence of needful physical conditions, such as a suitable amount of warmth, moisture, food of the kind required by them.

But this was soon found to be a quite erroneous view. The wide and often arid plains of Southern Africa—before the visits of so many pestilent English sportsmen—teemed with large animals. There, herds of antelopes of many species roamed. The wide and often arid plains of Australia have much resemblance to those of Africa, but not a single antelope or any creature at all like one was to be found in that wide continent when first discovered. Instead of such large animals, nothing but kangaroos were found. They are, indeed, animals as well adapted as are antelopes for rapid runs in search of scarce and distant water, but none the less they are fundamentally different, and less allied in structure to antelopes or to the flocks which colonists have introduced than they are to the so-called Tasmanian "wolves," by which such flocks have been ravaged. How many tropical parts of the world would be a suitable home for humming birds, yet they are found nowhere but in America and there they exist in most different climates.

The forests of the warm regions of Africa, India and America alike abound with apes of different kinds. The climate of the West Indies suits them well, as has been here and there experimentally

proved, where they have been introduced and run wild—e.g., St. Kitts. Nevertheless no single ape has a natural home in any of these islands. Some readers may exclaim: "It is not so in Trinidad!" Trinidad abounds, indeed, with monkeys, but Trinidad is no true West Indian island—one of the Antilles. It is but a detached portion of the adjacent South-American continent.

Perhaps even more suitable for monkeys than the woods of the Antilles are the dense forests which clothe so much of that great island which is a veritable zoological treasure-house—Madagascar.

Yet there is no such thing as a Madagascan monkey. In that wonderful island apes are replaced by lemurs, very many forms of which have there a home.

It is also interesting to note that the only creatures at all like lemurs which do not come from Madagascar come from either side of it—some from Africa, some from Southeastern Asia. One common characteristic of many of these creatures perhaps, is a shortening of the index finger. This is so extreme in an African species called the potto, that the index finger of that animal is reduced to the merest rudiment and is practically absent altogether.

What is true of Madagascar is still more remarkably illustrated by a number of oceanic islands, which are very poor in animal life, though well able to sustain it. On the other hand, the forms which are found in such islands are often quite peculiar and distinct from those which exist in any other part of the world.

Now these facts of zoological geography plainly show that animals do not necessarily live in places which suit them, but in places which they have been able to reach.

The radiation of forms of life from distinct centres is a truth which science makes abundantly manifest; but it is perhaps nowhere more manifest than in the Malay archipelago. Southeastern Asia, from North Hindostan down to Sumatra and Java, has an animal population of a marked and definite kind. Australia and the islands immediately adjacent to it have an animal population wonderfully distinct from the former and peculiar to itself. As we extend our examination over the lands more and more remote from

these two great centres the members of each fauna gradually thin out till we come to the two small islands of Bali and Lombok, which, though near together, are separated by deep water indicating a long past state of separation. A line passing northward between these islands is known as "Wallace's line," because that illustrious explorer of the Moluccas determined this precise limit between these two vast zoological regions—Lombok being the outlying Australian limit and Bali that of the oriental fauna.

Another consideration which indicates the existence of a real family relationship between very different animals is the fact that their bodies are often constructed on one and the same plan, in spite of considerations of mere utility. Thus the mole, which has but to dig through the soil with its short, spud-like foot, and the whale and porpoise, which have but to paddle through the water with an externally solid flipper, have their fore-limbs internally formed on the same essential lines as the long fingers of the bat or the hand of the most efficient pianist.

This similarity of organization, independent of considerations of utility, is carried so far that many structures are developed which cannot be conceived of as having any practical utility at all, and are therefore termed "rudimentary structures."

Such parts may be defined as being "miniature and useless representations of parts which do serve important purposes in other animals."

We have examples of such even in our own bodies—as, for instance, our small muscles of the ear, which, with rare exceptions, are unable to move it; the small mammary gland of the male, which (with very rare exceptions indeed) is entirely functionless. In the externally single foot of the horse there are rudiments of other toes besides the large ones on which it exclusively walks, and analogous rudiments exist in the feet of apes.

The mouths of whalebone whales are copiously supplied with plates of baleen, which form the great strainer within their huge jaws; but they have no single tooth. Yet small teeth are formed in the young, though they do not make their appearance at any time of life, since the whales are destined never to use the gum.

"Rudimentary organs" exist in multitudes of instances both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms of nature, and they form one of the strongest arguments in favor of the view that the creatures which possess them are the actual descendants of others in which they were of larger size and of functional utility.

The whalebone whale has a pair of flippers, but no external trace whatever of any hind limb, any more than have the porpoises, with which we are all familiar. Yet, when the body is cut deeply into, relatively minute structures are there to be found which are plainly rudiments of a hind limb. It seems impossible to believe, then, but that whales (and therefore porpoises also) are the descendants of real quadrupeds of some kind or another.

This view is much strengthened by what we may observe in reptiles. Some lizards have two pairs of very small legs very far apart; others have but a single pair in front, while yet others have but a single pair behind; and we may see these to become more and more rudimentary, as we pass in review a selected series of different species, while in certain kinds all traces of limbs have vanished, although certain shoulder bones are still to be found beneath the skin. Now, serpents have, as a rule, no trace of limbs whatever either externally or internally, and yet in that beautiful and exclusively American snake, the boa constrictor (as also in its allies the pythons) there are rudiments of the hind limbs, which manifest themselves even externally, in the front of the root of the tail, in the shape of a pair of horny hooks. Surely this appears a strong argument that our limbless snakes are the descendants of four-footed reptiles of some kind, though we may never be able to say of what kind such reptiles were.

Lastly, an argument in favor of a genetic affinity between different animals may be drawn from the mode in which naturalists have been compelled to sort them into groups—or classify them—for the purposes of study and description. The methods at first analyzed were rough and ready ones indeed, but the advance of science has continually brought about reforms in favor of what is called a "more natural" arrangement—such an arrangement being one which results in the grouping side by side of those forms which have the maxi-

num number of characters in common. The more our geological classification becomes thus "natural" the more it seems to suggest a tree or table of descent, and able naturalists are constantly tempted to hazard the drawing up of such genealogical trees—often with the result of being soon cut down even by their very authors, who remain, nevertheless, convinced that a true tree of this kind could be drawn up, did they only know more facts and know them more thoroughly.

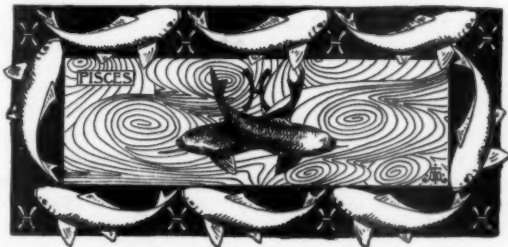
From all these considerations concerning individual development, fossil remains, zoological geography, unity of type, rudimentary organs and zoological classification, a strong cumulative argument arises in favor of a true and real genetic relationship between the different creatures which have successively peopled the surface of this planet during the unimaginable abyss of ages which have rolled on since the Laurentian rocks of Canada were first forming, as the soft mud deposits of some primeval sea. We have said primeval, but what do we really know? If the long history of this world's animal life be compared with that of some nation contained in forty ponderous folios, it may be that all the ages from the Laurentian deposits to the present day answer only to the last and fortieth of such volumes, and that the thirty-nine preceding ones have been forever destroyed by conflicting terrestrial agencies, and are no more to be obtained sight of by us than the prophecies which the unappreciated sibyls angrily destroyed.

The doctrine of "Evolution" has thus come to be an acceptable and accepted

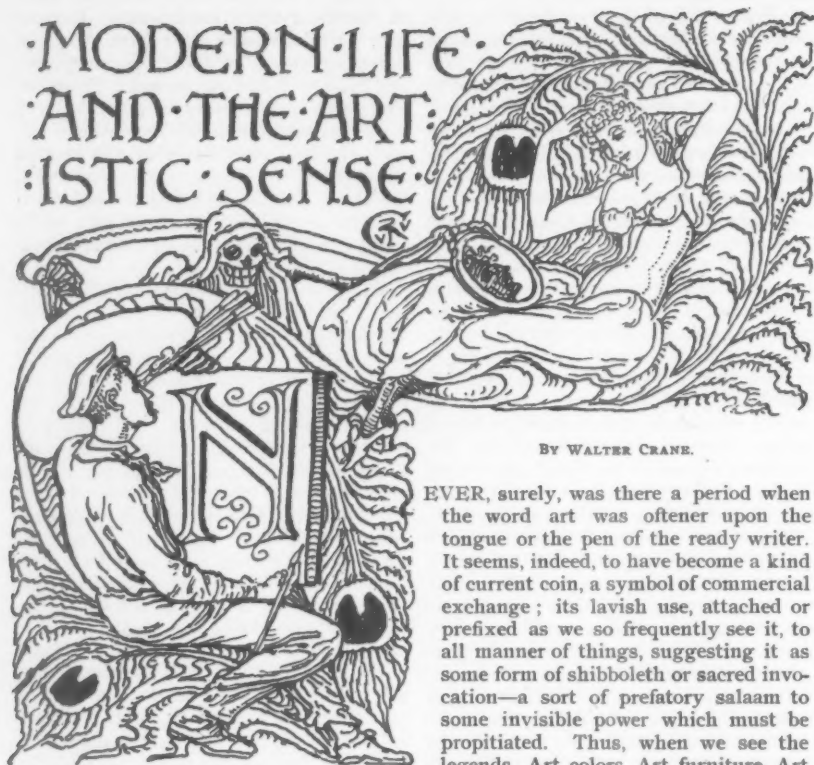
doctrine to the general bulk of the men of science of either hemisphere. For my own part I continue, as I have done for so many years, cordially to accept it, and for the following reason: If we assume that new species of animals have been evolved by natural generation from individuals of other kinds, all the various indications of affinity just enumerated thereby simultaneously acquire one natural and satisfactory explanation; while we can think of no other possible explanation of the enigma.

There is, indeed, a difficulty which opposes the doctrine; a difficulty arising from the fact that intermediate forms are often entirely wanting. Thus, the flying beasts of our own day (bats) and the flying reptiles of former geological periods (pterodactyls) would seem, so far as fossils give evidence, to have come into existence at once, and not to have been modifications of less exceptional ancestors. This difficulty was, however, met by Darwin, and we think satisfactorily met, by a recognition of the great and necessary imperfection of the geological record. Of the myriads of animals which die daily, how few leave traces of their existence behind them? Only under exceptional circumstances do the remains become fossilized at all, and how small a part of the earth's whole surface has been geologically explored in a satisfactory manner!

But if we accept the belief that "Evolution" has taken place, the much more difficult problem remains as to how it has taken place. To the consideration of one proposed solution of that problem our next article will be devoted.



·MODERN·LIFE· ·AND·THE·ART· ·ISTIC·SENSE·



BY WALTER CRANE.

EVER, surely, was there a period when the word art was oftener upon the tongue or the pen of the ready writer. It seems, indeed, to have become a kind of current coin, a symbol of commercial exchange; its lavish use, attached or prefixed as we so frequently see it, to all manner of things, suggesting it as some form of shibboleth or sacred invocation—a sort of prefatory salaam to some invisible power which must be propitiated. Thus, when we see the legends, Art colors, Art furniture, Art

plumbing, we might as well say: the Lord preserve us—pots; or, Heaven help us—hats; or, Bless us—boots, for any definite meaning the terms convey over and above the craft of the tradesman making haste to profit by a certain boom in esthetics.

It would be rash to assume that because of the constant use of these terms we moderns were a people in whom the artistic sense had been developed to such an extraordinary degree that we could not endure ugly forms or harsh colors.

Take the external aspects of modern life in our cities, for instance—and the external aspects of a people's life must be some indication of the condition of their artistic sense, just as the outward aspect of a man is some index to his character. Well, what do we usually see about us in taking our walks abroad, say, in New York or London? What kind of food do we find for the nourishment of the artistic sense? Buildings of every scale, a conglomeration of every style known to the history of architecture—and some unknown; fortresses and castles—not of indolence, but of commerce and industry—towering into the sky, making all edifices near them look like toy boxes, and reducing human beings to the scale of insects; glass houses, apparently supporting mountains and bricks and mortar, filled with stores of all kinds, appealing to real or imaginary human wants—dressed idols in cheap clothes and the ideal heads of the barber—presumably for imitation; flaring posters bouncing at you from the sidewalk; railroad cars whistling overhead or beneath; a network of wires scrawled across the sky; the glare of electric lights and a hurrying crowd of anxious faces, with the continual crash and rumble of the horse, foot and artillery of the commercial war ever raging around—make up a restless and distracting

picture, fatal to that sense of beauty and repose which characterizes the higher moods in art.

Painters always acknowledge the value of "a fresh eye." What, let us ask for a moment, would be the impressions of a stranger, say from another planet, or of an ancient Athenian or a man of the Middle Ages if we could dig him up? How would he read these outward and visible signs of our inward and spiritual grace—the stirring appeals addressed by the enterprising trader to a stolid world indifferent to unknown benefits; addressed—nay, shouted—at the top of the voice of two-foot block capitals from every wall and fence, and emphasized with every violent and vulgar device of which the wit of commercialized man is capable?

As the more strident inscriptions caught his eye would he not be justified in concluding that we must be an unhealthy race to need so many patent medicines—all unfailing cures—as are offered on every side: that we cannot possess the cleanliness which is next to godliness if we need such an intolerable deal of soap, or require the advantages of its use explained by such emphatic devices: that (in defiance of Scripture) we apparently take considerable thought for our raiment, with but indifferent success, to judge by the untiring efforts of the pictorial tailor to make a hole in our pockets: that we are uneasy about the waists of our women, or perhaps anxious to protect them in the closest of coat armor—to glance at the countless representations of ideal corsets which meet the abashed eye. Our stranger, too, judging by the colossal scale of their portraits, might conclude that our greatest public benefactors were our actors, and would certainly assume, from the prominence and self-assertion of dramatic announcements, that we were a people much given to the drama; but that if the scenes represented were typical of modern customs, tastes and habits, it would appear that crime and deeds of violence were only counterbalanced by burlesque and the ballet; and that when our kings were not in their counting houses counting out their money, they were to be found spending it on the racecourse or the prize ring; while our queens, when not taking bread and honey or afternoon tea, occupied them-

selves at the dressmaker's or the drygoods store.

If, suffering from nervous exhaustion, our stranger took a trip into the country, desiring fresh woods and pastures new, he would find the foreground encumbered with the flagrant announcement of somebody's pills; while steam ploughs and agricultural machinery obliterated the primitive husbandman and the Virgilian sentiment of rural life. He would not even be secure from mundane suggestions in the desert wild and the tops of remote mountains, where some scrap of newspaper or broken bottle remained to mark the trail of the tourist.

Well, but it may be said this is but, at the best, an impressionist picture of the more superficial characteristics of modern life. Our fresh eye might refresh itself by a glance at modern interiors, and here, under careful selection in certain quarters, the impression might certainly be one of refinement and comfort, and even artistic suggestion. Yet this refinement and comfort would be found to be but a zone dividing two extremes of human (or inhuman) existence; where on the one hand refinement and comfort were conspicuous by their absence, and on the other were extinguished by luxury, superfluity and ennui, the lower strata of interior life illustrating with how little, the upper strata with how much, humanity can put up.

Turning from private to public life our stranger might certainly be struck by the amount of provision for the brain in the substantial college buildings, the museums and public libraries, but he could hardly fail to note the limited space and time in our educational institutions devoted to the cultivation of the artistic sense, or see that, generally speaking, the mechanical and rationalistic spirit was so much in the ascendant that the tendency was to teach art as if it were an exact science.

As regards our more direct esthetic efforts in our churches and public halls, it would be observed that while in these the ancient structure and its symbols and decorations were more or less adhered to, with a considerable display of archæological knowledge, the form of the private dwelling, in the more fantastic examples, was such as to suggest the taking, on the part of the builder, of a species of archi-

tectural header through a dictionary of the historic styles, and coming up again with the dislocated fragments adhering accidentally to his ground plan.

It might be asked (and Greek or Goth would certainly ask it), looking on the unstoried walls of our public halls and schools, Where are the pictured legends of your race? the story of your city? your country? the deeds of your fathers and your forefathers recorded for the pride and delight of yourselves and your children in the universal language of form and color?—and echo would answer "where?"

But Mr. Whistler has told us for our comfort that in the smoky haze and mist of the Thames side the sordid factories and chimneys look like splendid palaces and towers. Yes; but in the "dark ages" they would actually have been splendid palaces and towers without the intervention of the smoke! Our modern god of gold seems to have a swarthy face and tattered garments, yet he is never in want of portrait painters.

Even Mr. Oscar Wilde has a word for the much-abused poster, for hath he not declared that "in the silver of the morning and the gold of the evening" the work of the bill-sticker shall endure, exhibiting tints that rival a Japanese fan! Still, one would say that the discord of the rest of the day would be a heavy price to pay for your Japanese fan.

I do not, of course, deny that there are abundant pictorial aspects in modern life; indeed, I freely admit it. But there is the rub—the artistic sense, especially in some of its higher developments, doth not live by pictorial aspects alone. In fact, the habit of regarding all art as pictorial—and the whole tendency of modern conditions is to encourage this way of regarding it—impairs our sense of severe beauty of form and line, and our perception of monumental dignity and decorative fitness, associated with architectural style. We have trusted too much for our artistic salvation to the picturesque. A commercialized generation has said in effect: "There is no art but in gold frames, and the picture dealer is its prophet." An acute painter friend of mine divides pictures into two classes—pictures to live with and pictures to live by. The distinction is important; but what a suggestive comment on artistic production under modern conditions!

Yet lives there an artist who does not, or who has not, felt the necessity of putting aside his own cherished ambitions, his own sincere preferences, to take up some secondary work in order to live by meeting the demands of the market; happy if he is able to do so without violence to his own principles, and keep clear of the enervating influence of "pot boiling"?

Modern art may be said to suffer from what might be termed the inartisticity of artists, as well as from the want of a sympathetic public. There is no lack of ability, but it is a part of the wasteful competitive system under which we live that ability should be wasted—either misapplied or squandered upon unworthy objects.

We should, surely, all agree that sincerity is an important element in all art; but when men are driven to make a conscious appeal to the market, what becomes of sincerity?

It is often said that art depends upon the accumulation of wealth; well, I suppose if by wealth we mean riches, there are now greater accumulations of wealth than the world ever knew, yet art is scarcer than ever. It would be nearer the mark to say that the production of works of art was associated with the judicious dispersal of riches, which may, under favorable circumstances, be transmuted into art; and thus the art of a nation becomes an important part of its wealth. But the potentiality for art, the possession of the artistic sense, which is the important thing after all, appears to have no reference to the possession of riches, and indeed, to judge by artistic biography, it seems rather to flourish in their absence. Money, too, is supposed to command most things, but it can command neither the mood nor the results of good art to order. The price of a thing of beauty and a joy forever is a life of devotion. The best art has always been a labor of love, and, I suspect, always must be—whatever the nominal price—and love is so costly that there is no symbol of exchange for it.

In past ages, the social and mental and commercial condition of which we are in the habit of despising, men were, at all events in the development of the artistic sense, to judge from the beauty of every accessory of their daily lives, far in advance of us moderns. Even primitive savages

and Indians, in the justness of their choice and application of ornament in some of the simplest things of daily use, show a taste which puts us to shame.

All this appears to point to the conclusion that, in the pursuit of other objects, the modern world has lost to a great extent its sense of beauty. We are obviously grown quite careless about its public preservation or cultivation, not regarding it as a serious matter when compared to the supreme importance of money-making; which implies that the means of life are more thought of than the ends. Yet regarding the development of the artistic sense from a purely utilitarian or practical point of view, it is perhaps the greatest socializing and humanizing influence we possess. If so, it would obviously be good political economy to take care of the pence in this matter—the current coin of beauty in everyday life and its aspects, allied to things of common use and common handicraft; clean and well-designed dwellings; harmonious colors; trees and flowers; relief from degrading, because excessive, toil; leisure for refinement and thought. The multiplication of these things, the making them a common condition, would do more for the artistic sense of our people, on both sides of the Atlantic, than all the technical education in the world. Small causes produce great results; beauty is the sum of many qualities.

America is often spoken of as a young country—a young woman with great expectations; no wonder the eyes of the world are upon her! But here in the States it seems that the most modern side of modern life has been developed, and is still developing to a greater extent than in any of the old countries, so that in many ways America may be said to be really older than the old world—certainly in the application of machinery and the development of the business faculties, and in the working of unrestricted but unequal competition—that system of commercialism, in short, which encompasses us on every side, which leads to the differentiation and specializing of man's faculties in the individualistic struggle for existence. It is here joined hand to hand with utilitarianism, and the two giants have the world in an iron clutch. Their shield is monopoly; their sword is competition; their voice is the voice of the boomer. What

chance has the still, small voice of art to be heard?

When in the industrial war every man's hand must be against every other man's, what chance is there for the growth of that unity and harmony of sentiment, that sense of common life and brotherhood, which is expressed in great public monuments? While men suffer from the economic compulsion of idleness at both ends of the social scale, and from the compulsion of starvation at one end; when useful work is degraded to hopeless and joyless toil, to be shirked and shifted as much as possible on to the shoulders of others; when the end of all labor, all production, is primarily for profit, and only secondarily for use, what becomes of the poetry and the dignity of labor?

The poetic aspects of labor (especially the labors of the field) have at all times appealed very powerfully to the artistic sense, associated as they have always been with the drama of nature, in the succession of the seasons and the pathos of human life. Even utilitarianism and the mechanicalizing of labor have failed entirely to take away its significance. Honor to those modern painters who have been able to read and interpret it afresh! But the epic of modern toil has yet to be painted—with the circles of that lurid inferno of the mine, the factory, the forge, and the furnace of the ocean-liner, whereon rests the doubtful paradise of modern prosperity.

My conclusions are, then, that (1) the restless and discordant aspects of much modern life, the result of certain economic conditions, are unfavorable to the development of a fine artistic sense; that (2) while admitting that modern life is not without certain pictorial aspects, the exclusive study of pictorial aspect tends to produce indifference to the higher monumental and decorative kinds of design; and (3) that the economic conditions aforesaid discourage artistic sincerity and tend to reduce artistic production to the level of all other marketable commodities produced for profit rather than for use and enjoyment.

Finally, if we regard art as an organic whole, an intellectual and emotional language as well as a record of visual impressions and a harmony of line, color and form, we must look for its basis to

the handicrafts, since, like a tree, it has sprung and drawn its true health and life in the best periods of its fruitfulness from the soil of good design and workmanship in architecture and in the accessories and adornment of everyday life. From the close relationship and coöperation of generations of good craftsmen in all the arts of design, and by their associated and

harmonious labors, has been reared the house of art in the past. It is my belief that only by a return to such unity, to such coöperation, can we hope to produce really beautiful works, and to make our art worthy to live after us as an enduring monument of our best thought, perception and invention, joined to our best handiwork.



A SUBURBAN LANDSCAPE.

MARRIAGE.

BY MARRION WILCOX.

ALL day the sun was looking on our pain
While we toiled upward, upward to this height :
A jostling throng, and eager to attain
Some rest at last, before the fall of night
—One hour of sunset ease before black night.

And she who toiled beside me, gentler far,
More tender and more hopeful seemed than I.
In the hot day we met ; and still we are
Together ; but the sun has left the sky
—The sunset colors wave across the sky.

In the hot day we met, the glaring day
That searched our weakness out to make us strong.
Perhaps some pitfalls in the rugged way
She escaped through me—for there had I gone wrong
—At least she should be safe where I'd gone wrong

Now flare bright sunset banners in the west !
All-giving day, that gave to me my wife,
Life-giver to us mortals ! I who rest
Have only what thou gavest : that one life
—But still her life that may redeem my life.



BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

A MAN fond of reading and taking his fiction seriously, not seeking mere nepenthe in a story, a draught of oblivion, but rather a taste of the waters of life itself, bitter though they be—a man who has no childish wish for fairy tales purporting to be stories of modern men and women, and who gets no refreshment or recreation from *Strange Adventures of Houseboats* or from *Mysteries of Hansom Cabs*—a man who likes both nature and art in the novels he reads—such a man finds himself reading fewer and fewer of the works of fiction manufactured in Great Britain and abundantly exported to the United States. In France and in Russia and in America even, the art of the novelist is finer than it is in England and it is more highly esteemed, and practitioners thereof are held to a stricter accountability. Even in Italy and in Spain and in Holland the atmosphere of the art of the story teller is clearer and purer than it is in England. Yet now and again, of course, there are novels published in Great Britain which no one really interested in the art of fiction can afford to overlook. As it happens, there have recently been put forth in London four such stories, as different as may be and yet alike in this—and in this unlike the vast majority of British novels—that they can be read with intellectual stimulus. These four stories are Mr. Thomas Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, a *Pure Woman*, *Faithfully Presented*; *The History of David Grieve*, by

Mrs. Humphry Ward; Mr. J. M. Barrie's Scotch story, *The Little Minister*; and Peter Ibbetson, with an introduction by his cousin, Lady . . . ("Madge Plunket"), edited and illustrated by Mr. George du Maurier.

Mr. Hardy's story is perhaps the most powerful which any British author has dared to write for years. It contains that very rare quality in the fiction of our language—passion. It deals largely and boldly and in manly fashion with one of the great problems of life. It carries a challenge on its titlepage—faithfully presented *Tess* is, beyond all question, but is she a pure woman? It is as carefully conceived esthetically as it is ethically, for it has unity, simplicity, directness, to an extent very rare indeed in the fiction of Great Britain, where the sense of form is but scantily developed. As we read Mr. Hardy's chapters one after another, and as we are carried along by the sustained strength of his narrative, we find ourselves saying, Here is art; here is nature; here is a man who sees life in all its relations, with an understanding of its complexity and with an appreciation of its conflicting forces. Here is a story teller gifted with insight and vision—a story teller anxious to tell the truth about life and to set before us the thing as it is, exactly as he sees it, unswayed by any fancy for saccharine conventionalities. Here is a story teller who interests us in the fate of a woman, without any mystery mon-

gering, without any melodrama, without any straining after "effects," without "sensations," without sentimentality.

No wonder is it, therefore, that we find ourselves comparing his story, not with other novels of British authorship, but with the tales in which the kindred themes have been treated by the foremost French novelists. Tess; for instance, is not unlike *Une Vie* in inspiration, and it is quite equal to it in execution, in sheer literary art; but in a subject of this sort inherited moral tendencies count for much, and Mr. Hardy's narrative is richer than M. de Maupassant's, fuller, conceived in a finer spirit and charged with an ethical quality not found in the French story, which is, on the moral side at least, dry to the verge of aridity.

The fall of Tess, treated with the dignified and manly reticence of Mr. Hardy, seems almost inexplicable, not to say impossible; and yet to prove it possible, as M. de Maupassant has done in more than one of his tales, is to cross the boundaries of the gentlemanly and to make the reader ashamed for the author. For once we might almost wish the shackles of propriety so loosed that Mr. Hardy could have been at least as explicit as Feuillet was in the scene which ends with M. de Camors confessing to his friend's wife that he despises her—perhaps the one really sincere chapter in all the welter of pseudo-sentiment which makes up Feuillet's fiction. In the *Idées de Madame Aubrey* and again in *Denise* M. Alexandre Dumas fils has put the same problem into a play, letting the heroine explain and plead for herself, and having in either drama a *raisonneur* to argue pro and con till the spectator was ready to accept the author's solution in sheer weariness. It is to be said that Mr. Hardy's heroine is more primitive than either of M. Dumas', less sophisticated, altogether franker, and to our Anglo-Saxon taste indisputably more interesting.

Mr. Hardy has given one solution of the problem and M. Dumas twice gave another. It is a difficulty of this problem that no solution appears inevitable: a sad ending or a happy one is alike disputable. The ending Mr. Hardy has chosen for Tess—and that we feel it to be a matter of choice is obviously an adverse criticism—the ending of Tess is terribly sad. Per-

haps it was the only possible ending; but we are not convinced. Tess is one whom unmerciful disaster follows fast and follows faster; and we feel that she is over-punished, that her fate is too hard, that too many accidents conspire against her happiness. Against the black flag which flaps on the final page we cannot but protest and also against Tess' return to Alec. Her relapse is not her fault, but the author's, who has plotted against her far more skilfully than could the shabby Don Juan who with his life pays the penalty for ruining hers. That Tess' return to him is likely enough under the circumstances may be admitted, but why did the circumstances conspire with him and against her?

That Tess of the D'Urbervilles is a novel of extraordinary value I have tried to suggest even when I was disputing its conclusion; and I have no hesitation in asserting my conviction that Mr. Hardy is now the foremost novelist of England. The book abounds in scenes of the highest beauty and of the most unshrinking truth. Consider Chapter xxxvi., when Clare and Tess met again on the morning after the avowal, and when the husband gazed at his girlish wife and cried: "Tess! say it is not true! No, it is not true!" And "he looked at her imploringly, as if he would willingly have taken a lie from her lips, knowing it to be one, and have made of it, by some sort of sophistry, a valid denial." This rings sterling. And how fine is the scene in Chapter xl., when Izz Huett declares that her own love for Clare, great as it is, is no greater than Tess'; "she would have laid down her life for 'ee. I could do no more!"

The setting of the story is worthy of it. Mr. Hardy has the gift of tongues and his women speak their own speech; never is their voice only the author's disguised into a falsetto. The narrative is as good as the dialogue. Mr. Hardy is clear, direct, vigorous in the telling of his tale. His style is flexible and delicate, with no loss of force. His English is so pure that when we chance on a French word now and then it shocks us as a thing out of place and abhorrent; and, since I am finding fault, I may acknowledge that I see in Mr. Hardy a tendency to abuse scientific terminology—a tendency which led George Eliot astray in her later works. But I feel I should be

doing injustice to myself if I left Tess with a hint of disparagement. It is a book for men and women who have thought about life; perhaps it is not a book for young men and maidens whose eyes are not yet opened to the mystery of existence. It is a book which many who have read once will read again and again, sad as it is, and unduly sorrowful.

Sad also is Mrs. Ward's *History of David Grieve*. In *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* Mr. Hardy's humor, unforced always and rooted in human character, was far less than usual, as though he felt the impertinence of humor in a chronicle of ill-fortune. In *David Grieve*, Mrs. Ward is also sparing in any humorous touches which might relieve her sombre story. Whether the absence of humor was also a characteristic of Robert Elsmere or not I cannot say, as I never perused that experiment in applied science. If we all took Emerson's advice and read nothing not a year old, what would become of the novelist's trade? The very word declares that a novel is expected to be something new. Where are the novels of yester year? Where is the *Lamplighter* now?—and *Rutledge*?—and *Called Back*? Where is *Mr. Barnes of New York*?—and *The Quick and the Dead*? These were in every man's hands for a season and then they fell back into the blackness of night. So it happens that not having read *Robert Elsmere*, as the Philadelphia girl said she had read Shakespeare, "when it first came out," I have never since been able to summon up courage to begin its six or seven hundred solid pages, more formidable than any British square at Waterloo. *David Grieve* also is a substantial meal, fitly to be served in four volumes, as *Middlemarch* was devoured by us all a score of years ago. But having to review *David Grieve* in these columns my conscience forced me to read it first, whereas no sense of duty ordered me to attack the thickly massed pages of *Robert Elsmere*.

The *History of David Grieve* is a broad, serious, impressive book, laid out on a large scale and built laboriously and into a most massive solidity. Nowhere has the author scamped her work, and in every chapter is there evidence of conscientious toil. It is no mere pleasure dome that Mrs. Humphry Ward has decreed; it is rather a severe public build-

ing of some sort—a senate chamber, a scientific museum, a hospital with its operating theatre, a public building stern of design, built of dingy brick, gray and dull with weather stains. Perhaps the effect of wandering through its interminable corridors is little less than wearisome. Perhaps we find ourselves regretting that ethical problems so worry Mrs. Ward's soul that her interest in esthetics is minimized. Perhaps we cry aloud that it is not art to tell us the whole of a man's history from childhood to maturity, when a choice of the salient incidents of his career would have spared us several hundred pages of stiff reading. Perhaps we are moved to insist that in art the half is always greater than the whole, and that to select is always the first duty of an artist, in fiction as in painting or in sculpture. None the less must we all feel for this story of Mrs. Ward's the high respect due to the most elevated intentions and to honest endeavor. *David Grieve* is not an engaging book, it is not brilliant, it is not "clever;" it has deeper qualities than these: it is intellectual, earnest, born of a lofty purpose; it presents with dignity some of the gravest of the questions which beset us in these last years of the nineteenth century; but it is lacking in beauty and in art, and it fails to charm however much it may stimulate.

Peter Ibbetson is less serious in purpose and more attractive in result; it is a most extraordinary story told with excellent art. It is founded on a fantastic conception which might have occurred to Poe or to Hawthorne. In Hawthorne's hands it would have conveyed some ethical subtlety, and in Poe's it would have thrilled us with physical horror. In Mr. du Maurier's it is neither moral nor repulsive. In spite of the fact that the autobiographic hero has committed a murder and is confined in a lunatic asylum there is nothing gruesome about the story, nothing morbid, nothing vulgar, nothing brutal. It is graceful, gentle, enchanting in its unsubstantiality. It is indeed a book to be loved by those who like it at all—a book for the few, therefore, rather than the many—a book to be passed over carelessly by those who do not feel its charm—a book to be treasured by those who have delighted in it.

The fantasy which is the heart of the tale is a dual dream ; it is a dream in which two real people take part, meeting each other, talking together, walking together, going through many adventures together, and each, in a waking state, being conscious of these joint experiences, and each deliberately going to sleep that the double dream may come again. This strikingly original idea is worked out with equal delicacy and skill. Mr. du Maurier's French taste and training have served him à ravir—as almost anyone of his bilingual characters would say. Nowhere in recent fiction is there a prettier series of pictures than that in the earlier chapters of this story, wherein we see the two children, Gogo and Mimsey, with the cat and the big dog, with the fairy Tarapadapoum and the Prince Charming, with their double dialects of Frankingle and Inglefrank, with their childish power of make-believe, with their happy faculty of being what they wish to be.

And the story is not only original in conception and artistic in its development, it is also excellently well written, in nervous English, easy, flowing, and abounding in the apt word. That this should be the case will be no surprise to those who know that Mr. du Maurier is responsible for the legends beneath his pictures of modern society, or to those who have noticed with what admirable literary art these legends were worded. Like Hogarth, Mr. du Maurier is first of all a man of letters and it is the literary quality of his drawings we are called upon to praise before we consider their pictorial merits. Like Hogarth's, Mr. du Maurier's backgrounds, his furniture, his "properties," to use the theatrical term, are all chosen to set off and to bring out the central idea. Therefore it is needless to praise the illustrations to this story ; they sustain it, they carry it, they give it substance, as music notes do to the words of a song. They double the delight of those whom the book has delighted. Those who find no charm in Peter Ibbetson's double dream may be sure that the book was not addressed to them. To no tale is it given to please all readers ; as one of Mr. du Maurier's characters might say, "*La plus belle fille ne peut donner que ce qu'elle a.*"

There was a wise man once who, whenever he opened a novel and saw "Hoot,

mon !" or "You uns !" or any other chance scrap of dialect, shut the book at once and read no more therein. This wise man, if he still survive, would thus put away unread Mr. Barrie's Little Minister, for it is a Scotch story, and he would thus prove himself a foolish man also, for this story of Mr. Barrie's, like Mr. Barrie's other stories, is one which a wise man would read with pleasure. Mr. Barrie is a Scotch Miss Wilkins, as keen-sighted as she is, as direct of speech, a little more humorous it may be, almost as vigorous in realism, and yet not as successful in combating the tendency to mere romanticism which exists in both, but which the American woman keeps under resolutely. The British critics, who were prompt to make scorn of Mr. Howells when he praised Miss Wilkins, brought out the word genius when Mr. Barrie published *The Little Minister* ; and perhaps the word is as applicable to him as to her.

The material they have to deal with is singularly alike, as all know who have grasped the kinship of the Scot and the Yankee. Not only by temperament, by descent, are the inhabitants of Thrums like the people of the village where the New England nun lived, but the environment is the same, the conditions of life are equally meagre, narrow, pinched, in both countries, and in both is there binding poverty and intense religion. Gossip is the breath of life in the village on either side of the Atlantic ; gossip is the one relief of the thoughts and feelings which are repressed from birth to death. The "Pert and Personal" column of miscellaneous misinformation which we see daily in our metropolitan newspapers is but a faint reflection of the gossip which towers aloft over a village community. Miss Wilkins has revealed this in many of her most truthful sketches and Mr. Barrie here sums it up in one remark of Nannie, in answer of the little minister's request to know how it is she is so well informed as to him and his : "Your congregation tells me. Naebody would lay by news about a minister."

Lowell praised one of Miss Wilkins's fellow story tellers of New England because she was "lenient in landscape—a great merit, I think, in these days ;" and he carried his eulogy higher when he added, "above all, she is also discreet in dialect,

using it for a flavor, but not, as is the wont of many, so oppressively as to suggest garlic." This praise is also by rights Mr. Barrie's; his landscape is where it should be, in the background, and his dialect flavors always and never offends, in spite of the fact that he finds explanatory footnotes needful now and again. He is as happy in his use of dialogue as he is in his handling of dialect. He has the typical phrase, condensing a scene or a character into a single sentence. In the narrative also he has a most felicitous brevity. See how the death of Adam is told and the man's nature shown us in ten lines of Chapter ii.; and it is from the same chapter we learn that the mother of the little minister "expounded the Scriptures to him till he was eight, when he began to expound them to her." Very vigorous in its poetic veracity are Babbie's answers to Lord Rintoul on the night she married the little minister; and very vigorous in its pathetic dignity is the account of the flood that same night, and of Gavin's stout-heartedness and of the faith, hope and charity which were in his heart in the hour of peril.

Of the exactness of the portrait of the little minister himself no one need have any doubt, nor as to the pictures of his parishioners; but as to Babbie, the Egyptian, "I'm no that sure." She is charming, of course, and clever and fascinating and beautiful and strange and very feminine; and yet a doubt persists. She recalled Rosalind to a young lady of my acquaintance—a young lady of seventeen—who said that "Babbie was just the kind of woman one loves to read about, but, of course, she never happened." I am afraid that Babbie is a survival of romanticism. Here and there one can detect in Mr. Barrie's work, otherwise indi-

vidual, a trace of the evil influence of the Dickens tradition. I may be at fault here, but to this I cannot but ascribe all the needless mystery about the relation of Margaret and the narrator of the story—a mere keeping of the secret from the reader to excite his interests—and this is a device wholly unworthy of a writer of Mr. Barrie's power and skill. But none the less is *The Little Minister* the work of a highly gifted literary artist.

It is now nearly half a century since Thackeray parodied *Ivanhoe* by projecting it beyond the point in the story where Scott left off; and it is at the very beginning of Rebecca and Rowena that he asked this question, perhaps as pertinent now as it was then:

"Well-beloved novel readers and gentle patronesses of romance, assuredly it has often occurred to everyone of you that the books we delight in have very unsatisfactory conclusions, and end quite prematurely with page 320 of the third volume. At that epoch of the history it is well known that the hero is seldom more than thirty years old, and the heroine, by consequence, some seven or eight years younger; and I would ask any of you whether it is fair to suppose that people after the above age have nothing worthy of note in their lives, and cease to exist as they drive away from St. George's, Hanover Square?"

The three-volume novel survives in Great Britain still, and bids fair to become a part of the British constitution; and St. George's, Hanover Square, still sees many a bride drive away from its ugly colonnade; but even in England the novelists are beginning to "give the old folks a chance," if we may judge by these four stories, for only one of them ends with the lingering echo of wedding bells.





FOR A BIRTHDAY.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

How many years have subtly wrought,
 With patient art and loving care,
 To rear this pleasurehouse of thought,
 This fabric of a woman fair?

'Twere vain to guess : years leave no trace
 On that soft cheek's translucent swell ;
 Time, lingering to behold that face,
 Is cheated of his purpose fell.

Why ask how many, when I find
 Her charm with every morrow new?
 How be so stupid? Was I blind?
 Next birthday I shall ask how few.





THE BUSH.

NEW ZEALAND.

BY EDWARD WAKEFIELD.

WHEN the celebrated George Augustus Selwyn, late Bishop of Lichfield, was appointed Bishop of New Zealand in 1841, and announced his intention of exiling himself in *partibus infidelium*, Sydney Smith grimly remarked: "I hope you won't disagree with your flock!" All that was known about New Zealand in those days was derived from stories

"Of Anthropophagi and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders,"

and the common impression was that the more the devoted missionary warmed towards his congregation in his services, the more likely he was to be served up cold to them himself.

That was nearly fifty years ago, and the impression was by no means unfounded. Every ship that returned from the South seas brought news of some terrible tragedy in those bloodstained islands, where to be wrecked meant almost inevita-

bly to be killed and eaten. New Zealander was synonymous with cannibal.

It is so still in the minds of a great many people. Even those who know rather better than that, and who have heard something of what has been going on there from time to time, have little more than a dim recollection of the Maori wars—in which it is commonly supposed that the British were defeated—and of the island being swallowed up in an earthquake or blown sky high by a volcanic eruption. It will be somewhat of a surprise, therefore, to some to learn that the New Zealanders have not long since celebrated their fiftieth anniversary by holding in the city of Dunedin a grand jubilee exhibition of the arts, industries, resources and manners of New Zealand, Australia and other colonies and countries in the Southern Pacific; and that the exhibition was an overwhelming success.

The truth is that while the world has

been revolving on its axis, this beautiful and fertile country has not been standing still. On the contrary, it has been making steady progress at a rate which, in some respects, has no parallel elsewhere, not even in the United States. It already ranks fourth in importance among the colonial possessions of the British empire.

New Zealand was founded in 1839 by the New Zealand company, an organization formed in London by Edward Gibbon Wakefield, the famous author of *The Art of Colonization* and of the Report of Lord Durham's Commission, in which free institutions were successfully advocated as the remedy for disaffection in Canada. Before the formation of the company had become known in England Colonel William Wakefield, a younger brother of the founder and a distinguished officer in the war in Spain, had sailed for the new colony in a ship of 400 tons, with a staff of surveyors, naturalists and workmen. He made a rapid passage of ninety-six days, and on the 30th September 1839 took formal possession of the country in the name of the company under a royal salute, at the same time hoisting the company's flag on an immense staff erected for the purpose. The natives took these proceedings in good part and contributed to the celebration—of the full import of which they had little notion—a war dance, a waiata or improvised song and a feast.

Colonel Wakefield was a most peculiar man and was especially noted for his extreme reticence. He used to let everybody else talk while he did the thinking; and then, when his plans were matured, he acted with prompt decision and inflexi-

ble determination. Sparing as he was of speech, however, he was a ready writer and he kept a journal regularly, no matter what the difficulties might be. From this source we are enabled to get an excellent idea of how things were done in those days in annexing a new country. After describing his landing and his reception by the natives, the colonel writes: "The native oven which contained our dinner was then opened and we were invited to attend. After doing justice to the joints of a pig which had been killed for

the occasion and the whole of which we were bound in native politeness to take away with us, however little we might eat, we drank the healths of the chiefs and people of Port Nicholson in champagne, and, christening the flagstaff, took formal possession of the harbor and district in the name of the company, amid the hearty cheers of our party and the assembled natives."

That was the beginning of the colonization of New Zealand.

The pioneer expedition was immediately followed by a fleet of four ships carrying the company's emigrants, and before the end of the year 1840 Colonel Wakefield found himself at the head of a settlement of 1200 people. Of course there was a public meeting—there never yet were more than 500 British people anywhere without a public meeting—a provisional government was established and the colonel was unanimously elected president.

As soon as the British government heard of the company's proceedings, however, they smelled treason, filibustering, and all sorts of high crimes and misdemeanors. Captain Hobson of H. M. S.



A YOUNG CHIEF.

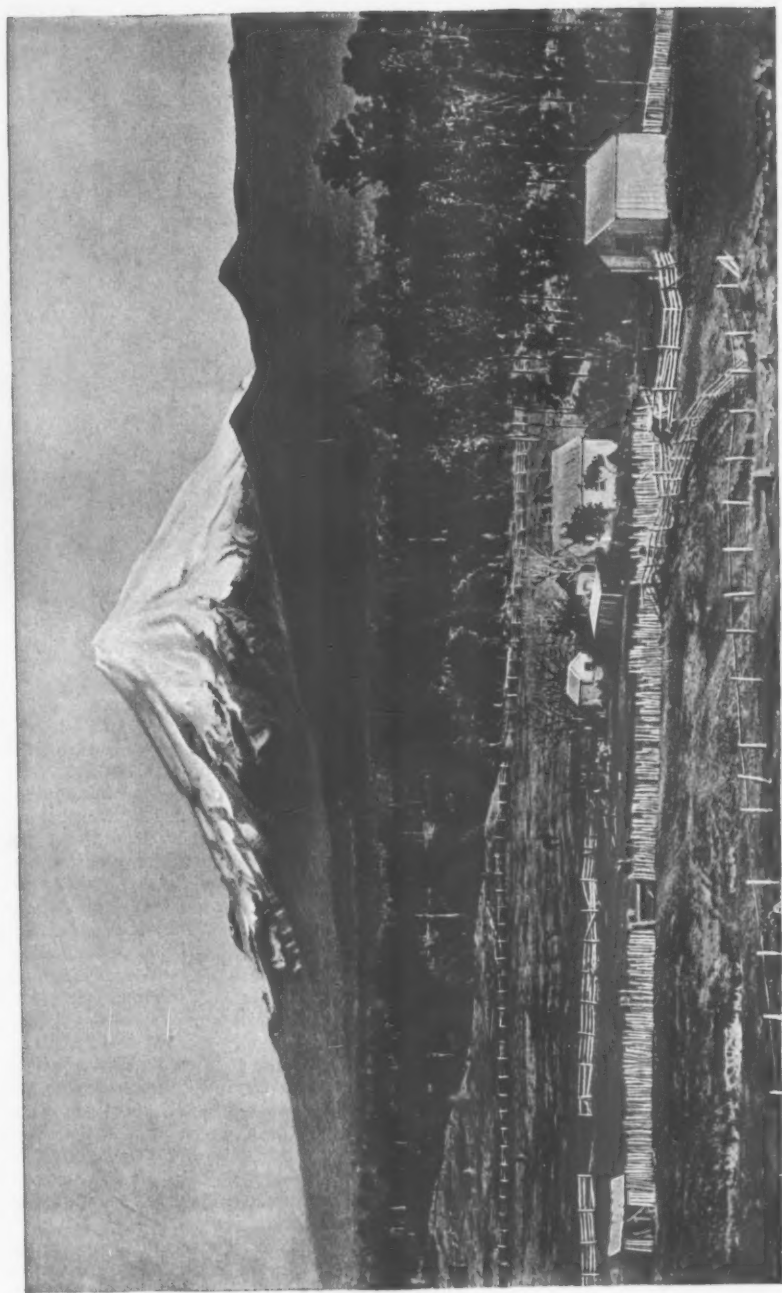


THE GREAT HOCHSTETTER WATER RACE, WEST COAST GOLDFIELDS.

Rattlesnake was appointed lieutenant governor, and hurried off as fast as a swift ship could carry him to "endeavor to obtain the sovereignty of the country." Governor Hobson found Colonel Wakefield in possession, which is proverbially nine points of the law; and the loyalty and good intentions of the company's settlers having been ascertained, the two officers soon came to an excellent understanding. New Zealand was declared a British colony, the royal authority being vested in the governor; while the queen granted a charter to the company, and Colonel Wakefield, as the company's "principal agent," continued to preside over their settlements and extend their operations. He lived to purchase from the natives the whole of the lands of the Middle Island, one of the finest territories under the British crown, and dying at Wellington, the capital of the colony he had founded, in 1848, was followed to his grave by more than 2000 mourners of both races. He lies under a marble slab in the picturesque cemetery which he him-

self laid out, side by side with his more celebrated brother, Edward, and another brother, Daniel, who was the first judge of the supreme court of the infant colony. In a little chapel, shaded by weeping willows and surrounded by arum lilies, near his grave, is a stone tablet, recording his exploits in the Spanish wars and the honors conferred upon him by Queen Isabella, and bespeaking for him the gratitude of posterity for leading the first band of colonists to those shores and watching over the settlements with wisdom, energy and justice till his death.

At the foundation of the colony in 1839, the population of New Zealand consisted of about 100,000 ferocious savages, the survivors of a much larger population that had been enormously reduced by tribal wars in the early part of the century; and a sprinkling of white adventurers, runaway sailors from the whaling ships, convicts escaped from the penal settlements in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, pirates and traders of the worst class, attracted by the profits to be



HUSH FARM AT FOOT OF MOUNT EGMONT.

made by bartering firearms and rum for flax, shells and curiosities. There was no sort of law or order, but from one end of the islands to the other bloodshed and rapine prevailed. The New Zealand company did not succeed in founding their settlements without serious conflicts, though their objects and methods were entirely peaceful. Several desperate engagements took place at or near their first settlement at Wellington, and Captain Arthur Wakefield, a gallant officer of the royal navy—yet another brother of the silent colonel—who had led a band of pioneers to Nelson, a lovely spot not far from Massacre bay, where Tasman's boats were attacked in 1642, was killed with twenty-one of his followers.

The spread of civilization and the increase of the European population, however, were very rapid after the company had gained a firm footing; and by the year 1850, when the company surrendered their charter and transferred their possessions, together with a debt of £268,000, to the government, a complete revolution in the condition of affairs had taken place. In 1854 the colony obtained representative institutions, and Edward Gibbon Wakefield himself had the pleasure of sitting with his son, also a famous pioneer, in the first parliament of the country which he had literally "evolved out of his inner consciousness" fifteen years before. Since then the history of the colony has been checkered enough to furnish a whole library of thrilling romance; but its advance has been unbroken.

Serious disputes arose, as usual, over the possession of the land. For twenty years the settlers, aided by the imperial government, waged a ruthless war with the Maoris, who are terrible foes behind intrenchments and with whom the military art is a natural instinct. A tribe of Maoris, not more than 400 or 500 strong, will build a fortress in a week which two regiments of infantry and a battery of artillery will not reduce in three months.

In fact, there is only one way to take a fortified pa, and that is to get up as close to it as you can, climb over the palisades the best way you can and bayonet the natives inside as fast as you can. Not infrequently the fortune of the fray was the other way about, and the natives held their pa and sang victorious waiata, while

the regimental bands were playing the Dead March in Saul. For many years the imperial troops in New Zealand and the colonial forces who were brigaded with them numbered more than the whole standing army of the United States, and the drain on the colonists' scanty treasury was ruinous while the Maoris remained unsubdued. It was not until the redcoats were withdrawn and the colonists were left to fight the Maoris their own way, that the war came to an end. That was in 1869; and since then there has been no native disturbance in New Zealand, nor is there any likelihood of such a thing occurring again.

The European population now number about 650,000 and are rapidly increasing, while the Maoris have dwindled, through war and civilization, to about 40,000. They are said to be holding their own now, though many careful observers are of an opposite opinion; and there is at least a probability of this remnant of a most remarkable section of the human family being permanently preserved under entirely changed conditions.

The Maoris are a large and very handsome copper-colored people, many of them possessing great strength; but it is quite a mistake to suppose they are Broddignags or giants, as they were represented in early books of travel. The first description given of them by any European was by Abel Jansen Tasman, the great Dutch navigator, in his report to the Governor of Batavia in 1642; and Tasman, with his invariable moderation and accuracy, said they were "of our common stature." They are, in fact, much about the same size and carriage as Englishmen of the upper class who live well and get plenty of muscular exercise in the open air; but in any fair trial of bodily strength—excepting, perhaps, a rush under excitement—the Englishman is a better man than the Maori.

One of the largest Maoris living is the great Waikato chief, Wahanui, who stands six feet four inches, and weighs 350 pounds. Yet when Wahanui was attending the Colonial Parliament recently to urge the claims of his tribe to the possession of their lands, and was the guest of some of the members, I saw Dick Seddon, a Lancashire lad who most fittingly sits for a rough mining constituency in the House of Representatives, carry Wahanui the



A SETTLER'S HOUSE NEAR AUCKLAND.

whole length of the vestibule, over fifty yards, the Maori attired in a gorgeous mat of Kiwi feathers, with his taiaha or wooden battleaxe in his hand and a cigar in his mouth. A Maori, especially a chief, considers it a point of honor never to betray any emotion, whatever happens; but when Mr. Seddon planted Wahanui safely on a bench at the end of the vestibule, the "big fellow" opened his black eyes very wide and solemnly ejaculated a prolonged "Ka-pai! Good!"

One day I invited Wahanui to lunch, and knowing something of Maori tastes, I provided amongst other things a large piece of boiled pork. Wahanui came punctually to time, accompanied by his interpreter—a superb-looking young native with a face like an Arab—a great chief thinking it beneath him to speak English, even though he may know it quite well. The two sat down to table with the calm self-possession and good manners which distinguish the race; and I helped Wahanui to a round of pork about an inch thick, the interpreter choosing some less substantial dish. The conversation and wine both flowed freely and Wahanui was soon in high spirits. Three times I replenished his plate with a pound or two of boiled pork, to which he added every condiment on the table, not excepting gooseberry jam.

At length, on passing

his plate for more, he said through the interpreter: "I am afraid you will think me very rude to eat so much, but I am a big man and want a good deal of food." "No, Wahanui," I replied, "you could not show me greater politeness than by eating heartily, because that is a proof that you like what I have provided for you. If I were to dine with you, I am sure you would be pleased to see me eat everything you placed before me."

At this Wahanui heaved a deep sigh, something like the blowing of a grampus, and said: "Ah, when I was a young man I could eat a whole pig as high as that," indicating an animal which would take a prize at an average show. "Am I to take that literally?" I asked the interpreter, alluding to the well-known custom of the Maoris of using metaphors or figures of speech. "Oh, yes!" he answered. "When Wahanui was a young man he could eat a whole pig and a kit of kumaras besides." Kumaras are sweet potatoes, like elongated mangel-wurzel.

Wahanui then sang a waiata recalling the merry days when he was young and praising the rangatira pakeha, the English gentleman or chief, who had been so hospitable to him.

Having eaten the rest of the pork and made a clean sweep of things generally, he rose and bade me good-by in the most dignified manner, cordially inviting me to pay him a visit at his pa at Mokau, a remote place in the west of the North Island, where the Maoris are still to be seen living under primitive conditions.

The two races of the queen's subjects in New Zealand get on excellently well together, and all the stories about the ill-usage of the Maoris by the colonial government are unmitigated falsehoods. The Maoris have four members of their own race in each of the two Houses



A MAORI MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

of Parliament, and they take up considerably more than their fair share of the debates, for they are born orators. Maori magistrates sit on the bench with the European judges to determine questions of native title, and Maoris charged with crime are tried by a semi-Maori jury. The laws as to the purchase of land from the natives are very stringent. Such a thing as a fraudulent bargain is out of the question. The truth is, the Maoris understand a deal as well as the 'cutest down-east Yankee; and in any case they are amply protected by the officials.

The notion of personal ill-treatment of the Maoris by Europeans is simply ridiculous to anybody who knows the country. The Maoris are first-rate boxers and wrestlers and are always ready with their fists or their feet.

A Maori football team have recently made a champion tour of Great Britain and beaten some of the best clubs there.

The young Maori women are often very good-looking, with splendid black or dark brown eyes, masses of black hair—never wool—snow-white teeth, and supple, round, well-shaped figures and limbs. They develop very early, a girl of thirteen or fourteen being quite a woman and often a mother; and, as they get older, they soon become coarse and ponderous. They are of a laughing, good-natured, amiable disposition, and those who have come within the sphere of their charms say they have wonderfully seductive ways. It is not uncommon for white men to marry Maori girls; but the instances of white women marrying Maori husbands are extremely few. The half castes are a very handsome race, some of the girls being perfect belles. They are said to combine all the vices of both the Europeans and the Maoris with none of the virtues of either; but that is altogether too severe a judgment. Many

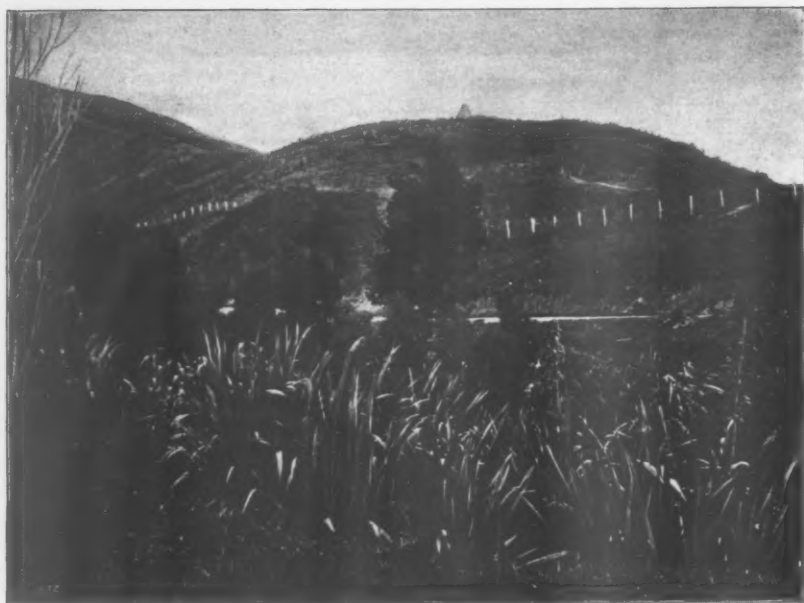


MAORI WOMAN AND CHILD.

of them are as good as they are agreeable. They are usually delicate and the women bear few children, if any; so that there is no likelihood of a mixed population springing up to any large extent. The process is entirely one of whitening the Maoris, not of blackening the Pakehas.

It is a mistaken impression that New Zealand is an island off the coast of Australia. It consists of two principal islands, separated by a deep strait thirty miles wide, a lesser island similarly separated from the more southern of the main islands, and a number of smaller islands or islets, including the Chatham islands, Auckland islands, Kermadec islands and others. These are spread over an area about 2000 miles from north to south, and lie 1200 miles to the southeast of Australia, from which they are divided geologically by vast ocean depths.

New Zealand is one of the most picturesque countries on the face of the globe, and it has, without any exception, the best climate. It seems to have been cre-



MASSACRE HILL, WHERE CAPTAIN WAKEFIELD AND TWENTY-ONE SETTLERS WERE KILLED.

ated specially for a tourist's paradise, and every year the stream of visitors to its natural wonders and beauties is becoming greater. It is destined to be the Switzerland of the southern hemisphere. Though little more than 100 miles wide at any part, it has immense mountain ranges towering up into peaks over 13,000 feet high, and glaciers of a magnitude that is only equalled in the polar regions. The west-coast sounds are gigantic fiords which throw those of Norway into insignificance. There has recently been discovered in that locality a waterfall measuring 1904 feet from the point where a glacial river comes over a precipice to the point where it vanishes, amid clouds of vapor, into a mysterious pool below.

The whole face of the country in these wild parts is covered with an evergreen robe of magnificent forest, cypresses and yews 200 feet high, varied by tropical-looking tree-ferns, palms and ti-trees (*cordylinum*), all tangled together with flowering creepers and vines, while the earth is hidden by an undergrowth of shrubs and ferns of the most wonderful variety and splendor. A great part of the North island

is volcanic, Tongariro and White island—the latter twenty-five miles from shore—being immense active volcanoes, and the whole region abounding in grand extinct or dormant craters, hot lakes, boiling springs, geysers and fumaroles not inferior to those of the Yellowstone region of America.

One of the great charms of the country is that it contains nothing hurtful, no snakes or scorpions or centipedes or venomous creatures of any sort, and no wild beasts. Nothing can be more delightful than the sensation of plunging into the dark recesses of the dense "bush," rolling among ferns and dracenas, every plant of which would be worth a guinea in London, or following the course of some glittering torrent where the sunlight only struggles in golden flecks through the massy leafage above, in the absolute assurance of perfect safety. Yet the fauna of the islands are not less interesting in their way than the flora are exquisite and novel. New Zealand must have been the last place left by the flood, and some parts of it must have been spared altogether, so antediluvian are the creatures and the

plants. It was the home of the moa, the gigantic dinornis, a wingless bird, covered with hair-like plumes, standing twelve or fourteen feet high, on legs as thick and strong as those of a horse. No living specimen of this monster has ever been taken since the European occupation, but countless skeletons and bones have been found and are always being found, as exploration progresses, as well as eggs, some with chicks in them, feathers, and parts of the skin. There are, moreover, three varieties of the apteryx, or wingless birds,

still extant and common enough, the black and the brown kiwi and the weka—the last a most entertaining fowl. Then there are the kakapo, or ground parrot, a huge green bird of owl-like solemnity, that lives in caves and conducts itself in a most extraordinary fashion, and the kea, or mountain parrot, a cruel bird of prey which fastens on the back of sheep when caught in the snow or otherwise disabled, and tears through their wool and flesh till it gets to their kidney fat, which it greedily devours, leaving the wretched sheep to die in agony.

It should be said, before leaving this branch of the subject, that New Zealand is rapidly becoming the rendezvous of sportsmen from all parts of the world. There is excellent deer stalking—the true red deer (*cervus elephas*), stags being often got that turn the scale at 400 pounds or even 450 pounds, which is fully 100 pounds heavier than any stag in the Highlands of Scotland—and equally good boar hunting. The wild boar of New Zealand is the descendant of porkers put ashore by Captain Cook 120 years ago, and has long since gone back to the orig-

inal *sus scrofa*. Boars are not uncommon five feet in length, with a shield of gristle and bristles that no bullet will penetrate, and shining white tusks as sharp as a razor, almost meeting over the snout. Hares are shot, coursed or hunted with hounds as in England, the hunt clubs going afield in green coats, red striped waistcoats and gilt buttons, and the huntsmen in royal scarlet, with black-velvet caps, as of yore. The whole country side is alive with excitement when the sound of the horn is heard on the lawn and "a

southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaim a hunting morning;" and after a hard run the same merry gatherings take place as at home, the same jolly old songs are sung, and the same huge jugs of foaming ale are handed round till nearly cock-crow. It is Old England at the Antipodes, that is all. During the open season, from April to July, hares, rabbits, black swan, paradise geese, ducks, teal, quail, pigeons and a number of other

native birds are shot in great numbers.

The chief glory of the colony for sport, however, is its trout fishing. Every sort of salmonoid fish, except the true *salmo salar*, has been introduced and some of the best varieties have multiplied and improved marvellously. The spotted brown trout (*salmo fario*) is the commonest and the best. It attains a size in New Zealand which would be deemed fabulous in England or America. I have myself seen a brown trout taken with a minnow, that weighed twenty-eight pounds, and twenty pounds is by no means an infrequent weight. The North island rivers are just as prolific as those of the South, and some of the finest trout fishing in the world is



AN OLD CANNIBAL.



A CHIEF'S DAUGHTERS.

to be had within an easy two hours' journey of Wellington, the capital of the colony. The fishing season is from the 1st of October to the 1st of April, when the shooting begins.

I shall have conveyed quite a wrong idea of New Zealand if I have led my readers to believe it is only a country for sight-seeing or sport. It is preëminently a maritime and commercial country, an agricultural and pastoral and mining country, a country for people to go to and invest money, and settle down and make money and establish a home and a family. It is one of the most productive spots on earth, its small area being compensated by its abundant rainfall and freedom from extremes of temperature. Droughts are unknown, and the yield of wheat, taking good and bad land together, averages from twenty-six to thirty bushels to the acre. There are instances of seventy bushels of wheat and 120 bushels of oats to the acre, and on good farms forty bushels of wheat and seventy of oats are considered ordinary crops. The best English and American agricultural machinery is in universal use and farming is carried on under

most favorable and comfortable conditions. The grain is exported to Australia or to England.

The pastures of New Zealand, however, are its most valuable possession. Owing to the great variety of the country—mountains, hills, downs, plains and rich bottoms—every kind of wool is produced in perfection, the export already amounting to £4,000,000 annually. The whole of this goes to London, whence a great deal of it is reëxported to America, where it successfully competes with the locally grown wool, in spite of the enormous duty and the cost of the double voyage and double handling.

Then, more than two millions of carcasses of frozen mutton and a corresponding quantity of

frozen beef are annually sent from New Zealand to feed the hungry population of Great Britain. Yet not only are not the flocks depleted, but they are rapidly increasing, and, owing to the constant market for full-mouthed sheep, consist entirely of sheep in their prime for wool bearing. No other country in the world could perform such a feat of production as that, and it speaks volumes for the capabilities of New Zealand.

The same may be said of the still more recently established trade in butter and cheese, for it appears to have been proved that owing to the grass growing and the cows being in profit all the year round, New Zealand can supply the world with dairy produce better and more cheaply than any other known country. New Zealand butter fetches the highest price in the London market.

The gold mines yield about £1,000,000 a year and would yield a great deal more if other industries were not more profitable. The coal mines are of vast extent and the quality of the coal is unequalled. It was the New Zealand coal, quite as much as Captain Kane's seamanship or his tars' courage,

that saved H.M.S. Calliope in the great hurricane at Samoa, when the American and German ships of war went ashore. Engineers say that a supply of Westport or Greymouth coal, from the west coast of the Middle Island of New Zealand, gives two knots an hour of additional speed. Adjoining the coal fields are found iron ores, and other minerals in amazing quantity and variety. The best antimony comes from New Zealand.

Then kauri gum, a fossil resin like amber, is exported to America for varnishes, to the value of £400,000 annually, and phormium, the fibre of the native flax, a wild lily growing in the swamps, is worth about as much and is greatly increasing in importance. These, with timber, hides, hoofs and horns, shells and a few minor articles, make up the list of exports at present—the exports exceeding the imports in value by about two to one.

This large trade is carried by three lines of ocean steamers—some of them equal to the Atlantic liners—about 200 coasting

steamers and a numerous fleet of fine sailing ships; while the inland traffic is done by 2000 miles of railway and a wonderful system of roads and bridges.

Life in New Zealand is very pleasant and easy-going, the settlers belonging largely to the propertied and educated class of English and all the inhabitants of the country being law abiding and decent. They are intensely loyal to the mother country. Yet they have absolute control of their own affairs, which they manage very well on the whole, in an old-fashioned, solid, honest, homely sort of way. There are no fabulous millions made there and wealth has very little power or influence.

But the truth is, the soil of New Zealand has hardly been scratched as yet, and the Pakehas, as the Maoris call the Europeans, are only beginning to find out what a grand little country they got hold of when the silent colonel poured his libation of champagne to the goddess Fortune on that spring morning fifty years ago.



A SHEEP-FARMER'S HOME.



THE WAYSIDE SHRINE.

BY INIGO DEANE.

FAIRER, Madonna, is thy face to me
In this strait, rustic shrine beside the way,
Where skin-clad shepherds come to pipe
and pray,
Where skies arch o'er us and the
winds blow free,
And westward gleams a luminous
line of sea,
Than in the dim, thronged minster;
there one may
To other loves and worships lightly stray.
But here the soul sees none, loves
none but thee.

So to Guittone, too, as once along
This Tuscan way he rode, and with bowed
crest
And lowered lance made reverence, did
it seem.

Wherefore he built this little shrine
of song
To hold one fair-wrought form — some
memory blest,
Some hope, some happier thought, some
idle dream.



BY SARAH COOPER HEWITT.

"Le dernier mot de l'art, je le trouve dans le contrefaçon."—SAINT-EUVE.

IT may not be generally known to amateurs of bric-à-brac that special factories now exist in many parts of Europe exclusively devoted to making fraudulent imitations of antiquities and spurious works of art. It is nevertheless true that there are such factories, and they do a large and flourishing business in supplying various classes of counterfeit objets d'art to the European, Oriental and American markets. The demands of the latter have been enormously increased by our country people making yearly pilgrimages abroad, and returning home imbued with the mania for collecting now so universal in Europe. American collectors have, as a general rule, much less experience and knowledge than those in Europe, and they are consequently chiefly responsible for the introduction of distinct fashions in bric-à-brac and increased activity in the production of every kind of counterfeit antique. The knowledge of such manufactories enables one to enjoy with a certain grim sense of humor the constant sight of the same old familiar objects, and ad-

mire the clever traps laid for unwary travellers in every city and watering place of Europe. Now, even the most insignificant and unfrequented villages are utilized as pitfalls, since no one understands better than dealers the value of shabby surroundings as a successful setting for their false wares. Oddly enough, the amount of a certain class of bibelots is seemingly on the increase, notwithstanding the continual heavy drain upon it, and nowadays it is almost impossible to find a shop unfurnished with the usual company of old friends: Delft cows, biscuit de Sèvres figurines, Dresden and Chelsea clocks, candleabra and snuff boxes, or Battersea and

Limoges enamels, and the inevitable carved wood furniture, much too black with age, flanked with Dutch rococo silver of leaden hue, or ivory crucifixes and reliquaries stained to the correct tone of yellow by the application of tobacco or liquorice juice. Nor must we forget the silver bénitiers, carefully worn away, as if through constant use, or the ragged-edged prints, artistically discolored by smoke, with



IMITATION OF OLD BATTERSEA ENAMEL.

exactly the right amount of dust purposefully applied.

It is rather amusing for the initiated to watch the rapid changes of fashion in bric-à-brac, and the efforts of various shopkeepers to anticipate, or at least meet, the unceasing demands of customers for something new, even in antiques. Dealers are keenly alive to the importance of furnishing their patrons with repeated opportunities of making fresh finds and unearthing new treasures. Any neglect to provide this pleasurable excitement means having their shops passed contemptuously by with a scarcely arrested glance or footstep, and perhaps the unspoken thought, "I've seen hundreds of those before." To have the triumph of being the first to spring the latest novelty upon the confiding public is every dealer's chief ambition, but the man who accomplishes this, even if his efforts are crowned with immediate success, has little time or opportunity to profit by his good fortune,

since the greater the popularity of the object just launched the greater the eagerness of his brethren to imitate him. From every side orders pour in upon the bric-à-brac factories, taxing their powers to the utmost, until all small provincial towns and obscure villages are well supplied, and the places in Europe most affected by the Anglo-Saxon race completely flooded with the article last in vogue, often but a few months after its "first appearance."

There seems to be but little difference between collecting today and in the time of Louis XIV., judging from La Bruyère's satire in his *Caractères*, where he writes: "La curiosité n'est pas un goût pour ce qui est bon ou ce qui est beau, mais pour ce qui est rare, unique, pour ce qu'on a et les autres n'ont point. Ce n'est pas un attachement à ce qui est parfait, mais à ce qui est couru, à ce qui est à la mode."

The cynical dealer not only understands human nature, but is perfectly acquainted



IMITATION BISCUIT DE SÈVRES GROUPE, AFTER FRAGONARD'S "FONTAINE D'AMOUR."



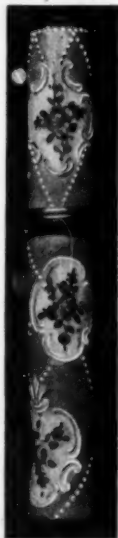
with numerous comparatively unknown works of art, hidden away in private collections, and ready to be reproduced cheaply and easily in this mechanical and inventive age. He need have little fear of detection or exposure so long as amateur collectors—beginners especially—retain their characteristic secretiveness and rooted dislike of consulting connoisseurs. This mingled timidity and desire for concealment arises probably from an innate dread of the opinion of experts and an uncon-

scious fear of being obliged to confess having been taken in, together with an equal distaste for profiting by good advice when it is accidentally thrust upon them.

Paris undoubtedly sets the fashion for the whole world in bric-à-brac, as in most things, therefore if people in the habit of visiting it every year only had their attention properly directed they might easily notice certain curious facts. For instance, during the last French Exhibition, there were no shop windows in the Rue Lafayette, Rue Lafitte, Quai Voltaire or other happy hunting grounds without some study by Boucher, in either red chalk, black crayon or pencil, the effect often heightened by touches of white chalk, or else lightly washed in with sepia, bistre or India ink, Chinese white being used for the high lights. Not only were the subjects most attractive and cleverly executed upon old paper, or a very successful imitation of it, but charmingly framed as well, being set off by faded green borders ornamented with alternate black and gold lines, and frames so perfectly copied from those of the period, with their tarnished gilding and furrowed wormholes, that they might almost deceive a connoisseur. It goes without saying that they were always sold to the unwary as original studies by François Boucher, who stood that year without a rival, until the tide of fashion set so strongly in the direction of the great masters of the eighteenth century

that Watteau and Leprince ran him very hard and quickly became second favorites. The spring following, the shops one and all resembled flower beds, with their brilliant display of Dresden figures and flowers of every description, usually employed in the decoration of clocks, candelabra, bougeoirs, etc. Seen side by side with this assemblage was the entire family of spurious old red and black Chinese lacquers, the black predominating, but both commonly arranged as inkstands, with rococo ormolu metal borders, feet and handles, and, in all but point of age, pure Louis xv. Some of them were still more highly embellished by a characteristic little Louis xv. "magot," brandishing in either hand a branch of gilded metal leaves, each forming overhead a candlestick, and terminating in a wonderfully brilliant bouquet of many-colored porcelain flowers.

Last spring biscuit de Sèvres statuettes or groups and Battersea enamels were the great fashion, and through them the bric-à-brac factories scored two distinct but well-merited triumphs. The first-named articles were distinctly inspired by the exquisite busts, figurines and groups made at the Sèvres manufactory expressly for the Exhibition, where they figured among its chief successes, each one being not only a perfect work of art, but an exact reproduction of some famous eighteenth-century model. These exquisite pieces were about fifty in number, and the French government reserved them almost exclusively for its own use, forbidding their sale, therefore very few of them came into the market; nevertheless they excited so much admiration that they have since been imitated to any extent, but with this important difference, they are not genuine biscuit de Sèvres, nor can the fascinating forgeries claim the slightest connection with the royal manufactory. They are at best but clever copies from the *Surtout des Chasses* of



IMITATIONS OF
OLD BATTER-
SEA ENAMELS.

Oudry, La Baigneuse and Les Amours of Falconet, Les Enfants de La Rue, La Beauté couronnée par les Graces of Boizot, La Dubarry, or the group commemorating the marriage of the Dauphin, by Pajou, and the celebrated models of Clodion, Caffieri and others. They are often so carelessly executed that the lines left by the edges of the moulds, in many cases, have not been effaced, but in spite of all that they never fail to attract, because they express so perfectly the charm, grace and spirit of the greatest French artists of the old régime. It may not be out of place to mention here, that in France nothing is easier than to verify this statement and discover if the object in question be really genuine; one has but to request the person selling the article to inscribe "*vieux biscuit de Sèvres*" on the bill, and in case it is not authentic, or what he represents it to be, he will absolutely refuse upon some pretext or another. This same rule holds good in France for buying all sorts of antiques, the penalty against such false representation being so severe that dealers do not dare run the risk of fine and imprisonment for small profits.

That the counterfeiting of bric-à-brac

and antiques has been successfully carried on from a very early period of the world's history is such a well-known fact that it seems almost absurd to speak of it, yet it is rather curious to find Pliny the Elder gravely describing how the ancients imitated the sardonyx so that the artifice could not be discovered, by putting together different black, white and red stones, and the care taken in selecting those of the most popular colors. He also speaks of the existence of certain books explaining the process of making emeralds and other precious stones out of crystal, and winds up with the quaint and modern reflection, "There is no more profitable fraud than this one."

But it is today, when everything is manufactured on such a grand scale, aided by so much artistic feeling and business intelligence, that the subject of counterfeiting in all its branches becomes of real interest.

It is an open secret that besides the number of large and successful manufacturing factories scattered about in different towns of France there are several established in Paris; and when I was last there I had the opportunity of visiting one of the

most important, the only condition being that I should not tell where it was. Accordingly one day I drove to a historic part of old Paris, apparently most unlikely by reason of its appearance and traditions to be selected for such a purpose. I was met by my guide at the entrance of a huge old hotel, dating from the reign of Louis XIV., somewhat dilapidated and neglected, it is true, but still retaining traces of former magnificence and splendor. No name nor sign was visible above its massive doorway, crowned overhead with a carved stone mask, whose satyr-like face grinned sardonically down upon us, nor was there anything to distinguish this from the other solemn and stately buildings of the surrounding quarter. We rang, the door flew open silently, and crossing a large open court, where packing cases of every



MARIE DE MEDICIS. COUNTERFEIT SIXTEENTH-CENTURY MEDAL-LION IN REPOUSSÉ IRON AND SILVER.

sort were piled about, we entered another door which admitted us into a large ante-room. Here I waited impatiently while my companion parleyed with a cheerful sort of Cerberus on guard behind a second door opposite the one through which we had just passed. There seemed little difficulty in satisfying him of our good intentions, for after a short time—which, however, seemed interminable—he threw open the door and the owner of the establishment appeared and invited us to enter. Of course everything was entirely differ-

numbered, or had the name of an individual painted above it, and contained a great variety of curious articles, porcelain and enamel snuff boxes and bonbonnières, Battersea enamel candlesticks and salt cellars, Worcester and Chelsea vases, tea caddies, cups and saucers, teapots, figures, étuis, scent bottles, etc., mixed up with oriental monsters and painted or enamelled miniatures of every style. Noticing my surprise, the proprietor and genius of the establishment hastened to explain that every dealer owned a bin, where articles ordered by him in advance could be kept until he had sold his previous supply or sent for more. This caused me to examine the collections more closely, and it was rather curious to observe the wide difference in taste and judgment displayed by various buyers. Some had not only selected the best things, but had taken care not to have more than one specimen of a kind, while others, apparently without the slightest discrimination, had chosen at random, the hideous more often than the beautiful, mixing up with the rest of the rubbish five or six examples of the same model; thereby demonstrating either their greater stupidity or more open contempt for the collecting public. A slight noise, like the grating of a file, made me turn quickly and discover a workman in a blouse seated at one of the tables, busily employed in gently rubbing with a piece of pumice stone various Batter-



HENRY III. COUNTERFEIT SIXTEENTH-CENTURY MEDAL-LION.

ent from what I had imagined, and the place where we now found ourselves was nothing more than an enormous square room, lighted entirely by skylights in the roof, and filled with long deal tables covered with a multitude of small objects. Seated at one of the tables were several men working quietly but most intently. At first I paid but little attention to them, for my eyes were instantly attracted towards a series of rows of small bins or compartments about the size of tea chests, built one over the other, extending from floor to ceiling, and running completely around the whole place. Each bin was

sea enamel snuff boxes, bonbonnières and étuis, also porcelain figures and other small bibelots evidently destined to adorn the vitrines of unsuspecting amateurs. He worked with the greatest delicacy and skill, until the surface and decoration became somewhat injured and both corners and edges showed sufficient signs of wear to be pronounced by certain connoisseurs "slightly damaged but veritable antiques." He was aided in his difficult but praiseworthy task by another artist, who from a series of small pots filled with some delectable compound (composed probably of a mixture of varnish and dust) was

with masterly touch, much archaeological knowledge and a fine brush, adding necessary signs of age in required places, not forgetting to carefully fill in the cracks and abrasions just produced by his companion. Each article as soon as it left his hands was placed in a convenient sunbeam that fell through the skylight and quickly dried the composition just applied. It seemed so incredible that fifty or a hundred years could be added in a second by a turn of the wrist that I could have watched this novel and interesting process for hours, had not the two workmen just then risen, shoved their hands in their pockets and with an air of conscious merit sauntered away to their breakfast, leaving me no choice but to follow the proprietor, who proposed our visiting the different showrooms.

The first one was entirely devoted to Delft pottery of every description, cows, figures, dishes of fruit, blue and white platters and jars of every size and form, all packed as closely as possible in rows upon innumerable shelves.

But for the unusual quantity of Delft displayed I could easily have fancied myself in Holland, though no single collection of that country contains such a number of pieces; besides, here each specimen was resplendent in its evident newness and freshness—subsequently it was explained to me that this was purposely done, because many dealers prefer themselves to direct the exact appearance of age to be added to their wares, and I found, also, that the same rule apparently held good for almost everything else in the establishment.

Opening off the first was another room completely given over to different exam-

ples of all kinds of old French pottery, Rouen, Moustiers, Strasburg, Marseilles, Nevers, etc., many of them such wonderfully clever imitations that it was easy to understand how certain examples, after being cleverly catalogued and cunningly "boomed" beforehand in the papers, should, when surreptitiously introduced into certain well-known sales, realize fabulous prices at the Hôtel Drouot or Christie's.

The third room contained Sèvres porcelain in hard as well as soft paste, some of

the bits so charming in form, design and color, and so faultless in execution, that nothing prevented me from making an extensive purchase on the spot but the fact that everything then on view was already sold and only awaiting directions for delivery or shipment. I was also informed that owing to the quantities of extra goods required for the coming tourists' season I must wait for a month or six weeks at least, before hoping to have any order of mine filled in this department.



IMITATION BISCUIT DE SÈVRES FIGURINE.

E. Garnier in his recent work, *La Porcelaine Tendre de Sèvres*, says that the relative scarceness of old Sèvres *pâte tendre*, together with the great prices it has brought at sales, has naturally had the result of creating the special industry of manufacturing it. According to him, the amount of false *pâte tendre* sold in Paris and London alone, not to speak of what is exported to other countries—America more than any other—is so incredible that it would be necessary for the celebrated manufactory to have had several separate existences, similar to the one it has just passed through during a century and a half, in order to succeed in producing

everything that has been attributed to its workrooms by unscrupulous dealers.

There are two notable examples of successful counterfeiting of old Sèvres porcelain, one being the service that forms part of the collection of Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle, the other, a wonderful déjeuner service, with painted medallions of Louis XIV. and the principal persons of his court, which was presented to Louis XVIII. as a valuable family relic, having formerly belonged to Louis XV. Both services were for a long time considered authentic, though their fraudulency has since been proved beyond a doubt. Immediately after this discovery the false Louis XV. service was sent off to the Musée de Sèvres, where it can be seen and studied by everyone as a solemn warning of the tricks of the forgers of ceramics.

In still another room was a fascinating collection of English pottery and porcelain of the eighteenth century; Worcester, Chelsea, Crown Derby, Bow, Bristol, Wedgwood and many others. So attractive were the teapots, cups and saucers, caddies, vases and groups of different designs that I felt a strong desire to possess some of them, and actually insisted upon purchasing a certain number of those that pleased me most, paying no attention to the request for delay.

Among the beautiful things that particularly attracted me was a charming pair of dark blue-and-gold Chelsea vases, rococo in form and design, with rocaille handles, and perfectly decorated in imitation of the Chinese style peculiar to the middle part of the eighteenth century, which were evidently inspired by the famous pair in the Jones bequest at the South Kensington museum. Curiously enough, only a week later, while taking tea in a London drawing room, I suddenly discovered the exact counterparts of these vases upon the mantel shelf. Filled with interest at coming across some of the factory's productions (though it has frequently happened since) I begged my hostess to tell me their history; whereupon she confided the usual tale, showing that they had fulfilled their des-



IMITATION WORCESTER MUG.

tiny but too well. Condensed, it was that she had unearthed them in a little village in some out-of-the-way corner in Devonshire, buying them for a mere song; but I regret to say, for her sake, that the price she paid was about three times greater than their fellow counterfeits would have cost on the shelves of the maker. Needless to say, I did not open her eyes—should I have thanked any friend who did me such a doubtful kindness?

My guide had all this time kept up a sort of running commentary of criticism, pointing out the different merits and defects that his knowledge and practical experience had taught him to notice. He was evidently a tremendous admirer of that branch of oriental porcelain known as "solid colors," for he fairly went into raptures as the contents of the next room disclosed themselves in all their bewildering variety of hues, and it was difficult to moderate his enthusiasm sufficiently to induce him to tear himself away from the cherished objects so that we might continue our tour of inspection. Much of the crackle ware and solid colors must have been made expressly for sale in America, for I noticed numbers of the specimens so much esteemed



IMITATION WORCESTER TEA-CADDY.

and sought after by our collectors. For the European market there were grotesque animals of every description, kylins, elephants, tortoises, monkeys, dogs, cats and birds, and many other products of the Franco-Celestial as well as purely Chinese imagination. All these animals and monsters were accurately copied from those of the reign of William and Mary, when collecting oriental china became such a mania that the more hideous and outrageous its forms the more it was actually sought after. The correspondence and periodical literature of the last century are full of allusions to the rage for buying such pieces of china, and writers in the *Tatler* and *Spectator* are constantly inveighing against "the piles of china," "the chaos of Japan," "the pyramids of cups," or "the costly jars." Quantities of the monsters were mounted upon beautifully chased rococo ormoulu bases, while the vases and jars were ornamented with handles and tops of the same gilded metal, Louis xv. in style, so cleverly and correctly finished that they only required being exposed for a couple of months to the action of London fogs and smoke to acquire every appearance of belonging to the last century. It is not an uncommon thing for continental dealers to send all sorts of furniture and bibelots, with brass

or ormoulu mounts, to London for a time, as it has been proved that the effect of its climate produces a better and more deceptive air of antiquity upon all metal work than the most careful artificial means. Apropos of this, a certain very clever artist in Paris, Doctor Camus, celebrated for his Louis xv. ormoulu mounts, designed and executed by himself marvelously in the spirit of the eighteenth century, and employed by him for decorating furniture and mounting fine bits of oriental china, once told me that he now felt obliged to sign plainly everything that left his atelier, since he had lately discovered that many of his creations, after being subjected to the London process, were sold as genuine old pieces for excessive prices, and this was the only precaution he could think of to avoid having the public duped. Piled about by dozens in the corners of this same room were any number of richly decorated Chinese punch bowls and pot-pourri jars, perfect copies of those so much prized and sought after by our grandmothers of colonial days.

Perhaps the most delightful of all were the Sèvres biscuit groups and busts, combining historic interest with their coquetry and grace. I longed to own the contents of the whole room and fell at once a victim to the charms of a bewitching

figure of a little beribboned marquise in full court costume, completely covered with delicate porcelain lace and flowers from her beautiful shoulders to the tips of her tiny feet, which were encased in entrancing little pointed slippers with the highest and most exaggerated heels. She was dancing a minuet, and her graceful head, thrown slightly backward, was crowned with a high coiffure à la Marie Antoinette, a couple of ostrich feather tips nodding coquet-



IMITATION DELFT COW.

tishly in her powdered hair. I actually insisted on carrying her off on the spot and with much care have brought her to America, where, though but a roturière and born yesterday, she may pose as a veritable daughter of the vieille roche until a consignment of her charming sisters reaches here to adorn the shops and expose her for what she really is, a clever forgery.

Following a circular winding staircase leading into quite a different part of the old hotel, we entered a place which, but for its great size, might have been some Lilliputian kingdom, peopled as it was entirely with tiny shepherds and shepherdesses, all of them simpering and posing in the usual conventional and flippant attitudes characteristic of the period of sham sentiment, and supposed to express happiness and freedom from care. Their Chelsea rivals mustered in equal force, supported by a whole army of dogs, cats, monkeys and birds, all dressed in magnificent but fantastic costumes belonging to an age when people wore whole estates on their backs; while long tables

filling the centre of the room were covered with Chelsea and Saxe flacons, vinaigrettes, étuis, bonbonnières and snuff boxes. If alone, one might have fancied oneself assisting at a fête champêtre of the last century, and that the monkey and cat musicians in their gorgeous attire had formed an orchestra to begin playing a minuet on their various instruments, so that the shepherdesses might cease ogling their attendant swains and be led forth to

dance. Was it by accident or design that the best had been kept for the last? for my astonishment knew no bounds on being shown into a long corridor lighted by a row of windows extending from ground to ceiling, and lined on both sides by immensely tall Japanese and Chinese vases of every form, color and decoration, many of them large enough to convince me of the absolute truth of the story of the Forty

Thieves. The whole effect was superb and imposing to a degree, giving one the impression of two lines of infantry facing each other and drawn up at the entrance of some palace ready to salute. It is well to be cynical about ancient objets d'art to be obtained today, but I greatly regretted having another cherished belief shattered on the spot, and being obliged to accept as myths all the delightful histories told me as a child, about the great and almost insuperable difficulties of firing such large pieces, and how the Japanese and Chinese potters alone possessed the secret of the art, when here in Paris a dozen specimens

could be turned out daily. The expedition terminated with a stroll through the basement extending under the whole hotel, and entirely devoted to white porcelain pieces, duplicates of those in the showrooms above, only undecorated. Here the enterprising and inventive dealer could not only select his own models, but himself give the necessary orders for their decoration—a happy innovation which is the means of introducing some variety in the



IMITATION BISCUIT DE SÈVRES, AFTER FRAGONARD'S
"SERMENT D'AMOUR."

articles turned out wholesale today. One room, entirely devoted to historical busts, struck me as being rather amusing, as, placed upon shelves and perched upon their small white pedestals, like little pale spectres, they formed a complete history of France during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; but the man in charge, whether from lack of knowledge, a feeling of contempt or a spirit of satire, had neglected to arrange them chronologically and had jumbled them up in the greatest confusion, so that one noticed, side by side, Marie Antoinette and La Dubarry, Charlotte Corday and Marat, Napoleon and Louis XVIII., Richelieu and Anne of Austria, Voltaire and Pascal, and many other ill-assorted couples. Passing through the anteroom, I could not refrain from examining a number of iron-bound cases painted black and resembling Saratoga trunks, only much narrower and deeper in shape. They were lined throughout with thick cotton batting and fitted with compartments of various sizes, containing deep and shallow trays similarly lined, while inside the lid of each case was fastened a neatly written list of all the articles to be packed in it, together with their numbers and prices. These are specially made to contain the samples for commercial travelers who go to and from the remotest parts of Europe, taking with them all the specimens of the factory's latest creations. It is rather sad to reflect that, with this perfect and extensive organization, only one

among a number—for there is Hanau, celebrated for its reproductions of old silver; Cologne, for its antique glass; Vienna, for its sixteenth-century enamels; Augsburg and Nuremberg, for their polychrome Renaissance beakers; Nancy, for its old furniture; Lunéville, for its biscuit figures, and any number of other places equally well known for their specialties—the great danse macabre of counterfeiting will continue to seize and hold every branch of art so long as people insist on trying to form collections, without any knowledge of the subject or desire to give it intelligent attention and study.

Let each collector take for a motto, "Caveat Emptor," and remember this final warning, borrowed from a French writer, "Be thorough unbelievers about objets d'art. Arm yourself with absolute caution. Above all, beware of first impressions. Be on the lookout for mercantile cupidity. Don't be in a hurry. Examine everything with care and without illusion. Control yourself until you have seen the same object several times. Always mistrust being made the victim of a clever Italian comedy of the time of Scaramouche and Arlequine. Above all, do not count upon lucky finds. There are no more garrets where forgotten treasures lie buried

under the dust of centuries. The law of succession now causes everything to be brought to light and houses to be wholly emptied of their contents at least once every thirty years."



IMITATION LOUIS XV. LACQUER INKSTAND WITH ORMOULU AND SAXE MOUNTS.



A WOODLAND MOOD.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

ONCE, in an old unchangèd wood,
I lost the way of modern men,
Called to the birds in savage mood,
And blew my reed by stream and fen.

A dear, delicious danger filled
The vibrant air, and then I leapt,
Unloosed, set free; Time glowed and
thrilled;
From East to West a glory swept.

Life faced about and stood askance,
A bee hummed on Love's finger tip,
While from the flagon of Romance
I heard far Hybla's honey drip.

The open strings of Nature felt
The careless, certain touch of truth,
Then let her hoarded music melt
And fill the longing heart of youth.

A nameless fierce temptation laid
Its finger on my pulse like fire;
Somewhere a satyr charmed a maid,
Somewhere old Orpheus twanged his
lyre.

Oh, in my veins was molten love,
Sweet as the flower-sap of the spring;
My heart, a torrent fountain, drove
The humming wheels of everything.

I was the bush aflame with bloom,
I was the bird, the breeze, the bee;
The whole wild universe found room
To whirl its sensuous round in me.

The fluting of a golden beak
In tangled tufts of poison rhus
Undid the years; I thought in Greek;
I came upon Theocritus!

A GRAND DVICAL FAMILY

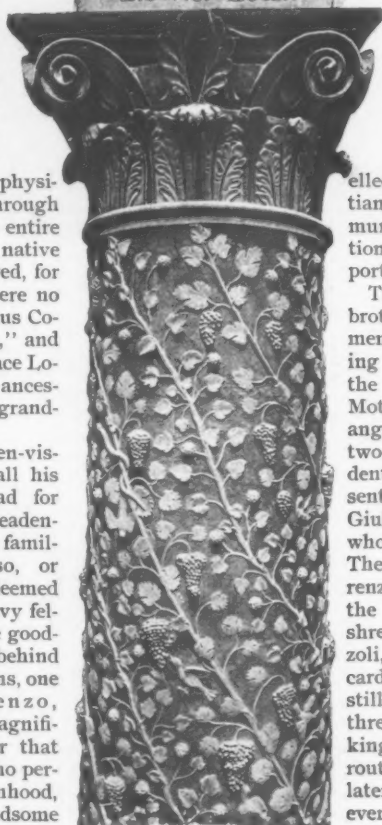
by
Eleanor Lewis

IN Florence, about the middle of the fourteenth century, no one could have even dreamed that old Salvestro, surnamed dei Medici because he belonged to the guild of Medici, or physicians, would affect through his descendants the entire after destiny of his native city. Yet so it proved, for his grandchildren were no other than the famous Cosimo, "pater patriæ," and the more commonplace Lorenzo, who became ancestor of the Medicean grand-dukes.

The urbane, keen-visaged Cosimo, with all his wits about him, had for son the dull and leaden-witted Pietro, known familiarly as Il Gottoso, or Gouty Peter. He redeemed his dulness, this heavy fellow, by much simple goodness, and by leaving behind him two brilliant sons, one of whom was Lorenzo, called later "The Magnificent," and the other that ill-fated Giuliano, who perished in early manhood, and on whose handsome

features rests a shade of melancholy not unbefitting his premature doom. Pale, with masses of fine black hair rising high from the forehead, with large dark eyes and an exquisitely chiselled mouth—such is Politian's description of his murdered friend, a description substantiated by the portraits.

The appearance of the brothers as children is commemorated in a fine painting by Botticelli, where the Divine Child and its Mother sit surrounded by angels. Among them are two whose wide-eyed, ardent faces are said to represent, the one in profile, Giuliano, and the other, at whom he gazes, Lorenzo. The physiognomy of Lorenzo is the less regular, the more humorous and shrewd. A fresco by Gozzoli, in the Palazzo Riccardi, depicts him while still a youth as one of the three gorgeously attired kings from the East, en route for Bethlehem. His later aspect is familiar to everyone, from the por-



traits of him extant, especially in the speaking likeness by Vasari, which represents him seated, and dressed in a loose-furred robe whose open sleeves reveal hands of great delicacy. Its features express a character both affable and sarcastic, pleasure-loving and intellectual.

It is needless here to repeat the well-known, most tragic, most dramatic tale of Giuliano's murder by the Pazzi in the Duomo, or to relate how "Il Magnifico" won that title and became arbiter of Florence. Life's best gifts were within his reach, and of them he made such use as his temperament and the age exacted. He may not have wrought out his own salvation; there was not for him, as for Savonarola, the fierce test of martyrdom, the scorn, upbraiding and crucial flames that best cleanse a soul for heaven, but art and literature grew strong in the shelter his good-will gave them, and beautiful Florence is to this day the more splendid, the more famous for his sway.

By an advantageous marriage with Clarice Orsini he had several children, among them that precocious Giovanni who was an archbishop at ten, a cardinal at fourteen, and a pope at thirty-seven under the title of Leo x.

With this brief mention we must leave the older branch of the Medici, adding only that the great-grandchildren of Lorenzo were Catherine de' Medici of St. Bartholomew fame, and the evil Duke Alessandro, in whom his direct line ended.

Reverting now to the brother of old Cosimo, it appears that neither he nor his son nor his grandchildren were in any way distinguished. It is not until we reach the great-grandson that the family spirit is seen shining with renewed lustre. This boy, Giovanni (surnamed delle Bande Nere

from the black armor worn by his troopers), although dying at the early age of twenty-seven, lived long enough to conquer, like Cæsar, the hearts of his soldiers, to prove irresistible at their head, and to leave, by his marriage with Maria Salviati, a son to succeed him. In the latter, who bore the ancestral name of Cosimo, we see the first Grandduke of Florence.

As a child, thought timid by all, he ere long showed such iron determination, such crafty statesmanship, that it was evident he had merely assumed timidity as

a cloak to conceal his true character. So well did the cloak serve him, so unsuspecting were the people, that by the time he was eighteen this shy boy had made himself an absolute ruler and held power with too firm a grip to be shaken off. Another age might have found in him a Brutus, to avenge the murdered republic; as things were he was only a grandduke.

His marriage, some two years later, was a matter of policy, no doubt; but also, no doubt,

of affection, for Eleonora di Toledo had much personal beauty, and a sweet, not too exacting, nature. Great were the festivities when he brought home his bride to the Palazzo Vecchio.

This grim yet stately building had been the heart of the city's life; it had known glorious days and sad ones—the rise of Florentine liberty as now its fall. In its great hall the voice of Savonarola had uttered deathless words; where the Neptune fountain now bubbles in the square without that voice had "passed into eternal silence." The Marzocco still guarded with its paw the armorial lily of Florence, but in semblance only—for Duke Cosimo had transplanted the flower into his own private garden. A communal palace no



BIANCA CAPELLO.



COSIMO I. DE' MEDICI, FIRST GRANDDUKE.

longer—the republic being dead and buried—it was now, as a ducal residence, to witness the family life of Cosimo and Eleonora and to shelter their troop of beautiful, healthy boys and girls.

The rooms of the grandduchess may be seen today, much—saving furniture—as they were in her lifetime, with painted walls and ceilings, and cornices bearing the gilt letters of her name. If, in fancy, we drape these antique rooms with tapestry and fill them with works of art—especially the goldsmith's art; if, to the mind's eye, Donna Eleonora is visible, moving through them with stately languor, dressed in the stiff brocades and jewellery she so much affected, examining her treasures, fussing over her embroidery, or chatting with her children—if those children flit lightly round us, here, there, everywhere, now in the loggia, now on the wide stairs, and now in the court with its dainty fountain and vine-wreathed columns—imagining all this, how different the palace then from now!

There were thirteen children in all, but five died in infancy. Of the eight who remained the oldest was a daughter named Maria, and the next was Francesco, the heir. Like most great ladies, Duchess Eleonora had a second mother for her family, in the shape of a nurse.

The famous Benvenuto Cellini, to whom we owe part of this evidence, had entered the duke's employ and was executing for him various works of art, from the "Perseus slaying Medusa," which still adorns the Piazza della Signoria, to the setting of jewels and chasing of little silver vases for Donna Eleonora. The latter, indeed, "was constantly employing me in one way or another," says Benvenuto, "but in so complaisant and



FERNANDO DE' MEDICI.

obliging a manner that I always exerted myself to the utmost to serve her, though I saw but very little of her money."

He offended her later on, as, sooner or later, he was sure to offend everyone. In this case the cause was a fit of ill-timed

candor concerning a pearl necklace she wished to purchase, and the artist complains bitterly of her subsequent coldness. And yet, by his own account, she seems to have been more willing to assist him than he was to be assisted.

He also saw less of Cosimo's money than he thought his due, in return for the Perseus, and for that superb bust of the duke (now in the Bargello) which represents him at his prime; proud, stern, disdainful, as in life. Nevertheless he continued to work for him yet awhile, and



ELEONORA DI TOLEDO.

having access to the palace at all hours, saw a good deal of his patron's family. The duchess snubbed him when she could, and influenced her husband now and then to petty rigors, yet her resentment did not lie so deep but that at times she still was gracious and capable of interceding kindly for this wayward spitfire of genius.

It is from John Addington Symonds's translation of his memoirs that we extract the following anecdotes. Cosimo had sent for his artist towards evening one day, "and while," says Benvenuto, "I was passing onward, Don

Garzia, then quite a little fellow, plucked me by the cape, and played with me as prettily as such a child could do. The duke looked up delighted, and exclaimed: 'What pleasant and friendly terms my boys are on with you!'"

Another time, "the prince" (i.e., Don Francesco, æt. 12) "and Don Giovanni" (æt. 10) "and Don Fernando," (æt. 4)

the stories which were current a few years later. All the same, they are still afloat in history, and would seem to have a basis of truth, even though some of the details may be false. Take the lives of these children any way we will, they are tragic; and the bright sunshine of their youth, beauty and rank only deepens the shadow on their fate.

Maria, the oldest daughter, grew from

"and Don Garzia" (æt. 6) "kept always hovering around me, teasing me whenever the duke's eyes were turned. I begged them for mercy's sake to hold their peace. They answered, 'That we cannot do.' I told them: 'What one cannot, is required of no one! So have your will! Along with you!' At this, both duke and duchess burst out laughing."

This is so natural and wholesome, so charming a bit of *la vie intime* in the ducal palace, it has such a cheerful similarity to happenings in other families, that it is difficult to believe



FRANCESCO DE' MEDICI.



COSIMO DE' MEDICI.



FERNANDO I. DE' MEDICI.



GIOVANNI DELLE BANDE NERE.

the naïve little maid of eleven (her age in Bronzino's earlier portrait) into the serious beauty of sixteen, who presses one taper hand above her heart as though to restrain its too-quick throbs. One authority declares that she was betrothed to the Prince d'Este, but died of fever before the marriage could take place. Another story is that she fell in love with a page, one of the Rimini family; that the attachment

Lucrezia, the second daughter, was fine-looking, as her portrait testifies, but lacked the remarkable loveliness of her sisters. She was married at eighteen to Duke Alfonso of Ferrara, had a splendid reception at his court in the spring of 1561, and one year later died very suddenly "of fever." Rumor busied itself with her death, as with that of Maria, alleging that "fever" meant poison, administered in this case by a jealous husband. However it may be, there is at least no positive evidence of crime.

Lucrezia died in the spring or summer of 1562. In the autumn of this fatal year Cosimo and his family went to Rossignano, some ten miles from Leghorn, for the hunting. They had not been absent very long from Florence when word came back that Don Giovanni, Don Garzia and Duchess Eleonora were all dead—"of fever." "But," says a contemporary writer, "the people put no faith in palace fevers." Gradually the truth, or what was believed to be the truth, leaked out, and this is the shape the story took: Giovanni, who had been destined from babyhood for the church, and who was already a cardinal, although not nineteen, was the favorite of his father, as Garzia was his mother's. The lads had the hot temper of their Spanish and Italian blood, but there was no ill-will between them until this luckless autumn.

One morning they went out hunting together and fell into a dispute about the game. The fifteen-year-old Garzia, in a sudden rage, drew his dagger and stabbed Giovanni in the thigh. The wound proved mortal, and in a few days this child of his father's hopes lay dead. Wild with grief and horror, Garzia fled to his mother and told her what had happened. She, knowing well her husband's passionate nature, even in the midst of her own grief, had the prudence to keep Garzia from his sight for several days.



MARIA DE' MEDICI, QUEEN OF FRANCE.

was displeasing to her parents; that Cosimo tried to break off the intimacy, failed, and finally, after imprisoning the page, poisoned his daughter. Twelve years later he completed the tragedy, by ordering the assassination of the page. Most historians think the story quite improbable. There are other and yet gloomier conjectures; but putting all aside, one fact remains: Maria de' Medici died suddenly at the age of sixteen, in the very flower of her beauty and youth.

At last, believing his anger had abated, she led the boy to him to ask forgiveness.

One can fancy that stern face of the duke, growing yet sterner as he confronted the unhappy child. And then, in just such a passionate moment as had caused the death he mourned—in such another moment the father stabbed his son before the mother could interfere to protect him.

So, at least, it was believed. The beautiful Giovanni—a future Pope, men thought, if he had lived—had fallen by the hand of his brother; the beautiful Garzia, laughing over his bird, or enjoying with shy dignity his suit of crimson velvet, his bow and arrows, had fallen by the hand of his own father. Three days more, and the gracious, jewel-loving duchess died of grief; and soon all three, their bodies transported to Florence by Cosimo's order, lay side by side in the Medici chapel. "By the death of these three personages," says the old chronicler, "the felicity of that family terminated, for in beauty of countenance they all three resembled angels."

Of Isabella, the remaining daughter, there is no portrait obtainable. Her wit, accomplishments and beauty were as great as her fate was untimely. While yet a mere child she was married to Paolo Orsini, Duke of Bracciano, at about the same time that her brother Pietro, who shared the family wit and grace of person, was married to his cousin, Eleonora di Garzia, a namesake of Duchess Eleonora. The sisters-in-law soon became great friends. They were equally fond of amusement

and dress, young, beautiful, mirth-loving and imprudent! The duke, with whom Isabella was a special favorite, kept them well in bounds, or, at least, from outward scandal; but his death in 1574 removed their only restraint. Henceforth, until 1576, they pursued their wild course, if not unheeded, still unchecked. Then came the end—as sudden as that of their relatives before them. One hot July day Pietro strangled his wife at Caffaginolo;

a week later Isabella met the same fate at her villa of Poggio Imperiale. The Duchess of Bracciano was barely thirty at her death; her sister-in-law was not twenty.

With the duke we have no further concern, and of Pietro one could wish there were no more to say, for the handsome youth became a dissipated, quarrelsome man, a family scape-grace, travelling to various courts abroad, in ill repute at all, and dying in 1604.

Meanwhile, Francesco had

succeeded his father, and in 1578, his Austrian wife having faded out of a joyless existence, married the too-famous Bianca Capello. He had been an extremely pretty, even-tempered child, but in after years grew morose and eccentric. His dietary was something appalling. He drank quarts of distilled cinnamon water daily; every now and then he would eat a handful of raw spices; and both before and after meals (before as an appetizer, and afterwards to assist digestion) would eat a dozen or more raw eggs beaten up with pepper. It is further recorded that he was immoderately fond of "raw onions, garlic, capsicum, radishes, leeks, strong



PIETRO DE' MEDICI. IL GOTTOSO.

cheese and heady wines." After a repast of this fiery description he would drink "large quantities of iced water, plunge his head and hands in crushed ice," and then go to bed between sheets wrung out of ice water. It would seem as though habits like these must soon and naturally have brought about his death, but here rumor once more steps in. It asserts that his brother, the cardinal, thought best to anticipate nature. He mortally hated Bianca, as she him, and feared lest she should influence her husband to prevent his succession to the ducal throne. The vanity of the young girl, whose beauty was her only dower, had changed its form in the childless grandduchess, and was now a feverish thirst for power. Twice had she attempted to palm off a supposititious heir; and as often had the cardinal's acuteness and the indiscretion of her agents defeated the plan. The true heir may well have reasoned that from a woman capable of such schemes almost anything might be expected.

But however great their mutual distrust and wariness, they remained outwardly on good terms; and when, in October 1587, he invited them to Poggia-Caiano, the invitation was accepted. Over the closing scene of all there rests impenetrable shadow. Various reports were circulated; the real facts in the case will probably never now be known. One rumor credits Bianca with the plan of poisoning her brother-in-law, and makes her and her husband its involun-



MARIA DE' MEDICI.

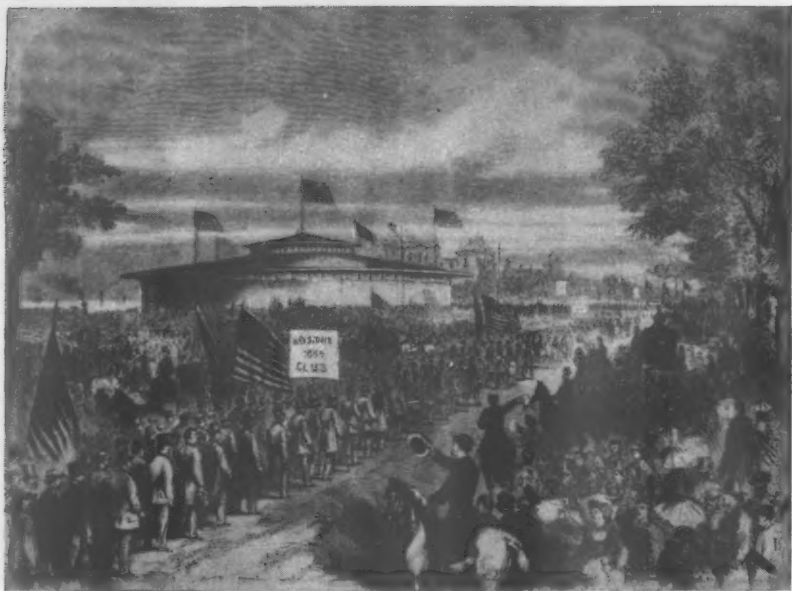
ted in babyhood to the baby Prince of Urbino. Their story is full of interest, but does not concern us here.

Whether Ferdinando really committed the crime laid to his charge is, as has been said, a vexed question in history. We may at least give him the credit of the doubt. He certainly detested Bianca, but she also detested him. There was little in the character of Francesco to call out brotherly affection; nevertheless, his successor proved a kind uncle and guardian to the little girls he had left by his first marriage with Jeanne d'Autriche. He

gave them a good education, married Eleonora to the Duke of Mantova, and for Maria secured the splendid position of Queen of France. She married Henri IV.; her daughter, Henriette-Marie, married Charles I. of England; and thus, by the irony of events, the easy-going Charles II. and his melancholy, pious brother, James II., are directly descended from the grim Cosimo who was first Grand-duke of Florence.



BENVENUTO CELLINI'S COSIMO I. DE' MEDICI.



DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL CONVENTION AT CHICAGO, 1864. EXTERIOR OF WIGWAM AT THE OPENING.

OUR NATIONAL POLITICAL CONVENTIONS.

BY MURAT HALSTEAD.

DURING the first forty years of the republic it was the prerogative of members of Congress, assisted by suggestions from state legislatures, to name candidates for the presidency. In later years conventions, continually growing in attendance and importance, have selected, if we may employ prevalent metaphor, the "sticks of presidential timber."

As the railroad system has developed, hotel accommodations increased, telegraphing multiplied, the gathering multitudes have become enormous, and vast structures have been expressly provided or elaborately prepared by the cities successful in contention for their coveted presence. The model, by no means closely followed, is our huge House of Representatives, and no hall is regarded as eligible that does not seat at least ten spectators to each delegate, making, with the alternates, reporters, messengers and

telegraphers, 10,000 persons. If a second-rate city obtains a convention from the National Executive committee of the party, it must be upon assurances of ample facilities for the feeding, sleeping and seating of a great crowd. There never is occasion for stipulations that the demands of smokers and drinkers shall be supplied. No instance has occurred of a failure to furnish a sufficiency of tobacco and liquors, and there is no imminent probability that a convention will be held in a state with prohibitory laws and a reputation for enforcement.

The Wigwam at Chicago, made famous by the nomination of Abraham Lincoln, was the first of the immense wooden houses built or adapted for national conventions, and the first in which liberal space was granted the press and the telegraph instruments were introduced to recite to the whole country history as it

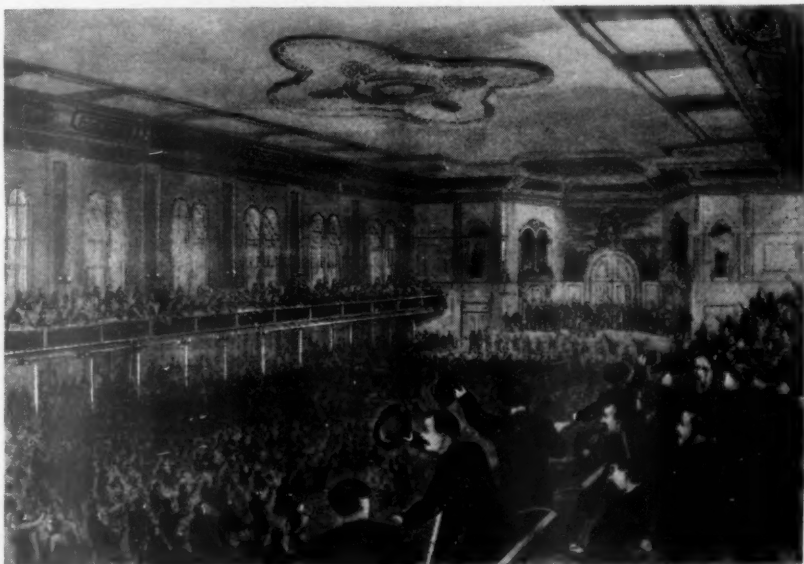
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is made. The architect of the Wigwam had in mind a theatre, and the convention was on the stage, while the press held the place of the orchestra. The spectators did not neglect any chance to express themselves, and their prodigious shouting was a novelty that tried the nerves of the veterans. If ever before audiences were so demonstrative they must have been in the Roman amphitheatres, and it is not difficult to imagine some of the delegates appearing in the character of gladiators. It was several times remarked that it would never do to undertake to clear the galleries, for the probabilities were that if such an order were given the galleries would clear the stage.

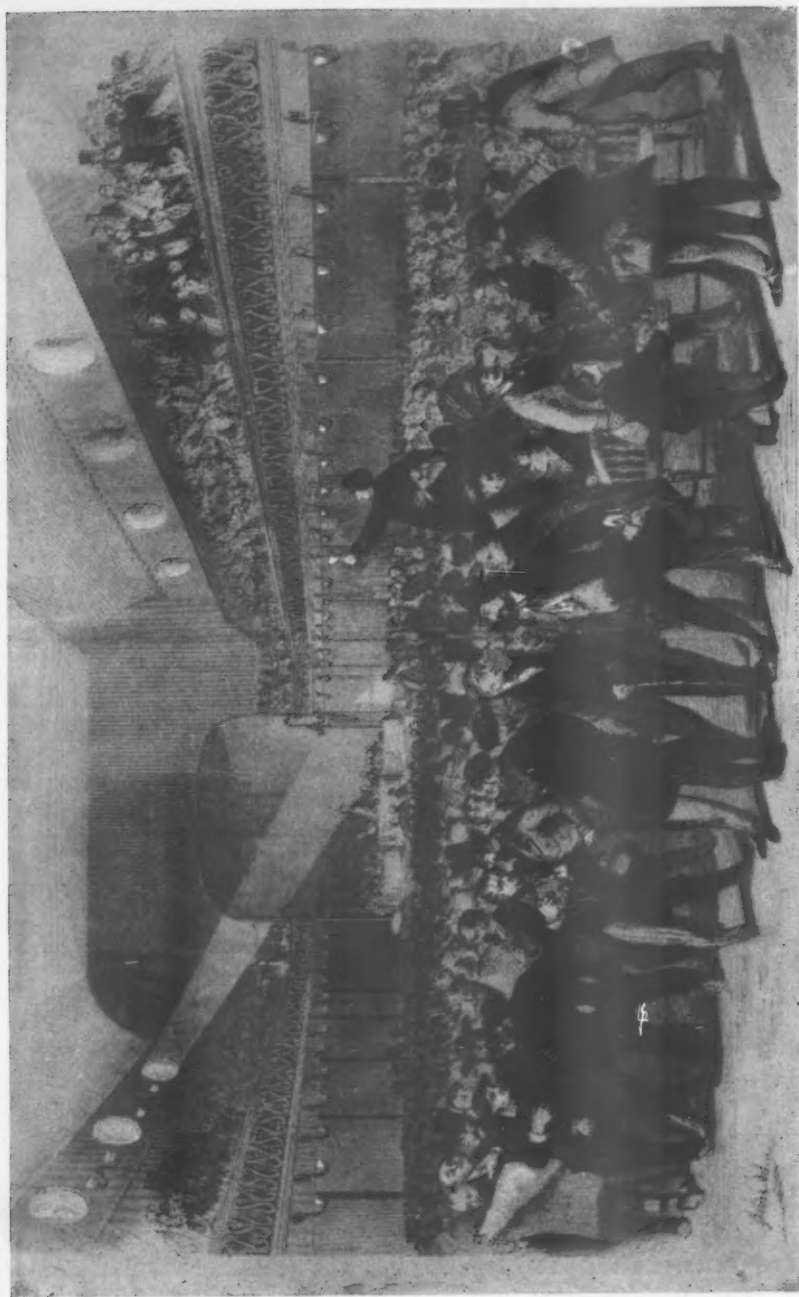
The Charleston convention was held in a hall that would not seat 1500 people, and the three Baltimore conventions of the same year met, the Douglas men in a theatre, the Bell-Everett people in a church, and the Breckinridge assembly in a hall with a capacity for 2000 men.

Until the example was given at Chicago the Americans at large had not made up their minds that it was a duty to see personally to the naming of presidents

and the framing of principles, so as to give official expression to partisan policy. The extravagant dimensions of our conventions afford a remarkable contrast to the English system. It is the theory of the House of Commons that it is a clubhouse where gentlemen meet to transact public business and talk of it among themselves. There is not room on the benches for all the members. There is not as much space in the galleries as on the floor, and the ladies are behind a screen, like a net of gilt wire. They can see and hear pretty well, but are almost invisible. The place set apart for them is most familiarly and pleasantly known as "the birdcage." In our Senate and House we have galleries that hold thousands, and there is no thought that the presence of ladies does not lend to the proceedings the greatest attraction, and serve at the same time as an incentive to oratory (the only objection) and a commanding influence for decorum. Our national conventions are larger and better congresses than the official ones. The rule is, there are two delegates for each electoral vote, so that there are twice as many as the whole membership of both houses of Congress.



THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA. INTERIOR OF THE HALL OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA INSTITUTE IN MEETING STREET. THE CONVENTION IN SESSION, MAY 1860.



CINCINNATI CONVENTION, JUNE 1856. VOTING ON THE SEVENTH AND FINAL BALLOT, SMITH & NIXON'S HALL.

It has become the custom to add territorial representatives, and behind each delegate is his alternate. The rules of the House of Representatives govern the order of business. In democratic conventions two-thirds are required to nominate, but candidates getting a majority have always been nominated, with the exception of Martin Van Buren, to destroy whom the rule was urged, and Stephen A. Douglas, against whom it was enforced at Charleston. On each occasion it is probable that the rule cost the democracy a president, and the beneficiaries were James K. Polk and Abraham Lincoln. The recognized deficiency and embarrassment in our legislative bodies is that the talk is tedious and not held sharply to business. In proportion as they are of importance this difficulty is augmented, and the worst of it is seen at Washington. In both Houses of Congress it is permitted to read essays, under the presumption that they are speeches. This is not allowed in the English Parliament, where there has to be a good deal of excitement to afford permission for the indulgence of oratory. When eloquence becomes grotesquely out of proportion to the subject matter, the English feel themselves imposed upon and hoot it down with merciless energy and indignation. We pay for the unseemly indulgence of our essayists in Congress by the wild haste with which legislation is rushed at the close of sessions. This evil habit is thoroughly reformed in our national conventions. There must be a great deal done in a few days. Rarely has a convention been in session for a week. The rule is to meet on Tuesday and adjourn sine die on Friday, and only the most momentous contests detain a convention over Sunday. The impatience to get away after three days' work is as great as the impetuosity to "get there" in good time.

The action of conventions is chiefly by states, and it is a great matter whether a state is solid. If the vote of a state is scattering it loses, and if the state happens to have a "favorite son" the defection of a few delegates, as Bret Harte put it in the case of an antiquarian who was struck by a piece of old red sandstone, curls him up on the floor, so that "the subsequent proceedings interest him no more." The most distinguished states

are those that are classified as doubtful. The combination of a doubtful state with a solid delegation and a favorite son is portentous of a president if the party is in winning condition. It is one of the indications of the strength of the discipline of the democratic party, and the ability that has characterized it in the execution of its affairs, that the national democratic conventions sustain the unit rule as applied to states. If a majority of a state delegation in a democratic convention votes for the unit rule, the convention sustains the chairman of the delegation in casting the whole vote of the state in spite of the protests of the minority. The republican conventions do not stand by the unit rule, and upon this the most serious and animated contests have occurred. With each convention, however, the pressure of states that their representatives shall vote in a mass gains force, for it is the way a state can, with the greatest strength, assert itself.

Each state delegation must have a place for consultation, and the places answer the substantial purpose of congressional committee rooms. A candidate has headquarters where his portrait is displayed and his friends congregate. He must not be there himself, unless he is occupying the delicate attitude of a dark "horse;" and when a noted aspirant absents himself it is one of the signs that he is regarded as a hopeful candidate. It is a quaint saying that pressing politicians are bearing aloft lightning rods—a picturesque way of saying they desire to attract the eccentric strokes of presidential lightning that have sometimes, but rarely, struck into the midst of conventions. The retirement from the scene of expectant candidates, that their friends may have a better chance for open work, is not unknown. If a citizen is really a candidate, and affecting not to be so, presence in or about a convention is a sore trial, and the stronger the protests he makes that he is not running, the more certain the experts are that he has "got it," as they say; meaning that he hears the buzzing of the maddening presidential bee, which has not infrequently hummed around level heads and lofty intelligence until saving common sense was banished, and the monomania of the chief magistracy set in—a phase of insanity from which recovery is rare.



NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION. THE DELEGATES ASSEMBLED IN THE GRAND HALL OF TAMMANY BUILDING, 1868, CHEERING THE NAME OF GEORGE H. PENDLETON.

In the convention auditorium there are standards inscribed with the names of the states, but these are only useful for the formalities of the start, and guide the first seating. Each delegation knows its place, and the audience finds it out before the close of the opening session. The presiding officers unfortunately are not generally chosen because they are good parliamentarians, have carrying voices, and are clear and quick in emergencies. The several states and friends of candidates have claims. The sections must be considered, and there are intrigues to satisfy and vanities to gratify. The selection is made by a committee, and the competency of the man and the comfort of the convention are not invariably the influences that are decisive.

When the machinery is arranged the true leaders and masters are evolved. There are many who strive and few succeed. The feeble of voice, the muddled of brain, the confused of speech, the infirm of purpose, the little posers as great men, the busybodies, snappers at trifles, the incapable, are eliminated. The men who have clear heads and know what they want, and can speak rapidly, distinctly and incisively, get a hearing. As the

weaklings go under and fall to the rear, the strong go up to the front. The convention is soon taught to whom it shall listen, and recognizes the voices that represent influences, the personalities that are potent. Nominating speeches are severe tests. The speech makers are allowed a considerable range, but woe to the transgressor if his stupidity runs to verbosity, for his way is hard indeed.

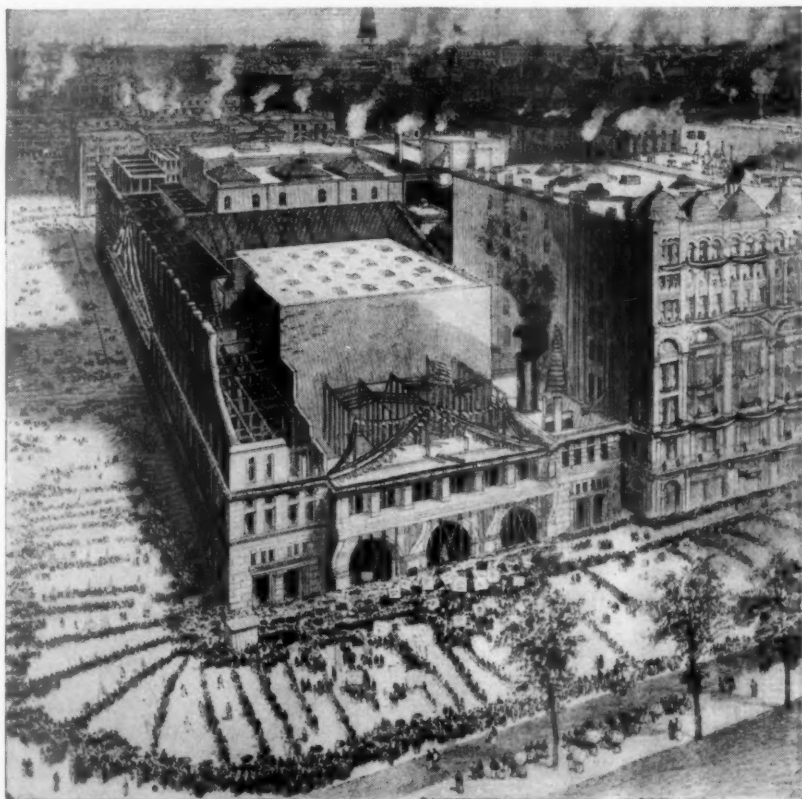
The nominating speech takes the shape of eulogy upon a political career and personal character, and the fitness of a man for the presidency or vice-presidency. The besetting danger is that of talking too long, and when there are many candidates the ceremony of nomination becomes wearisome. Not infrequently state pride takes the form of presenting some one as a compliment, with only the faintest hope that the receiver of flattery can even rank as a dark horse. This is denounced and dismissed as the "favorite son business." An adroit orator is required in naming a favorite son, if he is not to be made ridiculous. The most famous nominating speech in the history of conventions was that of Colonel Ingersoll in Cincinnati, in 1876, announcing formally the candidacy of James G.

Blaine. Many of the phrases still linger in the public mind, and are quoted with and without knowledge of their origin, and the form and manner of it have been a thousand times imitated. The most celebrated grapple in a convention of men of the highest rank in ability was that of Conkling and Garfield at Chicago in 1880, when the main question was whether General Grant should be a candidate for a third term. Garfield won the nomination for himself by gaining the admiration of the supporters of Sherman and Blaine in the superb contest.

Here was a genuine debate—great men on the floor contending for great men and principles. It was in the presence of 15,000 people, and each sentence rung in

the furthest corners. The strife in the convention culminated in the two champions, Conkling and Garfield, confronting each other. The speeches were short but memorable. This strife has been compared with that between Yancey of Alabama and Pugh of Ohio, at Charleston—another occasion when there were vast interests and a strenuous combat, and the realities came forward with passionate and eventful utterances.

Among the nominating speeches that are remembered are those of Daniel Dougherty at St. Louis, presenting President Cleveland for a second race, and that of General Hastings of Pennsylvania, at Chicago, in 1888, naming John Sherman.



CAMPAIGN CLUBS PASSING THE AUDITORIUM BUILDING, REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION AT CHICAGO, 1888.

Two speeches at Chicago when Lincoln was nominated have not been forgotten : George William Curtis, for the insertion of the words of the Declaration of Independence in the platform ; and William M. Evarts, moving on behalf of New York, when Seward was beaten, to make the nomination of Lincoln unanimous.

As the candidates are named, each given climacteric effect, there is great importance attached to the responses from the galleries. The origin of this is in the effect of the startling cheering that followed the presentation of the name of Abraham Lincoln in the Wigwam. It had been organized and took the partisans of Seward by surprise.

In the Chicago republican conventions of 1880 and 1884 the cheering lasted from fifteen to twenty-five minutes, and never before was there such a claque. Stamping, screaming and pounding with umbrellas, canes and clubs were protracted until muscular force was exhausted. There was an effort that nearly succeeded to stampede the Cleveland convention in Chicago for Hendricks, but the democratic veterans stood firm. In addition to the tumult, banners are waved and spectacular effects sought. President Harrison had a friend in a box during the convention of 1888 who, whenever Harrison was mentioned, spread a monstrous fan with the name in glaring letters several feet in length.

There comes a time in each convention, when the great events are in doubt, that is thrilling, and there is first a deep stillness, then a low hum like that of high steam. It is when the call of states comes on a test question, or for the nomination of a president. The time for talking is over—there is a hush, for the hour for action has come. The secretary, selected for his ringing voice, stands just below the presiding officer, with an alphabetically arranged list of states, and the number of delegates and the electoral vote of each in his hand, and the chairman says, "The secretary will call the roll of states." There is something impressive in the sound ; and the simple words, "call the roll of states," though often repeated, do not lose their grandeur.

Then the secretary always calls first the beautiful resounding name, "Alabama," and if he does it well, as he generally

does, there is in it surprising music. There is offered a greater chance for elocution in the delivery of the name "Pennsylvania" than any other. There is rare resonance in it. New York means so much that the sharp syllables have significance. There seems to be something more in South Carolina by the sound than in any other southern state, notwithstanding the crowd of memories that arise with Virginia, and the lyrical qualities of Tennessee and Kentucky and Louisiana. Ohio affords the secretary a rolling opportunity that he does not fail to improve, giving his strength freely to both o's. The northwestern states have great gifts in names. Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, are all good ; and Indiana and Illinois, when well spoken, seem adapted to glorious echoes ; "Colorado" has the music and color of sonorous old Spain ; but there is a special splendor in California and Oregon that lingers and is a spell ; and one has to think of the Pacific ocean, and "where rolls the Oregon ;" and American pride is awakened with a new sense of the majesty of the nation ; and all the states seem truly to shine as stars—an illustrious constellation fretting the firmament with golden fire.

It is the custom, as the secretary calls the roll, for the chairmen of the state delegations to rise in their places and announce the vote, and a thousand pencils follow, unless the result is certain, or the call has been continued until it is monotonous.

At Charleston General Butler distinguished himself by voting almost alone, having one faithful follower, for Jefferson Davis. He endeavored to throw a great deal of significance into that vote, and, holding the chairmanship of Massachusetts, had the opportunity to please himself. The Massachusetts vote was widely scattered, and Butler, with a memorandum of the intricate fractions in his hand, would read the names and votes in a dull way, and then, throwing back his head, conclude in his loudest tones, "and the State of Massachusetts casts one vote for the Honorable Jefferson Davis of Mississippi." The names of the states and of Mr. Davis, Butler gave every time with his utmost force.

Those experienced in conventions become experts in their phenomena, and

watch anxiously for the moments when deeds must be done. When proceedings are long drawn out there is a magnetic sense of an immense irritability, and when this becomes clearly perceptible it is always evident that a crisis is at hand. The convention gets into an executive mood and intolerant. Delays exasperate. The commonplace ways and means and men must be wiped out. The pressure upon delegations to make breaks becomes unendurable. Everyone understands that whatever is to be soon must be. The friends of the several candidates cling close together, just as they are about to abandon themselves to the as yet undiscovered torrent which is to bear them to ruin or to fortune. The energy of the schemers becomes agonizing. The few are cool, the many mad. The air is charged with a tempest. A pale chairman rises, and his lowest words are heard as he says his delegation retires for consultation. Those who think there may be hope for them in more time move to adjourn. The quarter from which this comes confesses weakness. There is a stern

negative. The mood of the convention is to complete its work. The chairman says, "The secretary will proceed with the call." There is a portentous change. In a flash there is visible destiny. The storm breaks. That which was to be is. Abroad over the country the news flies, and the lesser adjust themselves to the greater forces. There are new channels for the rivers of events. The convention has transacted in a week business that would occupy Congress for a month. The will of the people has been declared in a primary sense, and they have grasped in their hands the sovereignty of the nation. Upon the work of the conventions the whole constituency of the republic pass, and may it be in peace evermore.

In no other age or country have the people at large, as politicians acting upon their own motion for themselves, asserting with original capacity their inherent right, without official initiative or form, effected such parliamentary organization, and grasped the gravest problems of states with statesmanship, as in our national conventions.



THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION AT CINCINNATI, JUNE 14, 15 AND 16, 1877. THE CHAIRMAN ANNOUNCING THE NOMINATION OF RUTHERFORD B. HAYES OF OHIO, FOR PRESIDENT.



THE AEROPLANE.

BY HIRAM S. MAXIM.

IN discussing the question of aerial navigation, I think we should first consider what has already been done before making any suggestions as to the best means of accomplishing the fact. The would-be navigators of the air are now divided into two parties or classes; namely, those who seek the solution of the problem with an apparatus lighter than the air, and those who believe in its solution with an apparatus heavier than the air. The former, in all cases, propose to use the balloon in some form or other, and it may be said that very little progress has been made in this line since the days of the Montgolfiers, who were the first to make a balloon sufficiently light to rise in the air. None of the recent attempts to navigate the air by means of balloons, whatever their shape and size, can be said to be any advance over balloons constructed during the last century, because none has yet been made which is not almost completely at the mercy of the wind. In discussing this question with a French officer who had for a long time been attached to the Experimental Balloon Corps, he informed me that the highest speed that had ever been obtained from a "dirigible" balloon, with all the power that could be carried, was only about four miles per hour; and, said he, "the wind always blows a little more than four miles an hour; consequently we always travel in the direction of the wind; we never go the other way."

I think we may safely assume that there are not many days in the year when the wind does not blow at the rate of ten miles an hour, and admitting this, if we should construct a machine which would travel against this wind at the rate of five miles an hour, the machine would have to pass through the air at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. This would give an atmospheric pressure against a balloon of about one and an eighth pounds per square foot, which would first distort and then destroy it. If a balloon should be attached to a railway train travelling at the rate of fifteen miles an hour in a dead calm, it would be found that the balloon, instead of pulling upward as it would when standing still, would pull backward, and that the horizontal pull would be greater than the vertical pull; in fact, the cord towing the balloon would be nearly horizontal.

Any object, to float in the air after the manner of a balloon, must have a mean specific gravity less than the air itself, and this does not admit of sufficient solid-

ity to enable it to be propelled through the air at a speed great enough to be of any practical use as far as actual aerial navigation is concerned.

It is well known that all balloons owe their buoyancy to their being inflated with a gas which is considerably lighter than air. Doctor de Bausset, however, proposes to construct a balloon lighter than the air by pumping out three-quarters of the air instead of by inflating it with a light gas. So far no one has ever been able to make a cylinder or sphere light enough to float in the air and at the same time sufficiently strong to resist the enormous pressure of the atmosphere on its exterior surface. Doctor de Bausset admits if the apparatus—which he proposes to make 150 feet in diameter and 750 feet in length—should be made of steel strong enough to resist the external pressure of the air, that it would have to be seven inches thick and its weight would be considerably greater than the air displaced; but he proposes to resist this enormous pressure by a counterforce of compressed air stored in a series of tubes which line his enormous cylindrical balloon; in other words, he proposes to pump the air out of the interior of his balloon, and to compress it into a tubular lining. It may seem a curious fact that the weight of the air which would have to be employed to resist this external pressure, whether it occupied the whole of the interior or only a part of it, would always be a constant. If Doctor de Bausset should pump all of the air out of nine-tenths of the space it would require in the one-tenth remaining ten atmospheres to sustain the external pressure, and this ten atmospheres in one-tenth part of the space would weigh just as much as one atmosphere in the whole space; consequently, if his whole apparatus should be placed on a weighing machine it would be found that with all the pumping that could be done the weight of the apparatus would not be changed one ounce, and this will apply to all pressures whether it be one atmosphere or a thousand atmospheres. It will always require one pound of air in the machine to keep one pound of external air from entering or collapsing the machine. Since balloons proved to be of considerable service during the siege of Paris, the French government has done a great deal to perfect the science of ballooning,

and a very able corps of experimental engineers, with all the resources of science at their disposal, has been constantly employed with a view of rendering balloons more navigable. Balloons have been made cylindrical, cigar-shaped and fish-shaped; their construction and lightness has been all that could be desired. Nevertheless it has been found that with all the power that it is possible for them to carry they still float helplessly with the wind; it would therefore appear that if the air is ever to be successfully navigated, we must search for some other means. However, there is still a large number of the unscientific who look for the solution of this problem through the agency of balloons. I would cite the following—which I clip from an American newspaper—as being a typical case:

“Mr. Pennington today talked to a Post reporter. He said that a company comprising some of the wealthiest and most progressive citizens of Chicago had been organized, with a paid-up capital of \$30,000,000, to build the air ships.

“‘We are engaged in constructing several small ones,’ he said, ‘at our works at Mount Carmel, Illinois, and ere long will proceed to manufacture a ship with which to cross the Atlantic, and capable of carrying fifty passengers. The last will require about a year to complete. As soon as it is finished I will cross the ocean in it. In fact, it is perfectly feasible to travel in it all over the globe. We will be able to go through the atmosphere at the rate of 200 miles an hour. A man can go to sleep in New York and wake up in London. There is hardly any limit to the use to which it can be put. A farmer living 100 miles from a city could load up a lot of garden truck, carry it to market, and fly home, all in two hours’ time. The mails could be carried from New York to Chicago in five hours. Freight and all kinds of articles could be let down into buildings by means of chutes connecting with the roofs. Carrying the mails will be one of the prime uses of the air ship.’

“‘And what is your ship to be built of?’

“‘Aluminium, that marvellous metal whose peculiar properties make it specially adapted to aerial machines. It is as light as water, or nearly so. A sheet of the metal will float, though a solid chunk

will sink. The buoyancy chamber, car, propeller, engine and entire machine will be made of aluminium.

"Mr. Pennington's machine will fly against the wind, and thereby solves a problem that has hitherto baffled all inventors."

Here is a man, posing before the world as a scientific experimenter, who proposes to drive an apparatus—which must be sufficiently fragile and delicate to be lighter than the air—at the rate of 200 miles per hour through the air.

If he would take the trouble of looking in Haswell he would find that the force of the wind at this speed would be four times as great as that experienced from the most terrific tornado, and that the atmospheric resistance opposed to the progress of his machine would be no less than 200 pounds per square foot. Suppose now that the diameter of his balloon should be 20 feet, the area of its cross section 314 square feet, and that the shape should be such that the coefficient should be $.5$, which would reduce the opposing pressure from 200 pounds to the square foot to 100 pounds per square foot of its greatest cross section. The equation would then stand $314 \times 100 = 31,400$, or the number of pounds opposed to the progress of the machine through the air. Multiplying this by 17,600, the number of feet which he proposes to travel in a minute (200 miles per hour), we shall have 552,640,000 foot pounds per minute, or 10,746 horse power, which, with the slip of the screw added, would bring the total power required up to 20,000 horse power, which is equal to that of the largest British ironclad. The lightest heat motor ever made weighs ten pounds to the horse power, and only two of these have ever been made. Even with this motor the weight of the power generator alone for this machine would be 100 American tons, and fully four times this amount for the best electric motor and accumulator ever made. If Mr. Pennington has been correctly reported by the newspapers, he evidently has not entered very deeply into the mathematical part of the problem.

As before stated, it may be assumed that if a machine for navigating the air is ever to be of any practical value, it must move through the air at a speed at least equal to that of the wind. Supposing that the

machine should travel through the air at the rate of forty miles an hour; at this speed there would be no necessity of a balloon, because, if only a small part of the material which formed the covering of the balloon should be stretched on a light frame in the form of a kite, and should the plane of this kite be tilted a few degrees above the horizontal, it would be found that the atmospheric pressure on the under side of the plane would sufficiently exceed the pressure on the upper side to lift quite as much as a balloon would lift. Moreover, it has been found that a thin, flat plane travels very easily through the air. Therefore, with an aeroplane which would travel at the rate of forty miles through the air we should have the buoyancy of the balloon with less than half the material, and with nothing to prevent the apparatus from being rapidly shot through the air. From the foregoing I think we should seek to navigate the air with machines heavier than the air.

Professor Langley and myself were both independently engaged at the same time on similar experiments, with a view of finding out how much power was required for flight. The professor attached his machines to a rotating arm mounted on a central pivot, the arm being thirty feet long. In my experiments I employed an arm rather more than thirty-one feet long, the radius of a 200-foot circle. We were both provided with very delicate and accurate apparatus for measuring how much power was required to drive a plane through the air, how much the plane would lift at various angles and at various speeds, the efficiency of screw propellers, etc., etc., and we both arrived at practically the same results. Professor Langley found that an aeroplane would carry 250 pounds to the horse power. In my experiments the maximum load ever carried was at the rate of 250 pounds to the horse power, and I found that the aeroplane always worked well when the speed was greater than thirty miles an hour, and that the most favorable speeds were in the vicinity of sixty miles per hour. Most of my experiments were tried with aeroplanes tilted in such a manner that their inclination was one in fourteen; in other words, when my planes advanced fourteen inches they pushed the air down one inch, and at this angle I lifted as much as eight

pounds per superficial foot. I found also that my planes when placed at this angle would carry fourteen pounds for every pound of push imparted to them by the screw propeller. Also that an inclination as small as one in twenty would give sufficient supporting power to a practical flying machine, and at this inclination the plane would carry twenty pounds for every pound of push received from the screw.

Many experimenters and writers have imagined that a successful flying machine would have to be propelled by wings, after the manner of a bird, but late research has shown that the wings, tail and body of a bird act to some extent as an aeroplane, and that the same instruments are used both for propulsion and support. But it is neither necessary nor practical to imitate the bird too closely, because screw propellers have been found to be very efficient, and may be connected directly with any motor without the intervention of the numerous articulated levers which are necessary to imitate the complicated movements of a bird's wings. In some of my experiments I found if a small screw twenty inches in diameter was run at a speed sufficient to produce a push of ten pounds while standing still, that the push, while advancing into the air, did not fall off to any appreciable extent. Of course, when the screw was not advancing it was all slip or all loss. If allowed to go forward it would soon attain a speed of say fifty miles an hour. If we should multiply the pitch of the screw by the number of turns, we should find that the screw, if running in a solid nut, would travel at the rate of seventy miles an hour. The slip or loss would therefore be twenty miles an hour; still, the push was constant at ten pounds. From this it would appear that the advantage of running into new air which had not been disturbed, and in which no current had been established, was sufficient to reduce the slip of a screw from seventy miles an hour to twenty, and still maintain the same push. In some cases the screw only slipped nineteen per cent.; it would therefore seem that a screw is a fairly economical propeller to use in the atmosphere.

If a thin pine board twenty feet long and two feet wide, with the edges well sharpened, the bottom side being slightly concave and the top side slightly convex, be

suspended in the air with the front edge one inch higher than the back edge, and be driven through the air with a two-bladed wooden propeller twenty-eight inches in diameter, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, we should find that it would carry approximately a load of 240 pounds—including its own weight and the weight of the propeller—or the weight that could be lifted by a moderate-sized balloon; and the power required would be 1.33 horse power, to which would have to be added twenty per cent. for the slip of the screw. The screw and the board collectively need not weigh over twelve pounds.

These facts having been established, the next steps in the problem are: how shall the screw be attached to the plane? In what manner shall the surface of the plane be disposed so as to be easily guided or steered through the air? What manner of a motor shall be employed for driving the screw?

Without doubt the motor is the chief thing to be considered. Scientists have long said, Give us a motor and we will very soon give you a successful flying machine. Much has been expected of electricity, especially by the unscientific, but I believe that up to this date no complete electric motor has been produced, including accumulators, for one hour's run, which weighs less than eighty pounds per horse power, while the weight of an ordinary gas motor is much more. Neither gas nor electricity being available for our purpose, we shall have to turn our attention to our old friend the steam engine. It has long been known that a steam engine could be made very light, but the question has been the boiler. If a steam boiler be made very large, all the tubes and connections of great thickness, and the quantity of water very great, the total weight per horse power amounts to hundreds of pounds. But is all of this weight and bulk necessary? If one pound of pure copper be drawn into small and thin tubes, we shall find that it will suffice to make the necessary heating surface for one horse power. If we add another pound for the casing and supports, and a pound for the connections, the steam separator and the burner, we shall have three pounds of metal per horse power and a boiler strong enough to stand an internal pressure of 500 pounds to the square inch, with a large factor

of safety. Suppose the engine to weigh twice this amount, and the quantity of water in the circulation to be one pound per horse power, we should then have a motor of ten pounds per horse power, or the power of a man for every one and a half pounds of motor. If the steam should be allowed to escape, about thirty pounds of water would be lost per horse power per hour. But this is not necessary, because if the machine is to be driven at a high velocity through the air, the air itself may be used as a cooling agent for the condenser, and the condenser may be formed of a great number of small, thin, aluminium tubes, these tubes constituting a part of the aeroplane, or lifting surface. Such a condenser does not have to be very much larger than one cooled by water, but the quantity of air which is brought in contact with it must be about 3000 times as great. This, however, presents no difficulty. The condenser need not weigh more than half a pound per horse power.

A well-made small engine and boiler need not consume more than two pounds of petroleum per horse power per hour. For a five hours' run the motor, fuel and water need not weigh more than twenty-five pounds, and the distance travelled over would be about 250 miles.

Having ascertained the foregoing facts, how should we proceed to construct a successful flying machine?

First, we should require that a sum of \$100,000 be placed at our disposal. We should then obtain a tract of level land in the vicinity of New York, where it would be possible to construct a circular railway about one mile long, using a gauge of about ten feet, and rails that would weigh twenty pounds to the yard; that is, the kind of very light rails ordinarily used by contractors for building purposes. It would then be necessary to construct a large shed or workshop at least sixty feet wide, eighty feet long, and thirty-five feet high. One end of this room should be closed in by doors, so that when the machine was finished it could be run out on the railway track without being taken apart. If the room were only sixty feet wide it would be necessary to add on the extensions to the aeroplane outside of the building. It would also be advisable to erect a high fence, to support and protect the doors when they were open, and to

shelter the machine from the wind while the aeroplane was being adjusted. The framework of the aeroplane and the superstructure of the machine would be best constructed of strong steel tubes, steel being considerably stronger, weight for weight, than aluminium. These tubes should be stayed with piano wire, and the surface of the aeroplane should be covered with a closely woven and light silk. The machine should be propelled by two screws, which should be very light and strong, of large diameter, and placed at a considerable distance apart. They should be of comparatively fine pitch, and be driven at a very high speed.

Having erected our building, having constructed our railway, having secured the services of an artist in steam generators, of an artist in petroleum burners and of an artist in brazing steel tubes, and all these artists having accomplished the work intrusted to them in a satisfactory manner and completed the machine in all its detail, we should first ascertain how much power was required to propel its bare poles or tubes through the air at various velocities. The machine should be run around the one-mile track at all speeds from twenty miles per hour to 100 miles per hour, and the power actually required should be carefully noted. These runs would enable us to ascertain how our pumps worked at high speed, and how much our screws pushed, and if we put a brake to the wheels we should find out the slip of the screws. We could also ascertain the efficiency of our condenser at various speeds and the temperature of the water could be taken. In order to run on a railway track, the machine, of course, must be provided with wheels, and two sets of these would be necessary; one set should be of great weight, so as to hold the machine down when running on the track, and the other set should be very light, for actual flying. Springs should be interposed between the axletrees and the machine, after the manner of railway carriages, and there should be attached above each wheel some sort of an index or indicator to show the exact load resting on each wheel. When all the parts of the machine had been made to operate smoothly and satisfactorily, the silk could be placed on the aeroplanes and then our serious experiments might be said to com-

mence. We should first begin by running slowly—say at the rate of twenty miles per hour—and carefully note the lift on the indexes over each wheel. If we found that, with a speed of twenty miles an hour, three-fourths of the load was lifted off the forward axletree and only one-fourth off the hind one, then we should change the centre of weight farther forward so as to bring it as near as possible under the centre of effort or lift. We should then make another trial and if we found that the lift was equal both fore and aft we should increase the speed very carefully—gradually observing the lift at the four corners of the machine—until the whole weight of the machine was supported by the aeroplane, and the whole weight of the wheels—about one ton—by the railway track. Then, when there was neither lift nor load on either wheel, we might consider that we had arrived at a stage in our experiments where we could turn our attention to the subject of steering.

A boat has to be steered in only one direction, namely, a horizontal direction, to the right or to the left. A locomotive torpedo or a flying machine must be steered in two directions, right or left and up or down. We should experiment with the more difficult one at first, namely, the up and down or vertical direction. We should attach two long arms to our aeroplane in such a manner that they would project a considerable distance in the rear of the machine. To these arms we should pivot a very large and light silk-covered rudder and connect it with ropes so that it could be turned up or down by a small windlass from the machine. We should then take a run on the track and see if changing the angle of this rudder would increase or diminish the load on the forward or hind wheels. If we found that it would do this, but not sufficiently so, we should attach another rudder in exactly the same manner to the forward end of the machine. Suppose that, at a speed of thirty-five miles per hour, with both rudders set at the same angle as the aeroplane, we should find that the whole weight of the machine was carried by the aeroplane and the whole weight of the wheels (2000 pounds) by the track; we could then consider that the adjustment of our load was correct and that the centre of weight was directly under the centre of effort for a speed of

thirty-five miles an hour. We should then elevate the front edge of the forward rudder and depress the front edge of the rear rudder; this would cause the machine to lift on the forward axletree and the rear end of the machine to press on the hind axletree. If we found by changing the angle of the rudders that the load could be increased or diminished on either axletree to the extent of fifteen per cent. of our whole load, we could consider that this phase of the problem was solved.

For horizontal steering we should try first the effect of the screws. There should be a three-way valve in the steam pipe connected with a lever, so that we should be able to partly close off the steam from the engine of one screw and turn more steam on to the other. This would probably be all that would be found necessary; if not, we should try rudders.

To prevent the machine from swaying in the air, the aeroplane should be so constructed that no matter in which direction it tilted it would diminish the lifting power of the lifted part and increase the lifting power of the depressed part. This would be simple and automatic; moreover, the stability of the machine could be still further increased by having the centre of gravity much below the centre of lift. Having all things in readiness, the heavy wheels should be removed and the light ones put on, and taking one man with us to attend to the two horizontal rudders and to keep the machine on an even keel, we should take our first fly, running the engines and doing the right and left steering ourselves. A day should be selected when there was a fresh breeze of about ten miles per hour. We should first travel slowly around the circular railway until we came near that part of the track in which we should face the wind. The speed should then be increased until it attained a velocity of thirty-eight to forty miles an hour. This would lift the machine off the track and probably would slightly change the centre of effort. This, however, would be quickly corrected by the man at the wheel. While the machine was still in the air careful experiments should be tried in regard to the action of the rudders; it should be ascertained to what degree they had to be tilted in order to produce the desired effect on the machine. The machine should also

be run at a speed less than thirty-five miles per hour in order to allow it to approach the earth gradually; then the speed should be increased again to more than thirty-five miles an hour in order to rise, at the same time trying the effect of running one propeller faster than the other, to ascertain to what extent this would have to be done in order to cause the machine to turn to the right or to the left. If the machine should be constructed so that each particular foot of its surface carried a load of one pound two ounces, and if we should stop the engine dead and allow the machine to fall, it would approach the earth at a speed of fifteen miles an hour, or one mile in four minutes. This, evidently, would cause a considerable shock, and unless there was a good deal of elasticity to the parts and a good deal of travel between the axletrees and the machine, the shock would probably be sufficient to distort or injure some part of the light structure. But it is not neces-

sary to approach the earth directly. Professor Langley found in his experiments that when a horizontal plane was travelling rapidly through the air it approached the earth as though it were "settling through jelly."

A large field as near our railway as possible should be selected for alighting, and having approached the field so as to be facing the wind, we should gradually descend by slowing up the engines, and finally alight while the machine was still advancing at the rate of twenty miles an hour. If the wind should be blowing at the rate of ten miles an hour the machine would approach the earth very gradually indeed, so that all shock would be avoided. It would only require a few yards of comparatively smooth ground to run on after alighting in order that there should be no disagreeable shock or danger. The cost of these experiments would be from \$50,000 to \$100,000, and the time required would be two years.



REVEILLE.

BY JOHN HAY.

FLY, poppied drowse, away !
 Across the marshes sweep,
 Chasing the fallen moon, the shadows gray.
 Make me not laggard, Sleep !

Against the morning move,
 Fronting the reddening miles ;
 Touch the white eyelids of the girl I love,
 And fill her dreams with smiles.



JAMES E. MURDOCH READING THE BIBLE ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT SHERIDAN'S HEADQUARTERS.



GENERAL SHERIDAN'S PERSONALITY.

BY THEO. R. DAVIS.

IT was Sunday night and late—ten o'clock. I had been in Chicago only a few hours, and was seated in the broad entrance of the "Missionary Ridge Cyclorama" building, looking out at the driving storm in Wabash avenue, conning storms of the past, in the deluge before me, when a short, stout figure emerged from the drenching rain sheets that curtained even near-by objects from view.

"A man with a purpose, an indifferent umbrella, odd garments, hat to match—I wonder who!" was my mental impression. It was Phil H. Sheridan, lieutenant general of our army. And presently, as our hands met in the cordial grip of campaign days, he said heartily: "This raid's a success. I'd no thought you were even in Chicago. Bad night! No, I've waited for it; Buckeye luck, that comes if you fish for it," he added, laughingly glancing down at the rain water from his dripping garments, fast spreading a pool on the tile pavement. "Dry my clothes? no; I'd catch cold. It will be warm enough on the platform when I get to look the fight over. Come along. Never felt better in my life."

Word had already been sent the engineer to keep on lights until ordered off. For Sheridan's expedition, in borrowed garb on such a night, meant, to me, his failure previously to view satisfactorily this faithful representation of a scene the reality of which was a grand chapter of his life's work when face to face with death.

On former visits to the cyclorama, when recognized by a throng, the general had fled from the battle scene, literally driven off by friends; no dread of this now. And as we stepped briskly to the platform, up the winding stairs, I thought of our long discussion over maps and sketch-book in Washington, when, at the panorama's inception, I studied earnestly with Sheridan every practicable theory upon which intelligent elaboration could be based, and how, finally, the general withdrew from his sturdy effort to locate the observation point near ground fought over by "Sheridan's division," after concluding that this could only be done by sacrifice of any view of Sherman's attack on the left. To use Sheridan's own words: "Justice, let alone the need to show clearly the scope of the action, won't let me

consent to this. And your intense loyalty to the army of the Tennessee, and exhaustive acquaintance with the ground, stands in the road like it would stay there. So whatever point will best show us most fully the ground far and near—the one point from which, on that November evening, could be seen at a glimpse what we needed to see—that's the point." The general found it on the map, I in my sketchbook, and it was more than a mile from the ground trod by the nearest soldier of "Sheridan's division."

Only a few persons were on the platform when we reached it—veterans, evidently Army of the Tennessee men, interested in the northward view. "Sherman's boys," said Sheridan; "they'll know you, when they come this way; my name's Smith."

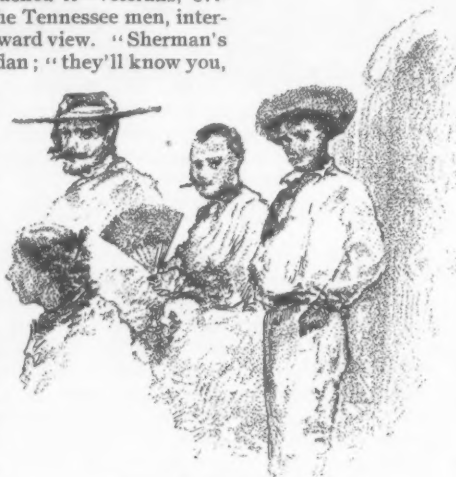
It was long past midnight when we left the platform; then Sheridan went regretfully. I had explained to him changes of the battlefield wrought by man and nature, and how landmarks were obliterated; that ruggedness was no longer a principal feature; and each of us in chatting over the fight realized how much it was a thing of the past. "This is not all," said the general thoughtfully. "Such a battle, such a culmination, would be impossible today, with the improved and improving small arms; I don't mention rapid-fire field-pieces. Such a battle will never again be seen. It would be singular to return to shields, yet this may become necessary. Under these circumstances cavalry must bear a more principal part in wars of the future. True soldiers spare life in the heat of conflict. Bragg's men spared mine at Missionary Ridge, for when I reached the crest black Rienzi, blown with the climb, could not take the high breastworks the boys were going over, and I rode along the rifle pits to hunt a low place, call-

ing out all the time, 'Don't shoot, don't shoot!' to the men behind them with muskets pointing at me. I expected they'd kill me every instant, being veterans, and my speaking took care of me, and presently I was over the works." Talking particularly of his division, Sheridan said: "I suffered at Missionary Ridge a loss, in officers killed and wounded, greater in number than did the whole French army in its victory at Solferino. My loss in officers exceeded the aggregate loss of the three other divisions in the centre attack. Bad ground was one reason, and the other

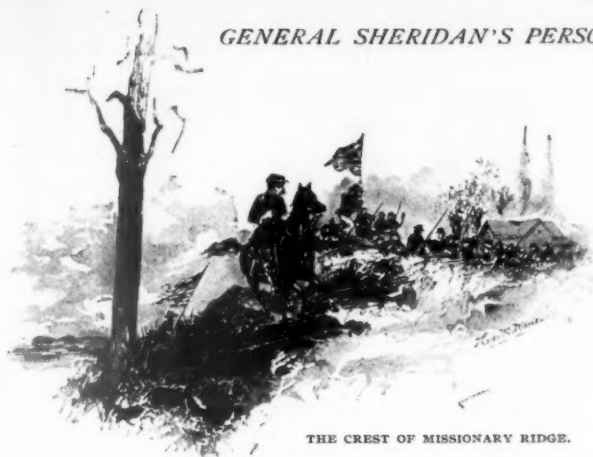
can be looked for as resulting from the experience meeting after 'Stone river.' You see, in that fight I saw three things, wearing shoulder straps, skulk off the battlefield. They were not called on to do any such thing. So a few days later, at dress parade, I formed the division in a hollow square. I was in the centre of it, so were the skulkers to hear me speak to the division on the

duty of officers, and wind up by calling on my colored boy, after apologizing to him for the mean work he had to do, to come and tear off the shoulder straps and buttons from the cowards, that my respect for the brave men of my division would not allow me to ask one of them to degrade himself by touching."

Back in "old army times," Sheridan's anger, tornado like, in Mission, exploded without premonitory fizz, and subsided as quickly—few rumblings followed the storm. Sherman's wrath blazed with increasing fury as consideration of its cause passed through his mind. Once at white heat he cooled off very slowly. Sheridan's temper, for quite different provocations, might reach the boiling point several times in an afternoon, but



MEXICANS OBSERVING JIM MERRYMAN.



THE CREST OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.

his presence at evening was wide sunshine.

I have frequently seen Sherman indignant, but thoroughly angry only in so few instances that each comes sharply to mind. Once, figuratively speaking, he thrust a man out of the frying pan into the fire by instantly turning him over to Sheridan, saying: "I'm too angry, Phil; see to him." It was on a train of freight cars; some platform, others ordinary box cars. The railroads between Chattanooga and Nashville were at this time exclusively military—the only ticket required being a properly countersigned army pass, or the written transportation furnished furloughed soldiers or invalids—a good many of whom happened to be on the train. I had left the box car in which Generals Sherman and Sheridan, together with a few officers of their personal staff, were riding, without the knowledge of the train conductor, who was busy collecting fare from protesting soldiers whose rights on the train with proper papers were more than his own. To stop the robbery I returned to Sherman's car and briefly explained to the general what was going on. "Hold on, Phil," he said to Sheridan, who was on his way to the door. Then turning to me with a peculiarly steadfast gaze: "Are you positive of this?" he asked quietly. "Yes, sir." "Yet you may be mistaken. Have your pass ready. The rest of us don't happen to need one. Stand by the door, we will keep back." It would be impossible to construct a stronger pass than the one Rawlings had made expressly for me by

General Grant's direction. It covered everything until further orders—guards, pickets, military railroads and government steamboats. This paper the conductor curtly refused, demanding cash. "But," I said, "you have not collected from others." "Yes, I have, too. Sick men and all pay on my train." Then Sherman spoke: "You human buzzard! inhuman thief! Rob my sick and wounded

soldiers under their general's eyes! I'll tie you hand and foot." His eye caught Sheridan's, and the next instant the trembling wretch was under expert treatment by a thoroughly practical operator. Years afterward Sheridan with laughing voice said: "Sherman tortured me nearly to my limit when he kept me waiting for a crack at that scoundrel. I had to hit him, that's all. I had to. He'd used his position to wrong private soldiers—my boys, whom I was leaving for cavalry on the Potomac. I never could stand seeing my men taken at a disadvantage. It was my fight to get the thing just the other way. But it was Sherman all over to keep his grip on the rascal. Tied hand and foot the unfortunate wretch rode the rest of the way to Nashville in perpetual motion on the floor of a platform car under guard of his recent victims. Then Sherman prosecuted and sent him for a long term in the penitentiary. Don't you remember, old man," continued Sheridan, "it was almost no trouble to get the money back to its rightful owners."

"You know that that Nashville and Chattanooga railroad was at one time or another one of my battlegrounds, and I came out ahead, though odds were on the other side, in every tackle with those overgrown trainmen." I did know that impositions on his soldiers had been promptly redressed by their pugnacious commander, who had, as he expressed it, "reached for some fel-



A MEXICAN SKETCH.

lows," to the infinite delight of his soldiers and exceeding sorrow of the fellows. I never knew Sheridan to hesitate when a need arose, and if his ways were peculiar the result met his expectation. He had two brief expressions that did not mean the same thing, although under some circumstances they might. "I wanted to hurt bad." "The blow and surprise fell the same instant."

Sheridan's command was, when camped, his constant care. To speak in metaphor, his men were in clover when others near by suffered. Sheridan's troops, from unity in camp, campaign or battle, became "Sheridan's division," "Sheridan's men," "Sheridan's army." His soldiers and animals were fed throughout starvation days in Chattanooga by foragers acting under the general's personal instruction. Wood for fuel was fought for by driving off the enemies' skirmishers from the forest-clad knoll now the national cemetery. Clothing and shoes reached Sheridan's men in East Tennessee hid in forage trains. In the dark days at Chattanooga James E. Murdoch the tragedian, as Sheridan's guest, brought, by his happy entertainments, gratuitously given, mental pleasure to Sheridan's men. An army



ONE OF SHERIDAN'S "INTERROGATION POINTS."

gathered, Sunday afternoons, "over at Sheridan's," when Murdoch read the Bible as, to quote Rawlings, "we never before had understood it." And who of us remembered, even when glancing at the shell-torn trees above us, that we were under fire from the guns on Look-out mountain?

Sheridan was wont "to think aloud," and thus I have heard mentioned a doubt, that Dame Nature intended Phil Sheridan for a quartermaster, though it was given him "to know a fair-minded mule without being kicked by the brute." Certainly, the quick-stepping pair of "government brutes" Sheridan was occasionally seen behind in Chicago bore out this statement. The "black Winchester horse" came to Sheridan as metal to a magnet. While left much to his own discretion, he was campaigning with an insignificant force where the states of Mississippi, Alabama and Tennessee join. The horse, then a colt of three or four years, belonged to a Michigan cavalry officer, who distrusted him as much as Sheridan admired him. Finally the game beast got to be Sheridan's, although his first owner never exactly relinquished the idea that Sheridan's ownership materially altered his own peculiar interest in the gallant black,

Rienzi—a name suggested by the town in Tishomingo, the northeastern county of Mississippi, where the transfer happened. And here Sheridan began, in gaining information to further his own work, to send his immediate commanders from this time forward facts gleaned within the enemies' lines by characters of various appearance who, by the general, were designated his "interrogation points."

It is safe to say that in this feature of his work Phil Sheridan was without a ri-



NATIONAL CEMETERY, CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE.

val. Free hearted in manner, Sheridan merged his presence at convivial gatherings of younger officers and his appearance put no restraint upon a musical performance where unusual instruments were for the nonce in use. My quarters in Chattanooga might be described as a bachelor flat, being the principal part of the second story of a mansion recently the abode of Tennessee's governor. The courthouse of Hamilton county stands now on its site. My messroom and kitchen—two names for a single earth-floored apartment in a detached building—was named, for its chief occupant, "Aunt Nancy's hall." Bowed with age and toil, Aunt Nancy attracted the "black ones" as does a sugar barrel flies. The excellence of her cookery was undisputed. An epicure once said: "Cooked by Aunt Nancy, beef's liver resembles woodcock's breast." These facts are mentioned to explain that besides a much-attended, near-by colored church, there was reason for the constant gathering of folks we knew as contrabands, who, for their comfort, took sunshine beneath my eastern windows, and once a shower bath, when Sheridan, with a bucket of Tennessee river water, quelled a fast battle of words on the merits of special methods of baptism.

Officers of every grade came to my quarters for information, for in the active prosecution of work came knowledge of the location of commands, the best routes to reach them, and even the whereabouts of individuals. "Bohemian headquarters" was a free zone for interchange of information. The eastern windows commanded an extended view of Missionary Ridge, and by these Sheridan claimed as his own an empty hard-bread box, used to eke out chairs. Although the news within and words without seldom coincided as to fact, the copious information of the contraband was not always void of interest. Thus, when one day Sheridan suggested, "Listen to this," those present gave attention to words on rank. We learned "Dat cunnels was dead common, an' niggers of sich could on'y stay 'spectable 'cordin' to behavement; an' as fo' brig'-



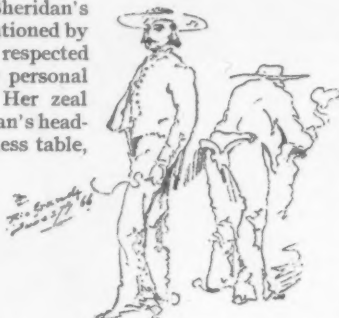
ON HIS ROSTRUM.

der gen'els, what was dey remarkin' to 'cept to get in de road, cause leastwise, dey 'peared dat plenty; darfo', no gemmen could properly 'low himself airs 'n 'count no one star on de cot' he knocked de dus' outen. Major gen'els, dar now—maje' gen'els, when you wishes to know who is de mos' 'portent pussons, dat is de maje' gen'el sho's yer bone." There was a lull. My own factotum, Alec, broke the silence with: "Gen-tel-men, I calls yo, cas' yo' eyes 'bout. Gen'els 'pears plenty—mo! yo knows it! Now cas' yo' eyes 'bout. 'Cep de artis Ise waitin on whars de res'? I so makes it clar to yo, dat I is outen ranken yo all." "Yes," said Sheridan, interrupting from his window eyrie. "Yes, Alec, you certainly are the rank-est nigger in this department!" Beaming with pride, with his best bow, Alec promptly proclaimed, "Dar now, niggers, 'tention to Gen'el Sheridan. Whar is yo common outen-do' niggers stan' sho nuf." Then he fired his climax. "An you's 'quainted, dat 'cept Aunt Nancy, de fines' culled lady in de 'partment is charged to wok fo' Gen'el Sheridan." "Alec has the final word," said the general, turning to smiling listeners. "Ancient history suggests avoidance of Alec's ready weap-

on, eh, Murdoch?" Sheridan's Mary, "the finest" mentioned by Alec, was a character respected by white and black for personal courage and probity. Her zeal for the welfare of Sheridan's headquarters shone at the mess table, where good food and clean raiment were conspicuous. Mary, after campaign days ended, married in New Orleans a wealthy, sensible colored man, and settled in a pleasant home, where General Sheridan, when driving, stopped to speak a good word, contrasting the hardship of camp, bivouac and campaign with present attractively clean surroundings, in which a trophy of battle-worn flag and guidon above the mantel suggested Mary's past life and experience.

Sheridan's personal quarters in New Orleans, a roomy detached mansion at Felicita road and Colosseum street, was distinct from the department offices, which for convenience were in a business street. As his guest I spent several weeks of the summer of 1866 with the general. Except servants we were alone in the house. In work Sheridan, while methodical, was liable at any moment to break off writing, and literally turn his back on this, his hardest labor. Then, when he spoke, looking from my drawing I saw a coatless rotund form seated squarely on the desk, his chair a footstool. "On his rostrum," the subject now would surely be foreign to that in fresh ink from which he had turned, events in past decades—possibly centuries—very seldom persons yet in life, and then only those whose real or fancied wrong-doing had tarnished laurels of his soldiers.

In Sheridan's admirable official report of the part taken by his division in the battle of Missionary Ridge, he says: "General Wood (T. J.), in his report to General Thomas of artillery taken, claims many pieces

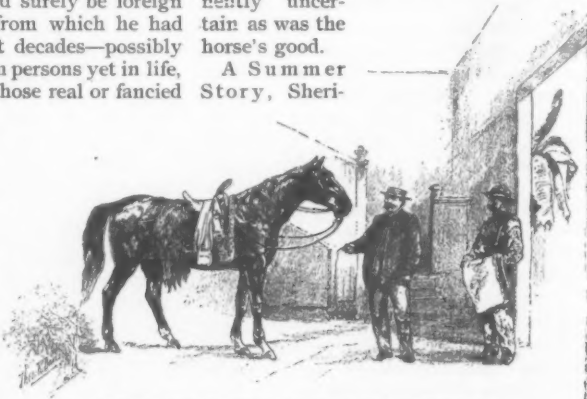


which were the prizes of my division, and when told by me that the report was untruthful, replied that it was based upon the report of General Hazen, who perhaps will in turn base his on those of the regiments; but whether Wood, Hazen, regimental or company commanders are responsible, the report is untrue. Eleven of

these guns were gleaned from the battlefield and appropriated while I was pushing the enemy on to Chickamauga station."

This act Sheridan neither forgot nor forgave. Sheridan's word was a sight draft the future surely honored exactly. The general had promised Rienzi's faithful attendant to "please him" with a portrait of his pet, and the word to me was clear as to this. The herewith illustration is from the sketch made in New Orleans expressly for the farrier, who named his figures and selected equipments. It was "When the general comes in the morning," and if the horse had not been varnished for the occasion he looked it. My sketch for Sheridan represented Rienzi less in appearance a glass horse, equipped as at Winchester. In speaking of the name Rienzi, Sheridan's conclusion was that so far as things go by contraries the gallant black was named for the Roman tribune, whose character was as prominently uncertain as was the horse's good.

A Summer Story, Sheri-



"WHEN THE GENERAL COMES IN THE MORNING."



GENERAL SHERIDAN AT THE CYCLOPAMA.

dan's Ride and other Poems by Read, is a little volume, memento now, for our children. A photo-portrait of the author is on the first fly leaf. The second bears the legend "Louise from General Sheridan." One afternoon, in New Orleans, on his rostrum, tired one of many times of the long wrestle with his conduct of the war report, Sheridan said: "Tell them how the poem came, incident; and this is for your sweetheart." "Authenticate the proposition Louise from General Sheridan? It's a bargain," I said, following his bantering tone, not looking up until he laughingly asked: "How will this do?" I paid the debt. Here briefly is the story: On a warning telegram from General Charles Ewing, my tent-mate at Sherman's headquarters, I hastened to join Sherman ere he cut loose for the campaign to the sea. When I left New York, Harper's Weekly was printing but not published, on the front page of which was Sol Eytinge's illustration, "Phil Sheridan's ride to the front, October 19, 1864." Stopping in the pressroom, I took some copies "for the boys," one of which was in the pocket of my overcoat in the hall of Mr. Garrett's house—Buchanan Read's home in Cincinnati—while a small company of James E. Murdoch's friends, at a breakfast party, sat chatting of the ovation arranged for by Murdoch's admirers, that night, in Pike's Opera house. Our grand old friend Murdoch had just closed a plea

for something special for that evening from Read, who with thoughtful face was plainly studying what. Leaving the party for a moment, I presently returned and handed Mr. Murdoch "The Ride" illustration. Scanning it, Murdoch passed the paper to Read, saying: "Here, my boy, is your subject and our opportunity." Leaving us, the poet quickly returned to bid *au revoir*. Read, graceful ever, was just then a quaint figure, standing with the Weekly in one hand, a steaming teapot in the other. Exactly how long he was away none noted. We were yet at the table upon his return with "Sheridan's Ride." "And," added Sheridan, "possibly you would have missed Sherman had you waited to hear Murdoch read that night. I wonder that you didn't miss Sherman. Say, old man! did you ever have a feeling that the Ride was Murdoch's, worded by Read? I have—did first sight. Perhaps I don't mean just that," he continued reflectively, "the incident was mine, the poem Murdoch's, Read wrote it for him, see? and black Rienzi becomes the 'Winchester steed' for a little run—only a breather it was for him. Don't you know the big little fact in that fight was, the command was not whipped, and when I came along to tell the boys so, why, they believed me, and we went right back to prove it. Any reasonable man could see that."

It was not in battle only that Sheridan's presence swayed a throng. Army

Washington D.C.
Dec. 11th 1886

Dear Davis:

The fact of the case is
that in the storming
of Missionary Ridge
I was thrown as a
wound over the breast
works covering the top
at a point perhaps
400 yards back of the
Hugobon's. The left

of Wagner's Brigade as
at this point.

I have always taken
great pride in
the command of my

command at Missionary
Ridge. Can you compare
Forks. & Hills with

your truly.
Phil Sheridan
Lieut. Gen.

reunions were never more hearty than
when Phil Sheridan stated the case.

There are persons whom you serve, give
to, or think of with pleasure—Sheridan
was such a man. Friendly tribute was
frequently sent him, nearly if not quite un-
marked by the donor's name. Cigars came
to the general in New Orleans in sufficient
quantity to fill with boxes every drawer
of a big bureau. "Use these when you
will," said the general. "I reserve those
in the top drawer for special occasions.
They are said to cost a dollar each, pos-
sibly they are worth it; I think not." Only
a few days passed when it was notice-
able that the general, coming from the
room in which were the cigars, would pre-
sently suggest a companionable smoke, and
to this end, I trot for the cigars. "The
reason?" said Sheridan, when I failed to
construe it; "don't you always pick
for good ones and give me the best?" His
eyes twinkled when adding, "You know
it to be a fact that the right sort of a
character takes pleasure in doing his
best for a friend. Your training makes an
acute observer, mine a more general one.
I'd bring a box. You locate the two best
individuals in several boxes, see? Details

always did plague me, results never.
Now the rough sketches you make inter-
est me more than the finished drawing.
In the few lines I can see it all, I know
it's there, but I'm bothered to know why.
I watch you make suggestive lines and
see what's coming." Now, in the bunch
of Mexicans observing Jim Merryman I
see far more of the actual scene than the
sketch conveys. An inherent fondness
for notes, is it? Well, that sort, yes.
But not when I must write them." Yet
Sheridan wrote an excellent personal let-
ter, brief, clear and sufficient always. An
example of this is his response to a sug-
gestion that he would better clear away
some conflicting stories as to how he went
up to and over the crest of Missionary
Ridge.

I have re-read many times, and always
with full interest, Sheridan's vigorous re-
port of the rapidly following actions and
incessant march to the end at Appomattox,
and never without wonder that this rush-
ing description, which pushes one along
in its reading, could have been written in
interrupted moments—a task dropped
from mind and resumed many times be-
fore completion.



TO THE SOIL OF THE EARTH!

BY HOWARD PYLE.

I. TO HEAVEN.



IN the world of angelic spirits that lies far beyond the limits of this life of nature (though not in the heavens of the celestial ones), there is a certain city inhabited by those who were Christians in the life of the flesh. It is immaculately clean; it is white and beautiful and is built upon a hill. Around the base of the hill flows a smooth, wide river. All along the banks of the river are sloping meadows and gardens, interspersed here and there with shady glades and orchards of flower and fruit trees. There are paths along the margin of the river. The people of the city often walk there, though never going far away from the town. The light that shines upon all is of a vast and dazzling splendor. In the faces of the people is the light of an almost angelic happiness. No one lives there who is not numbered among the blessed.

There was a male child born into a part of the world inhabited by Christian people. It could not live, and so it was immediately baptized by a priest who was present. It did not make any outcry. It drew breath just deep enough and full enough to cause it to be truly a part of the world of flesh, then it straightened its little limbs and died. It ascended to this City of Angelic Spirits and was received there by those who were awaiting its coming. They named it Daihas, which with them means the bright or blessed one.

Three years later, in another part of the world of Christian people, a female child was born, was baptized and died just as the male child had been born, had been baptized and had died. It also was received into this society of angelic spirits by those who were awaiting its coming. They named this little one Aihha, which means the joyful one. Each of the children, having been adjoined to the earth by only a single breath, was peculiarly and perfectly immaculate—without evil, without sin, without taint of any kind.

Now at the apex of the hill whereon this City of Angelic Spirits is built are two buildings of shining and dazzling white. They are separated by a fresh and beautiful park of thick, shady young trees. Beneath the trees are walks of white marble laid in the shade. One of these buildings is the temple of the city. Above it a vast dome, sparkling as white as snow, rises into the still blue serenity of the sky. At the summit of the dome is the gilded image of an angel, standing tip-toe, with wings outspread and finger pointed upward.

The other building that stands facing the temple across the park of trees is not vast and magnificent, but it is as white as snow and very beautiful. Adjoining it is an extended and beautiful garden of flowering plants and shrubs and fruit trees, with little grassy lawns and open spaces. There are fountains in this garden, and walks paved with beautiful pebbles of various colors. There are more birds in the trees of this garden than anywhere else, and, especially during the early morning, they sing so jubilantly that all the air is filled with a multitudinous voice of carolling in which hardly a single song can be distinguished from another.

The building is called the House of Children. In it live the little ones who have quitted the world at too tender an age to have gained knowledge of evil or of sin. The garden is their playground.

It was to this bright and beautiful abode, and to this life of purity and ecstatic joy that the two little immaculates were introduced. Special teachers and caretakers were appointed to attend them. Not only were the spirits so appointed chosen with singular care from among the rest, not only were they the purest and most innocent of those who had attained adult life in the world of flesh, but, while they were engaged in instructing their charges, those exterior memories to which things evil and impure had been removed were kept closed from below, so that nothing whatever might blemish the spotless purity of the little ones whom they cared for and instructed.

The two children grew from infancy to childhood, from childhood to youth, perfectly and supremely pure, perfectly and supremely innocent, perfectly and supremely happy. As they continued growing toward adolescence they began to love one another. When they had nearly reached manhood and womanhood their teachers instructed them what love meant. They also told them that when they became fully adult they should be married, and in man and wife form a one—complete and perfect. At this time they began to foretaste the first perfect bliss of heaven that they afterward enjoyed.

They would sometimes descend into the lower parts of the city. They would walk beyond the gates to the paths beside the river and, hand in hand, through the gardens and the lawns that lay along the bank of the stream.

* * * * *

Now, in the celestial heaven of angels there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage, for no man can ascend into heaven unless he be truly married, and no woman can ascend into that heaven except with her husband. When the man and the woman (being regenerate in the spirit to innocence) are made one in perfect love, then they must needs ascend in a little while into heaven celestial. Being so married they are completed, becoming a perfect man. Being perfect, they must become a part of the heaven of angels.

When Daihas was twenty-one years of age and Aiha eighteen they were married. They then ascended almost directly into heaven celestial.

Such a thing never happened before, even in that angel-like society, that a man and a woman, without having had to suffer a pang, without having had to endure a single throe of temptation, without having had to bow beneath a single feather's weight of labor, should directly enter heaven, perfect, immaculate, sinless.

* * * * *

It was not the heaven of fire into which the two had ascended, but the heaven of light. Nevertheless, though the heaven of light is nearer to man than that other sphere of living flame, it is yet impossible for words to formulate or thoughts to conceive the wonder and the glory of all that is there. It can only be dimly perceived

when it conjoins or adjoins itself with certain things of this world belonging obscurely to it.

The two innocent ones found all that they entered into of Paradise ready and waiting for them. They did not make for themselves the wonderful and exquisite things in the midst of which they lived, and which they were to enjoy in the heaven celestial into which they had come; those things were made for them by the angels among whom they were now to live. For, being altogether innocent, the two who were thus new come could not create things for themselves—they could only enjoy. For as Adam had first to fall before he could labor with his hands, so even angels must first have sinned in the flesh before they can make for themselves a paradise of beauty and joy in the spirit.

At first all the glory and the splendor bewildered and blinded the two, but by and by they grew more used to it. After a little while it became altogether their life—for in this it is with angels as it is with men, that they grow used to the glories of heaven.

Nevertheless, they had not been sent to heaven to enjoy, but to be of use.

There were nine judges and ministers in that heaven, and through them came wisdom and knowledge. These nine angels were the purest and the most innocent of all in that city. So it was that the wisdom and knowledge that enlightened that heaven was derived from them. Every morning about the seventh hour they would come to a garden where Daihas and Aiha walked, and would there question the two as to the judgments of the day, and so confirm their own wisdom. For, being in the light of innocence, the two immaculate ones derived their wisdom the most directly from the Fountain of Life itself. The light and the splendor of that heaven had never been so great as when these two dwelt there.

Such was the use that they performed, and for it they had been especially prepared.

* * * * *

So for seven years the two that were one angel lived in a perfect and supernal happiness, a happiness as much beyond that of their former state of existence as that state was beyond the happiness of the life of the world of flesh.

Then one day, in the freshness of the morning, Daihas walked in the dewy garden under the trees. There were thousands and thousands of birds in the garden, and now, in the coolness and hush of the early day, they were singing with a multitudinous medley of voices. All the bright and dazzling air seemed filled with the dulcet and bewildering jubilee. The ear thrilled and the heart quivered at their loud and joyful singing. In the midst of the vibrating and tumultuous solitude Daihas stood with his eyes raised, listening in intense, rapturous silence. Wave after wave of poignant bliss swept into his heart, and with each recurring wave of rapture the noise of the singing was more loud and more jubilant. The joy made its own delight and the delight gave birth to a keener and more piercing joy.

As he stood so, rapt and ecstatic, he suddenly saw a flickering of a bright dress found between the flowers. It was Aiha coming swiftly and graciously toward him. At the sight of her coming the final and most poignant thrill of delight leaped into his quivering heart and overfilled it. The chord keyed too keenly may snap with the strain.

* II.

EVIL.

Suddenly something came between the eyes of Daihas and the things that he saw. It was a certain purple cloud like a vertigo.

Of what use was all this joy, all this beauty, all this rapture and bliss unspeakable?

The cloud passed away as suddenly as it had come and he saw Aiha standing beside him. He caught her quickly and firmly, holding her hand tightly within his own. "Aiha," said he, and his voice sounded strange to his own ears.

"What is it?" said she, looking up at him. A faint shadow, almost like fear, passed for a moment over her face.

"Aiha," said he, "must this last forever?"

"I do not know, Daihas," she replied.

Then the thought passed away from them both as the final films of a cloud might pass away before the sun, and all was as bright and as beautiful and as shining as it had been before.

Then in a little while the judges and the

elders came into the garden to talk with the two concerning the judgments that were to be delivered during the day.

Daihas saw them coming, as he had seen his wife come, through the flowers in the garden. The bright clothes they wore shimmered, and their jewelled insignia of office sparkled and blazed in the radiance of the sun. Then, as it had happened a little while before, so it happened now. A purple cloud like a vertigo spread before his eyes, only this time the cloud was blacker and more impenetrable than it had been before.

Shall perfect happiness last forever? If so, who could abide in such a state? Bliss might be bearable for a day, for a month, for a year, even for seven years, perhaps, but what man could bear it forever? What damnation could be more awful than a perpetual ease? The very sweetness of rest is in the knowledge that one has been weary and will be weary again; the very blessing of perfect ease and happiness is the knowledge that one has suffered a pang and will some time suffer another. The joy of hopes to be fulfilled does not lie in the lifeless joy of fulfilment, but in looking toward fulfilment from a plane of unfulfilment.

* * * * *

The cloud passed away and Daihas looked around him. He drew a deep breath and felt that the inside of his mouth was dry. The nine judges stood about him. One of them stood beside him—an angel of the most perfect beauty and in the rosiest and fullest bloom of his everlasting youth. His hair was as yellow as gold and his face shone dazzling bright with the unspeakable joy and bliss of the heaven within him. Daihas turned and caught him by the arm. The shining silken sleeve crinkled under his grasp. "Tell me," said he, as he had said to Aiha, "tell me—all this joy and bliss—is this to last forever?"

"Yes," said the angel, "forever."

Daihas looked the angel in the eyes, and it seemed to him that a dusky pallor, just for one brief instant, clouded the radiance of the shining face. Then the cloud was gone and the sun shone as bright as ever—only now the birds had all stopped singing.

* * * * *

Between heaven and hell—so it is to

those who regard heaven and hell as separate things—there stretches the plane of that which is called the natural. Should anything from hell penetrate through that plane, all the heaven corresponding becomes infected with something that is attained.

That day it was known that something (it was thought to be an evil spirit) had penetrated through that plane of life and had entered into the lower regions to which the heaven where they all lived belonged. Daihas was the first soul that had been clouded; there were others who also suffered from the infection. Then all of heaven felt the taint. A dusky shadow, like the faintest breath of smoke, was seen to dim the arch of cerulean blue above. It dimmed faintly even the steadfast brightness of the sun, that shines forever midway to the eastward in that tranquil, radiant sky.

All the angels of that celestial city were called together into the hall of judgment where the judges and elders sat. It was proclaimed that the evil spirit must be cast out. Six angels were chosen for this task and first among them was Daihas. He was chosen because it was thought that (being so immaculate) no evil could adhere to him in a conflict with sin.

He left Aiha at the golden gate of their garden. She stood looking after him as he joined the five other young angels and went away with them.

They left the city by the Gate of Pearls. A great crowd of angels followed them to the wall and there stood watching as the six descended and until they were out of sight and gone.

Each angel wore the shining dress of angelhood. Each wore also a frontlet of gold set with jewels. It was strapped about his head and tight to his forehead. Each wore a breastplate that shone and sparkled with dazzling points of light. None of the six spoke. They walked onward in a body, the stillness broken only by the sound of their footsteps and now and then by the sharp ringing of a breastplate.

As they departed lower and lower the city was left far behind. Then it was lost as in a mist. Then they were descending a hill, without trees but covered with grass. The air lost its adamantine brilliancy; the sun grew more and more clouded and

red, as though it shone through a veil of smoke.

It grew darker and still darker. The grass became more sparse and poor. There were stony places.

They came to a place of marshes. Now and then a frightened wild bird sprang almost from under their feet with a shrill whistle and flickered swiftly, pallidly off through the increasing dusk.

It began to grow briery and brambly.

The six angels with the frontlets between their eyes and the breastplates upon their breasts brought with them the light of heaven in which they lived. As it grew darker and darker, their radiance shone around them in the dusk, like a misty halo. It travelled onward with them, shining, a circle of golden light, upon the sparse grass and the rounded and jagged stones and the briers and brambles. The halo of light moved steadily downward as they descended.

Then the grass ceased and they came in their descent to a place where there was nothing but rocks and thistles and stunted thorns.

By and by even the thistles and thorns ceased and there were rocks alone.

It was now like the early shadows of night, though the sun still shone redly with a light as red as blood. But still the glory of heaven followed the angels and descended with them. The big rough rocks shone yellow as they passed and the black shadows went sliding away behind them. There was no soil among the rocks but only rounded stones, and then they knew that they had nearly reached the end of their journey.

At last they came to a flat ledge of rock, and from the edge of it they looked down and saw the being that they had come to find lying over beyond them.

They saw that there was a great chasm between him and them. They could not see the bottom of the chasm, for it was lost in the thick black shadows below. They did not know how to approach nearer to him. They stood and looked across this chasm at him. They stood as in a shadow. A light, as though from a sun upon the other side, shone luridly upon the rock. He was lying stretched out upon the rock basking in the light. The light of the sun was red like that of the light of a fire of coals, and in the warmth of it he lay



"THEY STOOD AND LOOKED ACROSS THIS CHASM AT HIM."

stretched out as though it were in the warmth of a fire. He was nearly naked; his hair and beard were red; his arms and his breasts and his legs as high as the thighs were covered with short red hair. The rock was red, and in the red light of the sun the evil one looked so like a part of it that some of the angels could not at first distinguish him from the rugged face of the stone until he moved one of his arms in his sleep. Then he awoke. Perhaps it was the radiance from the six angels shining upon him that awakened him. They suddenly saw the bright yellow light that shone from them glisten upon his eyeballs and then they knew that he had unclosed his eyelids. He raised himself on his elbow and for a moment or two rested so, staring at them. "Who are you?" called he at last, and his voice came deep from his chest. It was not unmusical in tone.

The foremost of the six called back to him in a clear voice that rang, "We are angels and we have come to cast you out."

The evil one sat up. He laughed. His teeth shone. "What," he cried, "six angels of light come to cast out one poor devil of darkness? Then I am glad that we are parted by the chasm, for how else could one stand against six? But tell me how you are going to cast me out since you cannot cross the chasm? How can you reach me to cast me out?"

"We do not know; but we are sent from heaven to cast you out, and you shall be cast out."

"If you are sent from heaven show me a sign, and if the sign is true then I will know for truth that you are angels from on high and that you are able to cast me out, even though we be parted by the chasm."

The six angels looked at one another and each said, "Can you show a sign?" One of the angels said, "Yes, I can show him a sign." He called out to the evil spirit: "Look, I will show you the image of yourself."

* * * * *

THE VISION.

There appeared a small church built of brick. It was stained and mildewed, and was covered partly with moss and partly with clinging ivy. There was no bell in

the belfry and part of the roof had fallen in. They went in at the door of the church and saw that it was paved with flagstones and that the rain had entered through the broken roof so that there was green moss and mildew at the further end. They passed through the church and entered into the vault beneath, where there was an aisle between two rows of coffins. Some of the coffins were of lead, some of wood, mouldering and falling to pieces at the joints. They passed down the aisle and at the further end came to a door. The door led into a mill. The stones were grinding and the whole place shook and trembled with their jarring. The mill smelled sweetly of newly ground flour. The air was filled with the white dust and the windows were coated with dust so that the sunlight could not penetrate them.

They passed through the mill and came out into a kitchen where a candle burned upon a table and a red light from a fire of coals shone on the walls and ceiling. The kitchen was full of the smell of burned fat. There were two women and a dog in the kitchen.

Then they were not permitted to see anything more, for here the vision came to an end.

* * * * *

The evil spirit had not moved from where he sat on the rock, and when the vision came to an end he laughed. "It was not a beautiful vision," he called across the chasm, "but at any rate the two women and the dog were alive." Then he pointed his horny, dirty finger to Daihas. "It is my turn to show a vision now," said he, "and I will show you all a vision of that young angel there."

* * * * *

THE VISION.

There appeared a light of such dazzling radiance that it was like the light of heaven, though it was not of celestial origin. The light shone on a great expanse of plane, though whether the plane was of fine white dust or of white ashes could not be told unless it were taken into the hand and tasted. In all the plane there was not a single blade of grass or any green thing, nor any sign of life—not even the sign of an insect in the dust. In the centre of the plane was a block of basalt, but it could not at first be seen what it was

that lay upon it, for the light was very blinding and that which lay there was thin and horny—white and semi-transparent, like the shell out of which a live insect has come. Then it could be seen that it had a perfect form, but no substance. Then, by and by, and with a great effort, it could be seen that it was a perfect image of a man. At last it could be seen that it was an image of Daihas. The image was exactly like him, to every fold, to every thread, to every hair of the head. But it was only a shell, and there was no life of any kind in it, only a faint phosphorescent light without any heat. The pressure of a finger would have crushed the shell together into a shapeless heap.

* * * * *

Then the vision came to an end and the angels cried out aloud—all except Daihas. He was silent, his face was pale and he trembled. The cry of the angels was somewhat discordant, for, from the two visions, they saw that they, being angels of light, could not cast out this thing—that the creature was not an evil spirit, but a devil. Then they cried out again, and their voices were shrill. Then one of them called aloud upon Michael and thereupon the others joined with him, crying: "Michael! Michael! Michael!"

Then there came a sudden light in the gloom overhead, and the angels and the devil looked up to the smoky sky above. They saw the appearance of a blazing meteor falling out of the sky. It left a trail of light behind it. The light from the meteor shone upon the dark faces of the rocks in the gloom of these lower parts, and swift, sliding lights and flying shadows flew upward as it fell.

The meteor fell upon a high pinnacle of rock just above where the angels stood, and they saw that it was the Archangel Michael! He held a spark of flaming fire in his hand. The fire was like a red star.

"Why do you sit there?" he called to the devil across the chasm. The voice of Michael was clear, like a bell. It rang and echoed through the dark and hollow vault above him.

"I am doing nothing but lying in the sun to warm myself," said the devil.

"You cannot stay there," called out Michael. "You do not belong there and your breath infects heaven. You must descend to where you belong."

"I shall not go back," cried the devil, "for I like it here."

Then Michael raised his hand and threw the spark of flaming fire across the gulf like a dart. It struck the devil in the very middle of his hairy breast. When the devil felt the smart of the fire he bel-lowed and gnashed his teeth. He strove to pluck the spark of fire away, but it clung to his shaggy bosom and he could not free himself of it. He screamed. From the clinging fire a fiery circle ran and spread all over his body, like the sparks in burned and charred paper. He ran shrieking up and down his narrow ledge of rock like a vermin in a trap, but the chasm was on all sides of him and he could not escape. A flame of fire burst from his mouth and nostrils. Then he gave a great, shrill and terrible cry and ran to the edge of the rock and leaped over into the chasm. They who looked saw him fall, whirling round and round like a burning brand, lighting up the sides of the gulf as he fell, until at last he was swallowed in the darkness. Then everything was as silent as death.

Michael did not speak to the angels, and they leaned over the edge of the gulf, looking down and holding their breaths.

Michael leaped into the air and ascended as he had descended, until he disappeared like a star in the zenith.

After all this had been accomplished the six angels turned and went back again. They climbed the rocks and the thorny wilderness, and as they ascended they came more and more into the light of heaven again.

The celestial beings were still waiting for them at the Gate of Pearls and upon the walls of heaven. They shouted when they saw the six angels returning. The angels, coming from the darkness, kept their eyes covered with their hands from the blinding glare of the light. As they came near their friends they all shouted in answer—except Daihas.

Daihas did not shout like the others; he did not shelter his eyes. His face shone, but it was very white. He did not speak to anyone, but walked on through the crowd and straight forward until he had come to his own house. He did not even speak to Aiha, but went to his own room and shut the door behind him.

She came directly and knocked at his

door, but he would not answer. She knocked again and again, but he would not answer. Then she went away. While she knocked he listened, trying not to answer, and when she had gone his thoughts flew back again to where they had been before.

III.

TO HELL.

He thought first of all of that kitchen that smelled of burned fat, of the two women, of the dog that he saw there, of the light of the candle and the fire, and it seemed to him that he loathed and hated it. Then he thought of the vision of himself, stretched, a dead, hollow, empty shell, on the rock of basalt in the midst of the white desert. His heart swelled and his ears hummed with a sudden black horror. Was that vision true? What if all the life and all the things of heaven with which he was surrounded—the gardens and the paradises, and all that he saw and felt and knew—were nothing but such a hollow shell, an empty vision conjured up to amuse and beguile him? What if all these, the joys of heaven, were only fancied joys in which he was to live forever as in the midst of that thin, dead, flimsy shell in which there was no real life?

He thought of that pitiful devil as he had last seen him, burning with awful fire, and running shrieking in his torment, up and down the narrow rock, until in the madness of his agony he flung himself into the black gulf beneath. When he thought of the agony that he had then beheld, his heart shrunk with an echoing agony of pity, of horror, of remorse. He had never seen human suffering before. At last the tears ran from his eyes; then he felt happier again.

He heard the voice of his wife and others talking in the house. They sounded beyond the closed doors and seemed very distant. As he listened to them his mind was filled with the thought of them. In the endeavor to hear what they were saying his mind went away for a little while from these other things, but it always returned again.

Aiha came knocking at the door again and told him to come and eat some food, but he would not go. She went away

and came again. She went away and came again three times. Then, after a long while, he knew that the day had ended and that everybody was resting except himself.

About the middle of the night his mind clung most closely to the thought of that dreadful empty shell which was the representation of himself. It appeared as a horror of death and emptiness! Then he remembered one thing that the evil spirit had said—that if that image was without life there was at least life in the two women and the dog. It seemed to him as though there was no other choice left than between a hollow mockery called heaven, upon the one hand, and loathsome squalor called hell, upon the other. Nevertheless it had been said that hell was alive, and between a squalor of life and an emptiness of death who would not choose the squalor?

He tried again and again to call up again the vision of hell, but he could not. Then he heard a few notes of the birds in the garden without, and he knew by this that it was nearly morning. He tried again to form the vision of hell, and then, at last, there appeared the church. It was very dim. He tried again and it grew more substantial. He trembled; his mouth was clammy and his ears rang. He tried again. The vision of the church grew more and more substantial. It was real. He walked across the grass between the graves and passed in at the door. His hands were as cold as ice, and he shook as with an ague. He went through the church and down into the vault. He shrank shuddering from the rows of coffins upon either side. Through a crack in the cover of one of them he could see a dry and shining forehead. He stared at it, but still he passed along the aisle and pushed open the door at the further end. He was in the mill. The mill was silent. The stones did not turn, but the air was full of the smell of freshly ground flour. He passed through the mill and entered the kitchen, and it was just as it had been before—there was the smell of burning fat and the light of the candle and the light of the fire. There were the two women and the dog.

He stood for a while with his back against the door, holding the latch in his hand. There was another door in the

other side of the kitchen. Suddenly it was violently opened, and the devil whom he had seen in torment upon the rock came into the kitchen. The devil came across the kitchen to Daihas. The angel would have escaped but he could not. The devil took him by the hand and led him into the middle of the room. Daihas shook and shuddered; he was dizzy with fear. The devil, still holding the angel's hand in his hand, leaned forward and began whispering in his ear.

He told the angel all he knew of evil and of sin.

The angel looked at the women and listened to what the devil said.

Daihas snatched his hand away and cried out in a shrill and dreadful voice. He turned and tried to run out by the door, but he could not escape. The devil ran after him, laughing, and flung his arm around Daihas's neck from behind, and before he could open the door the devil bent the angel's head backward and kissed him on the lips.

Then Daihas broke away with another loud and terrible cry, and ran out of the door and through the mill and through the vault without thinking of the coffins. He ran through the church, leaving the doors open behind him. He felt as though he had been gone from his room a great while, but he had not. He crouched down in a corner, trembling and shuddering; the palms of his hands were wet with sweat; his teeth were locked together and his soul was heavy and sodden with all that he had heard and seen. His outside shell was still of heaven but he knew that he was now of hell within.

The day was breaking. He heard stir and movement going on in the house and the sound of voices. Suddenly he heard a violent opening and shutting of doors and running footsteps. They came to the door of his room. There was a sound of loud and hurried voices upon the other side. Aisha knocked at the door and called to him, in a shrill and piercing voice. "Daihas!" she cried, "come out and show your face. Something evil is come into the house and they say it has polluted heaven! Come out, Daihas! Come out!"

He did not answer. He heard the voice of one of the judges of the city. "Come out, Daihas," called the judge; "let us

see your face. What is it that has happened?"

Oh, woe, woe, for the time when the heart must show its obscenities upon the face! Woe, woe, for the time when the soul shall stand naked and devils shall laugh at the vile things seen, and angels shall shudder at the pollution! To everyone it must come—not the very least jot or tittle shall pass till all be fulfilled—but who among men would dare to open the door and face such damnation?

The fallen angel had that courage.

He arose slowly and heavily, weighed down by the weight of his sin. He dragged himself slowly and heavily across the room. He hesitated. He opened the door.

IV.

JUDGMENT.

Man, even if he be a devil or an angel, cannot sense pain beyond his limit.

All that passed was like a dim and bewildering vision. All that he saw in the streets of the city—the faces he beheld as they led him along those streets—all was like a nightmare. It did not seem as though anything was real.

The fallen angel stood for judgment in the judgment hall.

The judges and elders, shining like lightning, sat upon their golden thrones. They looked down upon the wretched one with beautiful, holy, unmerciful faces. He heard all that was said and answered all that was asked.

They pronounced judgment and he was condemned. He must quit the heaven in which he lived.

Whither should he go? He knew nothing but heaven and the world of spirits—and the vision of the kitchen. Despair came upon him and then he felt that they could not cast him out and that they could not harm him. Then he lifted up his voice and cried aloud in his despair, "I will not go! You shall not drive me out!"

There was a little space of silence. Then there was a great and sudden tumult. Daihas saw it all, though still as in a dream. He was turning his face slowly from right to left. Then it came to him as with a flash that they could not indeed cast him out of heaven. He had been

greater than them in his innocence and now he was greater than them in his pollution. They could not cast him out!

He heard a voice call upon Michael—then many voices calling "Michael! Michael! Michael!"

There came a blaze of light like a flash of lightning. Michael was there in the midst. He was there. He stood facing the fallen angel with awful archangelic front. The fallen one heard the archangel speak as though from a great distance. "Why do you remain here?" he said. "You are polluted."

In all the universe the fallen angel saw only the archangel's face. His breath was hot in his throat. "I stay here," he cried hoarsely, "because I want to live, and I have nowhere else to live."

"You cannot live here," said Michael; "you have polluted your angelhood, and you must go or you must die." He held a living flame of fire in his hand. He raised his hand aloft.

The brain of Daihas expanded and rang like a crystal bubble. He tried to shut his eyes but he could not. He waited for the stroke. It was all like a vision; he thought that these things could not be so, and that all would presently pass. He heard a shriek. It was Aiha. She broke away from those who would have held her and flung herself upon her husband's breast. She kissed his lips and he kissed hers—so she also became polluted.

Michael gave a loud cry and threw the fiery dart. Daihas heard Aiha scream as in echo even in the instant before he himself felt the dart. It pierced her back and his bosom. The agony! He screamed. He screamed again! The agony! It did not seem to belong to him. He felt his limbs twist and writhe. He shrieked. The great hall, the people, the judges, the archangels whirled and spun and blurred before his dizzy eyes.

Oh! What then! In one instant he saw an awful vision. Heaven was gone. The angels, the judges, the judgment hall, the heavenly city, all except Michael and his wife—all appeared hollow, hideous empty shells with no life, but a dead and phosphorescent pallor. He still held Aiha in his arms. She still writhed; he felt her fainting. There were flames. The flames were from his mouth and nostrils. The purple blackness of death fell roaring

upon him and then hummed into the silence of nothingness.

V.

TO THE SOIL OF THE EARTH.

He felt someone shaking him by the shoulder. He raised himself upon his elbow and looked around him, bewildered, like one first awakening from a sleep. Even as he awakened he smelled the savor of an aromatic odor in his nostrils. His wife was kneeling beside him shaking him by the shoulder.

He aroused himself. She was alive, and he was alive. Michael had not then destroyed them with living fire. He felt no ache, no pain, no smart. He was alive. An irrepressible joy swept like a great flood into his heart—a joy such as even heaven had never given him. He and she were alive—it was a real life.

He was upon his knees. He caught her in his arms. Her body was firm and warm. It seemed to him that she was firmer and warmer than she had ever been before, even in heaven. They kissed one another upon the lips. Neither spoke, they could not; the tears ran down from their eyes. They held one another very close, then slowly and reluctantly they loosed the embrace and stood on their feet.

"Where are we?" said she.

"I do not know," said he, "only that we are together and that we are really alive."

They looked about them and they saw that they were in a dark and shady forest. It was a forest of pine trees—dark, shadowy, silent. The trunks of the trees rose straight into the air; they were streaked gray and blue with resin. The wind moved through the branches overhead, now and then whispering and murmuring, now and then roaring sonorously. Everything else was perfectly silent except for the far-away clamor of a flock of crows. The wind did not reach them where they were. The air was hot and was full of the odor of resin, and underneath the feet was a soft and balsamic mat of brown.

"I think we are in a woods," said she. "I do not know where we are. Let us try to find our way out."

"Yes, come; let us find our way out."

They went away together hand in hand. They walked through the dark and silent woods for a long time. By and by the shadow of the woods grew less deep and after a while they came out into a sweet, fresh woodland of oak and beech and other trees. Now their feet rustled through great warm heaps of crisp dead leaves. They left a path of dark brown behind them, where the dry leaves were turned up by their footsteps. A damp, fragrant, earthy smell pervaded the air, cool after the warm stillness of the pines. The green and golden foliage above stirred and rustled ceaselessly. Quivering patches of golden sunlight shimmered and flickered everywhere. A little animal rustled suddenly in the leaves, and the wife caught the husband's arm at the quick sound. There were timid, gentle wild birds in the thickets, and a wood bird far away in the misty green of the further depths sang a few limpid notes, speaking somehow of cool shady places and hidden streams. Another brief liquid song answered it from a distance, then there was silence again, only for the rushing of the wind through the leaves overhead. They came to a brook that ran gurgling between dark stones and rippled over a gravelly shallow. They crossed the brook by stepping from stone to stone. Little fish shot, shadow-like, hither and thither at their passing. Beyond the brook they came to a roadway cut through the leaves and winding around the trees. They followed it, and by and by the woodlands began to grow thinner and the trees more young and slender. The sun shone down in broad, warm patches of light, the grass was high and green. They came to a broad shining pond with alders growing along the margin. There were thickets all about them, and flowers and taller clumps of grass. The air smelled fragrant of mint.

Beyond the thickets they came out into the dry grassy edge of an open field. Behind them were the thickets and the pond and the woods; before them the little field sloped up steeply in the broad, warm sun, to a low stone wall and a white gate. There was a white, dusty road beyond the wall and the gate, then another wall, then a low white farmhouse with green trees about it and white

outbuildings behind it; then a pasture where cows and sheep were grazing, then the sharp crest of the hill with a tree against the sky. A sweet, warm wind swept over the grassy hill and blew the hair of the young woman across her face. A cock crew in the sun and they could see pigeons flying about the eaves of the barn. It was all very strange and wonderful to the two fallen angels.

Then they saw a sight that was still more wonderful to them. They saw a man working. They had never before seen one toil at labor. A man was ploughing in the same field where they stood, driving the furrows straight. He wore no coat. Now and then he shouted to the horses. A flock of black birds followed behind him in the moist purple furrows.

The man did not see them until he had reached the end of the furrow and had turned his plough out of the earth. He turned the horses with a jerk, and as he did so he saw the two fallen angels standing, looking wonderingly at him. Then he drew the lines and stopped the horses. He wrapped the lines about the handle of the plough and came through the grass to where they stood. He was lean and strong and he had a hairy chin and throat. He wore a coarse linen shirt and the shirt was wet with sweat. The back of his hands and wrists were burned hard and brown with the sun and with toil, and were covered with hair; he took off his hat as he reached them, and wiped the sweat from his forehead with his sleeve. "Who are you?" said he.

"We do not know," said they (for they had forgotten their names).

"Where did you come from?"

"We came from what is called heaven."

The man stared at them wonderingly with pale gray eyes. "From heaven!" he repeated.

"What were you doing?" asked the fallen angel.

"I was working."

"I do not understand."

"I was ploughing," said the man.

"I do not understand."

"I was turning up the earth to plant fresh seed."

"I do not understand."

The man wondered. "I see, now, that you do indeed come from heaven," he

said. "It is this way with planting. The earth must be turned up so that which is underneath comes upon the top, and the grass and the things that grow are turned underneath. Then seed is sprinkled in the earth. The seed grows and becomes ripe, and produces more seed. Then the seed is gathered and is ground into flour, and the flour is made into bread, and the bread is eaten."

"I understand what bread is, for they eat bread in heaven."

The man laughed. "That is true," said he, "but if we down here did not plough the earth, they up yonder could not eat."

"I like it here," said the fallen angel. "May we live here?"

"You can live here as long as you choose," said the man who worked. "Only you will both have to work as we do."

The man lived in the house beyond the road. He sent them across the field and

up to the house. They walked up a long lane under the shady trees.

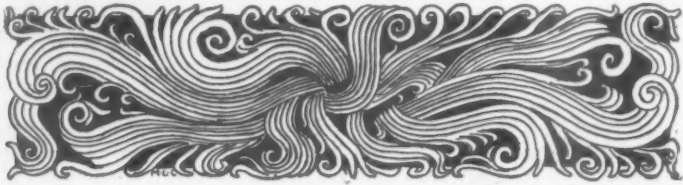
The woman of the house was busy in the kitchen at her work with the maids; her voice sounded loud and clear.

There was a cock with some hens lying in the dust of the lane where the sun shone; a cat and two dogs were lying in the sun beside the door of the kitchen. There were beehives beside a fence under the shade of a cherry tree and the bees flew about in the sun like golden motes.

The fallen angels felt so glad in the new life that they laughed for joy.

The man they had left behind went back to his ploughing. He spat upon his hands and laid them to the plough handle. He called to the horses, and as they strained forward he drove the ploughshare deep into the moist bosom of the fruitful soil of the earth.

The man did not know it, but the life in which he lived was not the life in which we live. That earth was not this earth.



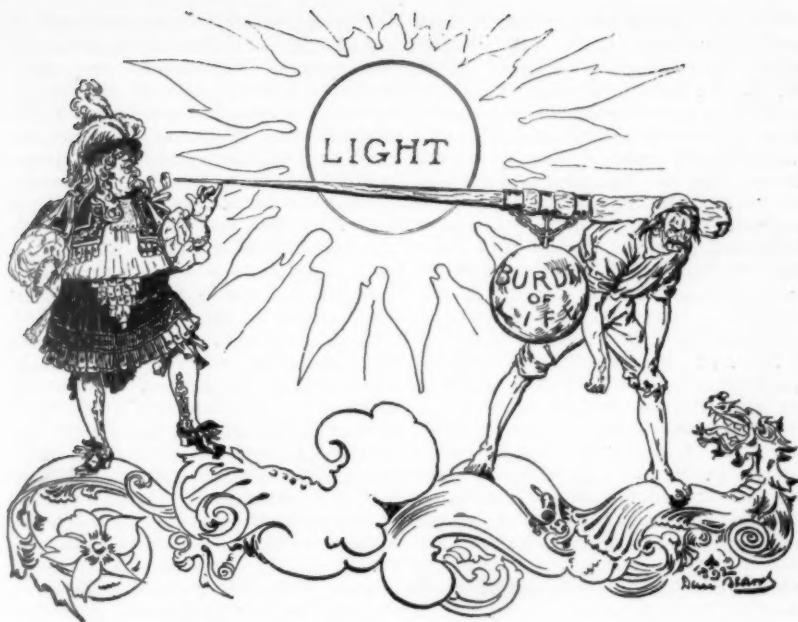
AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

BY WILLIAM WATERFIELD.

CLOUDS that o'er the waters sweep,
Weep your fill with them that weep;
Weep for joys of summer dead,
Weep for birds and blossoms fled;
Leaf by leaf the roses fall,
Time prevaieth over all.

Morning promise fadeth fast,
Strength of springtide may not last,
Flowers and insects, one by one,
Shrink as fails the weakened sun;
Deeper still the shadows fall,
Night prevaieth over all.

Yet doth yon unclouded steep,
Isled in seas of silver, sleep,
Yet the sweet rays, travelled far,
Tell of each untroubled star;
From our eyes the scales shall fall,
Love prevaieth over all.



THE WORKING OF THE DEPARTMENT OF LABOR.

BY CARROLL D. WRIGHT.

I. ITS ORIGIN.

THE Order of the Knights of St. Crispin was in a flourishing condition in Massachusetts in 1868 and 1869. In the latter year the order petitioned the legislature for an act of incorporation, but the petition was rejected. In the same year two petitions had been filed with the legislature, praying for a ten-hour law, but these petitions were indefinitely postponed. The rejection of the petition of the Knights of St. Crispin was probably the immediate turning point for the establishment of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor. It is generally believed that after the rejection of the petition fears were entertained by the leaders of the dominant party that the labor vote in the state might be alienated, and it was suggested by shrewd politicians that it might be politic to grant some concessions to the working men. Whether this belief is based on fact or not, it is true that after

the adverse action on the petitions of the order and of the ten-hour men a bill creating the bureau was suddenly introduced in the senate at a late day in the session. It was promptly rejected on the 12th day of June, but on the 14th the vote rejecting it was reconsidered and the bill passed under a suspension of the rules. It was amended slightly in the house of representatives and passed that body and received the governor's approval June 22, 1869. Thus was created by the act of the Massachusetts legislature the first office in the world whose function was the collection of information relating to social and industrial conditions. The facts relative to the creation of that office indicate that the legislative branch of the State government had motives of its own for creating it, for from all that can be gathered it seems to be certain that the immediate stimulus to the creation of the bureau was political necessity or expediency. The legislature seized upon the recommendations which had been

made by two special commissions, the first reporting February 7, 1866, recommending among other things, "that provision be made for the annual collection of reliable statistics in regard to the condition, prospects and wants of the industrial classes;" and the second, reporting January 1, 1867, unanimously recommending "that a bureau of statistics be established for the purpose of collecting and making available all facts relating to the industrial and social interests of the commonwealth." These recommendations are all that can be distinctly classed as official action prior to the creation of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor in Massachusetts, which dates from June 22, 1869. The functions of that bureau were defined by law as follows:

"The duties of such bureau shall be to collect, assort, systematize and present in annual reports to the legislature, on or before the 1st day of March in each year, statistical details relating to all departments of labor in the commonwealth, especially in its relations to the commercial, industrial, social, educational and sanitary condition of the laboring classes, and to the permanent prosperity of the productive industry of the commonwealth."

The substance of this language finds a place in nearly every law creating a state bureau of similar character in this country, and also in the federal law organizing the United States Bureau of Labor and subsequently the Department of Labor. There are now in this country twenty-seven state offices similar to that created in Massachusetts in 1869.*

The efforts looking to the establishment of a federal office date from April 10, 1871, when Honorable George F. Hoar of Massachusetts introduced a bill "to provide for the appointment of a commission on the subject of wages and hours of labor and the division of profits between labor and capital in the United States." December 13, 1871, Mr. Hoar reintroduced his bill with certain amendments, and amendments were also proposed by Mr. Killinger. This bill passed the house of representatives December 20, 1871, was brought into the senate January 8, 1872, and was referred to

the Committee on Education and Labor. It was reported back by Senator Sawyer, with certain minor amendments, and other amendments were proposed by Senator Wilson. Nothing more was done in that congress, which was the Forty-second; but April 23, 1879, the legislature of Massachusetts sent a resolution to congress asking for the establishment of a national bureau of labor, and May 5 of the same year Mr. Murch of Maine introduced a bill to establish a bureau of labor statistics. On December 8, 1879, Senator Hoar introduced in the senate a bill to establish a labor commission. No action was taken upon either bill. April 12, 1880, in the house of representatives, Mr. Warner introduced a bill to establish a bureau of mines and mining, a bureau of manufactures and a bureau of labor statistics in the Department of the Interior. This bill was never considered. January 9, 1882, in the house of representatives, Mr. Bedford reintroduced Mr. Warner's bill. December 4, 1883, in the senate, Mr. Blair introduced a bill to establish a bureau of statistics of labor, and December 10 of the same year, in the house of representatives, Mr. Willis introduced a bill to establish a bureau of statistics of labor and industries. December 11, the same year, Mr. Hopkins, in the house of representatives, introduced a bill to establish and maintain a department of labor statistics. February 12, 1884, the Committee on Labor of the house, after considering various bills, reported the bill introduced by Mr. Hopkins, to establish and maintain a department of labor statistics, and this bill passed the house of representatives April 19, 1884. It was received in the senate on the 21st of the same month, and was reported back, April 25, by Mr. Blair, chairman of the Committee on Education and Labor. May 22, 1884, Mr. Garland proposed certain amendments to this bill, as did Senator Aldrich. Out of these various bills introduced in 1883-4, an act establishing a bureau of labor in the Department of the Interior was framed and was signed by the president June 27, 1884. This act provided that "the commissioner of labor shall collect information upon the

* The various state bureaus have been created as follows: Massachusetts, 1869; Pennsylvania, 1872; Connecticut, 1873; Missouri, 1876; Ohio, 1877; New Jersey, 1878; Illinois and Indiana, 1879; New York, California, Michigan and Wisconsin, 1883; Iowa and Maryland, 1884; Kansas, 1885; Rhode Island, Nebraska, North Carolina, Maine, Minnesota and Colorado, 1887; South Dakota, North Dakota, Idaho and Utah, 1890; Tennessee and New Mexico, 1891.

subject of labor, its relation to capital, the hours of labor and the earnings of laboring men and women, and the means of promoting their material, social, intellectual and moral prosperity."

The earlier bills to which reference has been made were introduced as the result of the establishment of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor in Massachusetts; the later bills, those introduced in the year 1879 and subsequently, resulted from the various petitions of labor organizations.

The United States Bureau of Labor was organized in January 1885, and the commissioner of labor, February 4, 1885, addressed a letter to the honorable secretary of the interior declaring the policy of the office, in which he said:

"It should be remembered that a bureau of labor cannot solve industrial or social problems, nor can it bring direct returns in a material way to the citizens of the country; but its work must be classed among educational efforts, and by judicious investigations and the fearless publication thereof it may and should enable the people to comprehend more clearly and more fully many of the problems which now vex them."

After the bureau of labor—as one of the bureaus of the Department of the Interior—had been in existence three years and had shown the character of its work, the Knights of Labor demanded that congress should create a department of labor, to be independent of any of the general departments. To this end Congressman O'Neill of Missouri introduced a bill to establish a department of labor, and this bill was promptly passed by the house and the senate, and was approved June 13, 1888, the act providing that "there shall be at the seat of government a department of labor, the general design and duties of which shall be to acquire and diffuse among the people of the United States useful information on subjects connected with labor, in the most general and comprehensive sense of that word, and especially upon its relation to capital, the hours of labor, the earnings of laboring men and women, and the means of promoting their material, social, intellectual and moral prosperity." The act defines the organization of the department and the duties of the commissioner, and provides for transferring the bureau of labor, its duties, etc., to the Department

of Labor. The new department, therefore, simply continued the existence of the bureau of labor, but with independent functions. The head of the department was not placed in the cabinet, but occupied under the new law a position similar to that of the commissioner of agriculture before that department was made a cabinet office. The powers, duties and efficiency of the Department of Labor were placed on better footing than that which existed under the bureau of labor.

II. ORGANIZATION AND FUNCTIONS.

With this brief history of the origin of the United States Department of Labor, it is well to describe its organization and functions, as they really represent those of the various state bureaus. The department is presided over by a commissioner, entitled "The Commissioner of Labor;" there is a chief clerk, a disbursing officer, stenographers, statistical experts, special agents, librarian, translator, and a proper corps of clerks, messengers and watchmen. The grade of pay is the same as that pertaining to other federal offices. The functions of the department are to collect and publish information, as the law defines, relating to the material, social, intellectual and moral prosperity of laboring men and women. Under these broad powers the commissioner can undertake any investigation which in his judgment relates to the welfare of the working people of the country, and which can be carried out with the means and the force at his disposal. He is obliged by law to make an annual report covering the results of his investigations, and he may make, in his judgment, special reports on particular subjects whenever required to do so by the president or either house of congress, or when he shall think the subject in his charge requires a special report. There are thus several sources from which an investigation can emanate. The only limitation to the work is that of means and equipment.

The information under any investigation is usually collected on properly prepared schedules of inquiry in the hands of expert special agents, by which means only the information which pertains to an investigation is secured. Rambling and nebulous observations, which would

be likely to result from an investigation carried on by inquiries not properly scheduled, are thus avoided. The great advantages of this method have been demonstrated by many years of experience. Sometimes the peculiar conditions accompanying an investigation admit of the use of the mail, but as a rule the attempt to collect information upon any given subject under investigation through the mail has proved a failure. With properly instructed special agents, who secure exactly the information required, who are on the spot to make any explanation to parties from whom data are sought, and who can consult the books of account at the establishment under investigation, the best and most accurate information can be secured, and in a condition for tabulation; in fact, sometimes under this method the tabulation is partially accomplished by the form of the inquiry and answer as shown by the schedule. It should be remembered that the Department of Labor does not attempt to secure information concerning all the people or all the establishments of a city or of the country. This character of work belongs to the census office and to the methods of general enumeration. The Department of Labor must secure specific information and on specific topics.

The question is often asked, How do people receive the agents of the department? As a rule the reception is kindly, even if one declines to give the information sought. As representative and special facts are required, it is always found that if one establishment or one man from whom facts are desired declines to give them, some other establishment or some other man will be found sufficiently interested in the subject as presented to furnish the information. As time progresses the declinations are less frequent. The department never allows the names of parties furnishing facts to be given in its reports, but it seeks every method of verification open to it. Thus confidence is secured, from the knowledge that in none of the reports have private interests been endangered. Through this confidence manufacturers in this and other countries have opened their books of account, their pay rolls and their records to the agents of the department. Estimates, hearsay statements, what a man thinks relative

to a fact that can be ascertained—in fine, all variable elements—are carefully and strictly excluded and only original and positive data accepted. Even under this rigid method errors will creep into an official report, and sometimes a statistical conclusion will be, to a small degree at least, invalidated. Such an occurrence, however, is exceedingly rare in the history of the department.

After the information is brought into the office the schedules containing it are subjected to most careful scrutiny, for the purpose of ascertaining whether there are any logical faults or incongruities in it. If such are found the agent furnishing it is called upon to verify his work. What I mean by "logical faults or incongruities" is this: for instance, the product of an establishment may be given at a certain sum and the raw material at another, the two being entirely out of proportion. Under such circumstances a schedule could not be accepted, and there must be a re-examination. When the schedules are all verified the classifications and tabulations are made, every calculation being subjected to rigid verification in the preparation of copy for the press, and in the reading of the proof all original calculations must again be verified, all references re-examined, and every care taken to guard against typographical as well as clerical errors. Figures from the officers of the department or from the most skilled expert in it are never allowed to be printed until verified.

III. THE CHARACTER OF ITS WORK.

The altruistic spirit of the age undertakes to ascertain what social classes owe to each other, and statistical science helps the world to the answer. Generally three answers may be given to the inquiry. If we say social classes owe nothing to each other, then society retrogrades to civilized heathenism, and neither social science nor statistics has any place among the departments of human knowledge. If the answer is that social classes owe everything to each other, then socialism is the logical form of social organization. But if the answer is in the spirit of "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me," then we have put the Christian religion into

social science, have answered the question rationally, and must have the light of facts in order that the action, either of governments or of communities, under the spirit of this answer shall not be either futile or absurd. Altruism is the rule of the day as against the individualism of the past. Its tendency must be guided by facts, and facts can only be gained by the most faithful application of the statistical method, not only in the gathering thereof, but in the application. Personal observation on which to base conclusions is not sufficient. Very many illustrations might be given of this fact, but they are hardly essential. The assertion can be made, however, without fear of contradiction, that very many false conclusions have been deduced from observation which the facts, when properly classified, showed were erroneous. The attempt to compare criminal conditions through criminal statistics, the use of city criminal statistics as against those belonging to the country, the acceptance of one line of statistics relative to moral condition when two or three are essential—all these directions in which the statistical method is used teach us that ordinary observation is too faulty, at least for legislative purposes. So the character of the work of an office having the functions of the Department of Labor must be based upon the Baconian idea of securing the facts before taking the action.

The character of the work of the department has been critical, involving the closest application of the statistical method, and has been free to a large extent, if not entirely, from any desire to argue a point. If there have been errors in the origin of investigations they have arisen from a misconception of what constitutes labor statistics. A glance at the different volumes already issued may perhaps give the best evidence as to whether the department has properly construed the character of its work. It has practically issued seven annual reports, six being already before the public and the seventh being in press, and one special report, making eight in all during its seven and a half years of existence.

The first annual report related to "Industrial Depressions." The information for this report was collected and classified by a force entirely inexperienced, with a

small amount of money at command, with the anxiety that comes of the organization of a new work, with some jealousies as to the appointment of the head prejudicing its labors, with a critical watchfulness of friend and foe, and with the idea prevailing among labor organizations that the duty of the new office (then the Bureau of Labor) was in the nature of propagandism, and not of the educational function of gathering and publishing facts. This report upon Industrial Depressions, however, gave the Bureau of Labor a standing, and convinced its friends that with proper financial equipment it could handle any reasonable investigation that might be committed to it. The statistics published in that report bore upon the various features involved in depressions. It brought out for the first time the relation of nations to each other as producers and the various influences bearing upon discontent, and gave a summary of the causes and a classification as to regularity of previous depressions, etc., etc., every page bearing directly or indirectly upon the condition and the welfare of the working men and women of the country.

The second annual report related to convict labor as carried on in the penal institutions of the country. This investigation was directed by a joint resolution of congress. It comprehended all the facts ascertainable relating to the employment of convicts in every institution of whatever grade in the United States in which the inmates were in any way employed on any kind of productive labor. The results were exceedingly valuable, and they brought out the clear and well-defined relations between convict labor and other labor, the importance of it, the character of it, the relation of cost to product, and all the other features which one might expect as bearing upon the subject. The report also contained a most valuable digest of the laws of states and of countries in the past and for the present bearing upon the employment of convicts. All the methods in vogue were fully and freely described and discussed and their advantages and disadvantages brought into relation. Certainly the whole report must be considered strictly as one of labor statistics.

The third annual report was the result of an investigation relating to strikes and

lockouts occurring in the United States during the years 1881 to 1886, inclusive. The report was exhaustive and complete, so far as all the material facts relating to strikes and lockouts were concerned. It could not undertake to investigate the psychological elements of strikes except as such psychological elements were illustrated in actions and results. The statistical method fails when it undertakes to grasp the inner motives of men; but it succeeds when it undertakes to record the result of those motives as they appear to the public. The report contained a digest of laws relating to strikes and boycotts, so far as they exist, the course of the change of sentiment in judicial decisions on conspiracies, and a brief history of the great strikes of the past. Clearly, the report was one of labor statistics and nothing else.

The fourth annual report related to working women in twenty-two of the larger cities of the United States. It did not undertake to investigate the work of women in the lowest industrial pursuits, nor in the professions nor even in semi-professional callings, but gathered all the facts as to wages, expenditures, health, moral and sanitary surroundings and conditions, and results of work for those women popularly known as "shop girls"—perhaps the middle class of working women. The facts were almost entirely collected by women, who took every means to verify the statements made to them, and the results were a body of facts relating to more than 17,000 women. The report also comprehended what is being done in the cities canvassed in the way of clubs, homes, etc., to assist working women when out of employment or when otherwise requiring temporary encouragement. To my own mind, this report must be classed among the most valuable of those relating to labor.

The fifth annual report was upon the railroad labor of the country, and by it the results as to pay and the efforts of companies to assist their employees, the liability for accidents, and other features were brought out. Railroad corporations gave into the hands of the agents of the department their vouchers and pay rolls, from which were taken all the facts relating to wages and earnings. When it is understood that there are nearly a million employees of the

different railroad corporations in the country, the importance of securing and publishing the facts relating to them becomes apparent. The vast body of workers on the great railroad systems of the country, in whose hands the welfare of the community in many respects is placed, and upon whose faithfulness in the discharge of duty life and limb so largely depend, is a body for which all facts should be ascertained. This report has never been studied as it should be. It contains data of the greatest importance in the consideration of labor questions. The migration of labor—its tendency to change position and to seek new fields—was for the first time, so far as my knowledge goes, brought out and statistically stated. A new thought was also brought to light, resulting in what may be called the "theoretical condition" of employees working under the wage system. Philosophically, so far as the discussion of labor questions and of certain features of socialism is concerned, the fifth annual report offers material never before published.

The sixth and seventh annual reports are, strictly speaking, the most voluminous labor reports in existence. They relate primarily to the cost of producing iron and steel and cognate products, the textiles and glass in this and other countries. This work was ordered by congress in the organic law of the department. It took three years and a half of the most laborious efforts to collect and tabulate the information. The primary object of securing the information relative to the cost of production, so far as congressional action is concerned, was to ascertain the difference between the cost of producing articles abroad and in this country, that a more scientific conclusion might be reached relative to the rates of duties necessary for the purposes of equalization. Incidentally, however, along with the collection of the data required by congress, the wages of those working in the industries comprehended by the investigation, as stated, and the cost of the living of workers in these industries were considered, and the bulk of the reports (the sixth and the seventh) relate to wages and the cost of living, comprehending in the latter feature the facts for more than 16,000 families. Thoroughly and preëminently are these reports reports of labor statistics.

A special report upon the statistics of and relating to marriage and divorce was sent to congress in 1889, under a special provision in the appropriation act enabling the commissioner to make the report. This document covers the statistics of marriage and divorce in the United States for twenty years, from 1867 to 1886 inclusive, and it comprehends also the statistics and laws of other countries. To make it required the collection of data from libels of divorce and divorce dockets of more than 2600 courts in the United States having divorce jurisdiction. Much has been said by my friends in labor organizations condemnatory of this report, not as to its character, but as to the propriety of the Department of Labor making it. The answer is very emphatic and to my mind thoroughly comprehensive: that congress found the Department of Labor the only one connected with the government having the proper machinery for carrying out its purposes, and further, if there is any subject in which labor should be actively interested, and which concerns the happiness of the working man, it is the sacredness and the permanency of home relations. To my own mind, the report upon marriage and divorce is as thoroughly—although on the first appearance somewhat remotely—essential to labor in all its interests as any reports upon wages or cost of living.

In addition to these annual reports and the special report on marriage and divorce, the department has been engaged for nearly a year in collecting for the senate of the United States the statistics of wages and prices for a period of fifty-two years, from 1840 to 1891, inclusive. This work was undertaken by the department in co-operation with the committee on finance of the senate for two reasons: first, because the department had already entered upon the plans for carrying on precisely the same work, which a resolution of the senate directed its finance committee to carry out; and second, because the department, with its experts and trained agents, could accomplish by its methods what a committee could never expect to accomplish by the only methods to which it can resort. So, with the assistance of the senate committee, the department entered upon this great work of securing the information which all writers upon economic

topics, whether in or out of labor ranks, are constantly calling for.

To my mind, all the facts which have so far been gathered and published by the department bear, either directly or indirectly, upon the industrial and humanitarian advance of the age, and are all essential in any intelligent discussion of what is popularly known as the "labor question." Labor statistics must not be considered as simply statistics relating to narrow fields, but, in the language of the law creating the Department of Labor, they should relate to the "material, social, intellectual and moral prosperity" of all concerned; and this means the material, social, intellectual and moral prosperity of society itself. If the industrial elements of a nation are not progressing intellectually and morally to a higher social plane, little can be expected from all the educational efforts which may be made under the conventional and academic methods. There must be the broader education which comprehends the industrial freedom of men and women as a prerequisite to securing intellectual and political freedom.

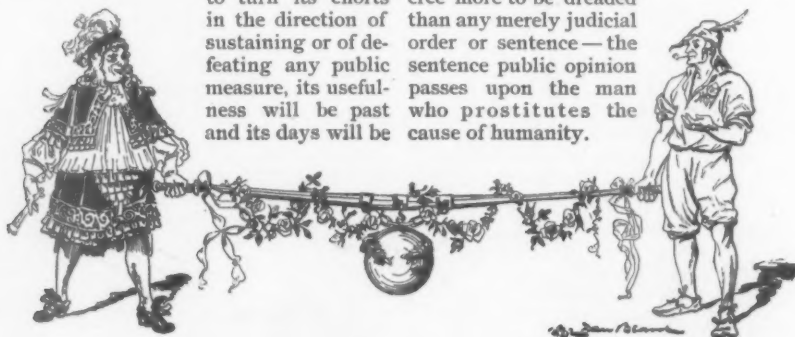
Kindly criticism is sometimes made upon the department by its friends that it does not do this or that—that it has not taken up investigations that are most pressing in their nature. The answer to this is that the department is limited in many directions. It would be a very great piece of maladministration to undertake an investigation that could not be carried to reasonable completeness, to undertake a work which the department has neither the means nor the equipment to carry on, and very many of the suggestions which are in the kindest way made to it are suggestions which it would involve the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars to carry out, and the employment of a force of hundreds of people instead of the use of the means and the force at the command of the department. There has never been a suggestion made relative to the work of the department that the commissioner would not gladly have carried out had he had the means to do so. And yet congress has been very liberal. Commencing with \$25,000 as the annual appropriation for the Bureau of Labor, congress now appropriates more than \$175,000, exclusive of printing, for the administration of the department, and so far as I know

there has been no inclination on the part of the house, the senate or the president to in any way abridge or interfere with the work of the department, or in any way to "strangle it in its labors" or "make it an object of ridicule," as has been alleged. On the other hand, it has met with the most generous confidence on the part of congress and of the president, and been aided in all reasonable ways in bringing its work to a high standard of excellence.

The department can determine many things by the statistical method, and it must work emphatically on that method. It is often said that it should undertake the agitation of certain features of reform; in other words, that it should become the instrument of propagandism. But when this proposition is made, the question should be asked, Whose ideas of reform should be adopted, of what propositions should it become the propagandist, and to what extent should it argue for or against the platforms of this or that party or organization? It seems to me that all men who comprehend the value of accurate knowledge must see at once that for the department to enter upon such a course would result in its immediate abolition; that should it become the advocate of any theory it would thereby become partisan in its work and thus destroy its own efficiency. If the department advocates a proposition it necessarily takes the position of an advocate, and hence a partisan, and lays itself open to the charge of having collected facts to substantiate and bolster up its position, or of having neglected to secure facts which might antagonize such position. Whenever the head of the Department of Labor attempts

to turn its efforts in the direction of sustaining or of defeating any public measure, its usefulness will be past and its days will be

few. It is only by the fearless publication of facts, without regard to the influence those facts may have upon any party's position or any partisan's views, that it can justify its continued existence, and its future usefulness will depend upon the non-partisan character of its personnel. And what has been said in regard to the federal office applies with equal force to the state offices of kindred nature. Practically, the federal and state offices are working along legitimate lines. They have published nearly 170 volumes. The French, New Zealand, Belgian and Swedish governments are copying from us, having established bureaus of statistics of labor on the American plan. The future of usefulness open to this chain of offices is hopeful, indeed, and it is apparent that they are engaged in a grand mission in securing that information which is essential for the proper understanding of industrial conditions. The results they are bringing out constitute a most valuable series of contributions to social and political science. The popular education of the masses in the elementary facts of political and economic science is the greatest educational end of the day. The bureaus of statistics of labor are emphatically in the line of facilitating this grand work by their faithful investigations into all the conditions where facts should be known and into all causes of bad conditions of whatever nature, and by their fearless promulgation of the results of their investigations. To attempt to turn such a sphere of labor to base purposes is a crime not easily punishable by law, but which can be punished by an unwritten law which reaches the violator through a decree more to be dreaded than any merely judicial order or sentence—the sentence public opinion passes upon the man who prostitutes the cause of humanity.





"SO SHE JEST TAKES A STICK AN' BEATS HIM."

"MAW."

BY EUNICE CAREW.

"MISS SARAH! Did y'ever heah Mistah Moody preach?"

"No, Lavinia, I never did."

"Maw went ter heah him de udder artemnoon, an' w'en she come home she foun' Mistah Jonsing drunk; so she jest takes a stick an' beats him, he! he! he!" Lavinia laughed, bending over the ironing table, while Miss Sarah, in a shocked tone, exclaimed,

"Oh! Lavinia, surely your mother does not whip your husband?"

"Laws, yes, she do, Miss; an' de chil-d'en, seein' her lick d'ar fawder, went at her, an' den she turned roun' an' licked de hull on 'em! Den Dely—she's de baby—she went behin' her an' begin ter poun'

her wid her little fists (she's got a temper jest like Maw), an' she sez, 'Yer black nigger gramther! yer black nigger gramther!' an' Maw, she flew roun' an' sez, 'I'll teech yer ter call me black nigger,' an' she licked her too. Jest den I cum in, an' I sez, 'Wot's de matter, Maw, whar's yer bin?' fur she hadn't tuk her bunnit off 'er yit. She sez, 'I'se bin ter heah Moody,' an' sez I, 'I don't think it done yer much good,' an' she looked like she wur gwine ter lick me, so I quick sez, 'Wot d'e preech 'bout, an' wot d'dey sing?' an' she sez, 'Dey sung sumthin' 'bout "Yous must fight ef yez wud reign."' 'So,' sez I, 'yer come home an' fit de hull fam'ly, hey?' Den Mistah Jonsing

(he's dat silly w'en he's drunk!) held up his finger an' sez, 'Hush! de king is on his throne!' He's dredful 'fraid o' Maw, she hab sech a awful temper. W'y, even Marse Tom didn't like ter go agin her."

"She didn't whip him, did she, Lavinia?" asked Miss Sarah, who liked to make her talk.

"No, Miss, but I dunno but wot she wud ef she tuk a notion; she did clar out a hull houseful o' w'ite folks oncet, dey wuz sea'd ter death o' her. Yer see, w'en I wuz a little mite 'bout seben year old, Marse Tom hired me out fur my clo'es an' wittals ter a fam'ly wot didn't use me good. One day I hed ter go 'bout a mile ter de spring fur water, an' I wuz barfooted, an' hadn't no hood on, an' I wuz mose froze, an' wuz a cryin' 'cause dey had bin a beatin' me, an' I met Maw a comin' ter see me. W'en I telled her wot dey done she wuz dat mad she tuk a fence rail an' druv 'm outen de house, an' none of 'em dassent cum in agin tell she went home."

"Why did your master let you live with such people?" asked Miss Sarah.

"No more he didn't, Miss, after my time wuz out, but kep' me home ter wait on Miss Meely. She wuz Marse Tom's wife, an' Maw b'longed to her ennyways."

"Was your mother your mistress's maid?" inquired Miss Sarah.

"Laws no, Miss, her temper wuz so awful dey never kep' her home, she war mos' allays hired out. Wy, wot d'yer think she said oncet whar she war hired fur to cook? She went in an' seen one o' these yere ol' box stoves, an' she sez, 'Yer 'spect me ter cook on one o' dem? whar's yer bilin'-water kittle, an' yer fry-pan? I ain't a gwine ter do no cookin' as is wuth whiles on sech a stove as dat; tain't fit fo' po'r w'ite trash, let alone 'spectable culled pussons.' An' d'yer know, Miss, she raised sech a row dey hed ter go out an' buy a cook stove. Yer see, she wuz a elegant cook, an' dey all wanted her, tell dey got tired ob her temper. An' anoder place, w'en de mistis ast her could she fold an' sprinkle clo'es, she druv de mistis outen de kitchen an' sez, 'G'long, chile, I done sprinkle clo'es fore you wuz bawn.' Ef yer let Maw alone she's all right, but she won't let no one tell her nothin'."

"Was not she afraid of being whipped when she spoke so?"

"Maw? W'y, she fit so thar wusn't no man das't tech her, she'd tear thar eyes out."

"Had she always such a temper?" asked Miss Sarah.

"Well, no, Miss, not at fust; she wuz brung up along o' Miss Meely, an' wuz made much of, an' w'en she war married jest afore Miss Meely, dey give her a splendid weddin' an' she got kinder sot up an' 'spected ter hab eberything her own way. Well, w'en Miss Meely married Marse Tom, yer know Maw b'longed to her, an' Maw's husban' b'longed to de doctor—Miss Meely's brudder—an' allays driv fur 'im, an' he thought a heap on him an' wouldn't sell him, nor he wouldn't buy Maw, tho' Miss Meely said she'd sell Maw rather 'an part 'em; tho' Maw didn't never like de doctor, an' wouldn't leave Miss Meely; so dey couldn't fix it nohow, an' Maw nebber seed her husban' agin. Well, dat made her a kind o' glum, cause she were powerful fond o' him, an' when her babies wuz bawn (dey wuz twins, a boy an' a gal), she jest seemed 's if she couldn't love 'em enough; she couldn't nebber b'ar 'em outen her sight, an' she wouldn't nebber leabe 'em to do nothin' fur nobody but Miss Meely. She named de little gal Meely right away, but she couldn't s'lect no name fur de boy. Dey all kep' a tellin' her of names fur him, but no one dassent s'gest de name of her husban', 'cause she hadn't nebber spoke of him oncet; an' she wouldn't name him after Marse Tom, she hated him so, 'cause he'd made her take anudder husban'. So it run on, an' Miss Meely kep' a astin' her ef she'd named de baby, an' she kep' a sayin' no. So one day Miss Meely sez, 'I guess we'll have ter call him 'Nonymous.' An' Maw said she'd jest as lief, do she'd nebber heern dat name afore. So dat's wat he were named. Miss Meely larfed an' said she didn't mean it; but Marse Tom an' ol' mistis an' eberyone called him dat. He were a right smart boy, I 'members him well, tho' I were on'y five year old (three years younger 'an him) when he were sold."

"Sold!" exclaimed Miss Sarah in a horrified tone. "Oh! Lavinia, away from his mother?"

"Yes, Miss, bof of 'em. Yer see, ol' mistis, Marse Tom's mudder, were a hard woman, an' somehow or nuther she took a unilike to dem two child'en; couldn't nebber abar 'em; an' one maw'nin' w'en Maw were away wid Miss Meely, a trader come along an' she made Marse Tom sell em bof. Well, but yer orter seed Maw w'en she come home an' couldn't fin' dem child'en; she raged roun' like a wild beast, an' fum dat blessed minit she hated ol' mistis an' Marse Tom wuss nor pizen, an' dat's w'en her temper riz so orful. She ain't nebber spoke of 'em sence, but I knows she don't furgit, an' ef enny-thing crosses her, she flies roun' in sech a rage, 'pears like she'd go ter kill ennybody."

"Are you the only child your mother has left?" inquired Miss Sarah pityingly.

"Laws, no, honey; dars me an' Olympia an' Diana an' Adolphus. He were bawn de year afore de waw, an' w'en Maw cum away from Furginny she brung him wid her, an' sent him to school up here; an' he's head waiter now in a big hotel in Baltimaw, I disremembers de name. She taken us girls ter de school ter Hampton ter stay tell she sent fur us."

"I suppose you were all freed by the Emancipation Proclamation," remarked Miss Sarah.

"I suppose we were, Miss, but long 'fore dat, jest as soon as the no'therners—de soldiers, I mean—begun comin' down, Maw quit livin' wid de white people, an' went to her own cabin an' cooked piles o' wittals an' sold 'em to de soldiers an' made lots er money. She'd set de child'en to watch, an' w'en dey seed de soldiers a comin' dey'd run an' tell her, an' she'd begin ter bake. W'y, she's

baked mor'n a hundurd poun's o' flour en a week."

"Did your master give it to her?" asked Miss Sarah.

"Give it to her!" Lavinia exclaimed, laughing, "no, miss, she done tuk it! W'y, Marse Tom wusn't dar, he were a hidin' in de woods an' dar wusn't nobody up to de house. Arter all de suvants runned away, Marse Tom he locked de door hisself an' gib me de key, cause he said he could trust me wid it."

"Why, how old were you?" asked Miss Sarah.

"I were thirteen den, but I were berry little an' nobody wouldn't think o' me a havin' de key."

"But did not your mother know it?"

"Laws, no, Miss, I dassent tell her, she hated Marse Tom so, she'd a gib it ter de soldiers, but dey broke in ennyways. Dey come along one day, some officers an' gin'rals, an' dey knocked an' banged at de door an' dey sez, 'Whar's yer marse-ter?' an' sez I, 'I dunno, sah; an' dey sez, 'Whar's de key ter de house?' an' I sez,

'I dunno, sah,' an' me havin' it in my bosom all de time. Den dey went all aroun' de house an' broke in a winder, an' I in arter 'em, follerin' of 'em all aroun'. An' dey went all over de house an' broke open de burer drawers, scan'alous, an' tuk Marse Tom's clo'es an' I kep' a sayin', 'Yer mus-sent tech dem clo'es, dey's Marse Tom's,' but dey only larfed an' kep right on. But wen dey come to Miss Meely's things, dar wus a box o' letters dey wus pullin' out, an' I sez, 'Let 'em alone, dey's Miss Meely's letters wot she writ to Marse Tom,' an' I bust out a cryin', 'cause I know'd Marse Tom thought more o' dem letters as enny-



LAVINIA.

thing he'd got, an' yer know Miss Meely war dead den. Den one o' de gin'ral's sez to me, 'Who is Miss Meely?' an' I said, 'She's Marse Tom's wife an' she's dead.' So den hesez, 'Let 'em alone, boys,' an' he wouldn't leab 'em tech ennything 'at I said was Miss Meely's. Bime by he ast me agin, 'Whar's Marster Tom?' an' I said, 'Laws sakes, massa! how should I know?' but I did all de same, fur I used ter take his wittals to him w'enever I could manage ter steal enny. Maw cotched me one day an' sez, 'Whar yer gwine wid dem wittals?' an' I sez, 'Dar's a ol' sow down in de

woods, wid a litter o' pigs, an' I's a gwine down ter feed her.' So she says, 'I'll g'long down bime by an' drive her up.' Itell yer I were scart, an' w'en I telled Marse Tom he sez, 'She carn't fin' me; I got er place ter hide in she don't know nothin' about, so don't yer be skeered.' "

"Would she have betrayed him?" Miss Sarah asked.

"Laws, yes, Miss, quick's a wink; she did hate him so, an' she got sech a awful temper," answered Lavinia, as she folded the last article and hung it on the clothes horse.

MYSTERY.

BY AMÉLIE RIVES.

I.

MEN love thee not, dear, holy Mystery,
But seek to slay thee who art one with life;
The hidden impulse of its noblest strife,
The subtle force by which our spirits see.
—Thou wisdom of the Dark!—Man wants not thee,
But knowledge, as an urchin craves a knife
Although it wound him; for this age is rife
With petty doubt and curiosity.

We long to map the wrong side of the moon,
To know the stars like simple meadow-flowers,
To make of space one dreary commonness,
Not deeming Death's soft plenitude a boon,
Since it infolds us from the rushing hours
And makes our dream of victory ever less.

II.

Ah, stubborn egoism of the mind,
That will not read God's precious silence right,
Striving to drag His secret to the light
Of its small torch. Shall we not some day find
Blest Mystery, we not so wholly blind,
That thou art twin to Deity, more bright
In shadow than man's wisdom at its height,
And one with love, though differing in kind?
Than hunger of the soul more keen its thirst!
So, later, thou shalt take thy rightful place
With weary man and hear him call thee blest.
But lo! how God hath loved thee from the first—
For when He made the deep He veiled His face,
Lest He should see His image in its breast!



THE TOWN MEETING.

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

I RECEIVED a letter not long since from a young friend who is, as I think, one of those who are to be leaders of men, as his father was. He told me that he and his friends were trying to introduce in the fine town he lives in, in one of the middle states, the advantages of the old town meeting of the New England early days, and he asked for some information from a Yankee born, which I was glad to give him.

The letter has led me, since I received it, to make a good many inquiries as to the possibility of achieving what he proposed in other communities. I have occasion to see the smaller towns a good deal, as lecturer, as preacher, and in general as loafer or traveller, and I believe that there is a good opening for real improvement in local government, not so much in the form as through the spirit involved, by working out experiments in the line suggested.

The old "town meeting" of New England has been loyally praised, and never too loudly. It has never been studied as it deserves, not even by the men who praised it most. John Adams speaks of

it as one of the four corner stones of the republic. This passage is often cited by speakers who do not seem to remember that two-thirds of the old thirteen states knew nothing of the system of the town meeting. And it is applauded by audiences, who forget that it never was a working institution of much power outside the six states of New England. In them, however, it is fresh with its original vigor, as Mr. Macaulay would say. It is often sapped and mined by the substitution for "towns" of little cities, with much fuss and feathers. But it works just as well as it ever did, and is an absolutely successful object lesson in home government.

Nor is there anything more amusing than its history might be made, as there is certainly nothing more edifying and instructive than a day spent in watching its operation. I do not know why none of our real American authors have brought a good picture of it into a romance. I wish I had done so myself. Still more, I wish that Mr. Howells had, or Mr. Judd, or Mr. Lowell or Mr. Higginson, or among the older school, Austin or even Willis. I have

never seen it represented in any Joshua Whitcomb play, but that admirable dramatic school could use it with great advantage.

Historically, as everybody knows, there was nothing to which it was not equal. In these degenerate days the General Court of Massachusetts wavered, for a little, when it was asked by some curious party if a town might put up an electric light without leave. But the old town meeting asked nobody but the good God whether it might defy George III. It voted war against him, and instructed the selectmen to buy the necessary flints and powder. It could strike and it could strike hard.

Poor Gage, the last royal governor, found he could no more kill it than he could cut off the head of a hydra. He was once instructed from "Home" that there must be no more town meetings without his consent. So he sent for the selectmen of Boston and told them that they must not call any more without his permission—to which they assented, with a readiness which surprised and should have warned him. He knew they would keep their word, for they were gentlemen of the best type that we know how to make in Boston.

To Gage's surprise, within a very few days he heard of an outrageous town meeting in Faneuil hall, which had passed resolutions and done more than that defying the royal authority. He sent at once for his friends the selectmen, and reminded them of their promise that they would call no more town meetings. To which they replied, in admirable surprise, that they had not called this; it was an adjourned meeting, and was continued by its own power. Poor Gage asked how many more adjourned meetings there were, and they told him that they had four adjourned meetings then alive, that these would continue indefinitely, they did not know how long. It was for the people of Boston to say whether they would meet or not. As Lenthall said so well to Charles I., "Sire, in this house I have no eyes to see nor ears to hear, save as the house directs, whose servant I am." So the selectmen were merely the servants of the town, to do whatever the town should direct them.

Now, the trouble which my young

friends will find in establishing a new town meeting in any western neighborhood not used to a town meeting, will be the absence at the beginning of this absolute power. It is true that any board of supervisors, any board of trustees, or any other village government which may have been set up by statute in any state, would obey, and that with great deference, the instructions of any considerable majority of the people of that village or town. But the trouble will be to bring those people together, under circumstances at all analogous with the circumstances in which a New England town meeting meets. Remember, this is no accidental hurrying into the town hall to vote as you go to your business in the morning. It is not an election, where a man goes in and drops his ballot and is off, so that at night he forgets to tell his wife that he has voted. A town meeting is a solemn matter for the day long, perhaps for two or three days. All business stops on that day. The general court of Massachusetts itself adjourns for one or two days in March, so that its members may be present at the town meetings of their towns. God forbid that this should be on any special day in March; for there is no power on earth which can say to a New England town that it must meet on this day or on that day! The town will meet when it chooses to. But practically it is convenient for the town to meet after the wood has been cut and before the ploughs are put in in the spring; and that means it is convenient for the town to meet in March. It is also a general habit for the town to meet on Monday. We have accordingly dared, in the general court of Massachusetts, to go so far as to say that "the annual meeting of each town shall be held in February, March or April." Observe, however, it may be called at any other time, when the selectmen shall interfere. For in Massachusetts we do not dictate to our sovereign. If the selectmen refuse to call a meeting, any justice of the peace of the county may call one, on the application of ten or more voters.

Whatever the day is, everybody comes together. There is no decent boy over fourteen years old who would not be ashamed if he could not go to the town meeting, to sit on the back benches, and hear Nahum Smith cross-question the

squire or throw in his doubts about the sidewalk, or to join in the applause at the discomfiture of the chairman of the school committee. There is no possible ring where there is a town meeting. There is not a boss in this world who has brass enough to stand the interrogatory of that grand jury when it is in session. When the selectmen have made their report about that business of crossways, what has been done and what has not been done, then Nahum Smith may rise, whoever he be, and put the fatal question, "I should like to be informed why the selectmen took the stone from the Red Hill quarry and did not take it from the Cross-roads quarry, which was nearer?" If there is any cat beneath that meal, that cat will appear. The town meeting opens all eyes and all ears, and we must all be ready to give an account of ourselves, of what we have done and what we have not done.

Now it will be easy enough to call a meeting of volunteers, to discuss matters of the public weal, in any town in America. Under the novelty of a beginning, and with the promise of the leading citizens that they will be present, it would probably be possible to bring together half the men of the town and all the women. But be it observed, that there is no room for women in the genuine town meeting of New England. It is not an arena with galleries, excepting for those boys. Leaving them out, everybody is an actor, or may be. Still I should hope that there might be found two or three of what are called holidays in the year, when almost all the people, even of a town unused to a town meeting, might be brought together, men, women, boys and girls, for a discussion of its affairs. Could not the new Arbor day be made of use in this way? Could we not set out our hundred trees on the highways, and then adjourn to the townhall to hear a set of reports from the town officers and to discuss the best improvements for the future? Or could not an occasion be made at the end of the meeting of the legislature to invite our delegate to the legislature to give an account in brief of the most important things which the legislature has done for our county or our neighborhood or for the state? Could not this occasion be taken for a discussion of what interests us most—the health of the town, the education of

the town, the charities of the town, its hospitalities, its beauty, its cleanliness, its advance in whatever way towards the ideal town which we mean that it shall be? I am one of those who think that the members of the legislatures are most ungratefully treated. They spend perhaps half the year away from home, in working for the state and for the community. They are almost infallibly abused in the public press, and constant effort is made to show that, as a body, they are a pack of the most insignificant hounds in existence. Yet in truth we know that we generally send gentlemen of character and real ability to represent us, and that they give time which hardly anything can remunerate to this service.

Is it indeed generally remembered, in this state of New York, that one member of the House of Assembly at Albany represents a constituency about as large, practically, as the constituency of a member of Parliament? The average number of English people who send a member to Parliament is about 45,000; I suppose that this is about the average number of people who send a delegate to Albany. Such a man goes to Albany, he fights with beasts at Ephesus, as good St. Paul would have said, he comes home to his work, which he has had to neglect in the public service, and how many people say "Thank you" to him? Would it not be a good thing if we called together the best citizens of the village, or all the citizens of the village, and gave him such a welcome as to such duty belongs? And if anybody chooses to tell me that the people of New York send inferior men now to the state legislature, I, who do not believe that, will reply, that a general system by which a member should always be welcomed home in a public meeting, and should give a frank statement of what has been done or has not been done for the interest of his neighborhood or the state, would greatly improve the quality of the membership in the years to come.

I am by no means certain that the unfortunate "Fourth of July" might not be used for a town meeting, in a town where no meeting was called by order. I do not observe that people go with great curiosity to hear the revolutionary straw threshed again, even though it be well threshed. But how could we better celebrate inde-

pendence than to take a day which nobody knows exactly what to do with, for a meeting, in good spirits, in cordial forgetfulness of petty issues, of all the people of the town—people of all the parties, people of all the sects, and people of no party and no sect? Would it not be easy for the leaders of a town to arrange for such a meeting, which should begin early in the morning and should last till late in the afternoon? The first year I would not bring up the most annoying subjects. I should think on the first year there might be a good discussion, by the best men, and if you please the best women, of those matters where everybody is, on the whole, in accord as to the principle, and where people differ only as to the detail. Thus, everybody wants good education, everybody wants good health, everybody wants good drainage, everybody wants the town to be the best town in the county, the county the best county in the state, the state the best state in the nation, the nation the best nation in the world. After people have once "tasted blood," they all want a public library; an hour or two might be admirably well spent in considering how that might be brought about. I know two nice girls who, in a town of 1500 people, highly resolved that the boys should have something better to do than to sit on the tops of casks in the grocery and throw lager-beer corks at each other. That was at the moment their employ of evenings. Because those two girls highly

resolved on this, there is now a public library in that town, 900 out of the 1500 inhabitants are subscribing members of the library association, and the boys and the girls, and the old men and the old women have the best reading which the world can give. Fourth of July might well be spent in bringing about such a result as that where it was needed.

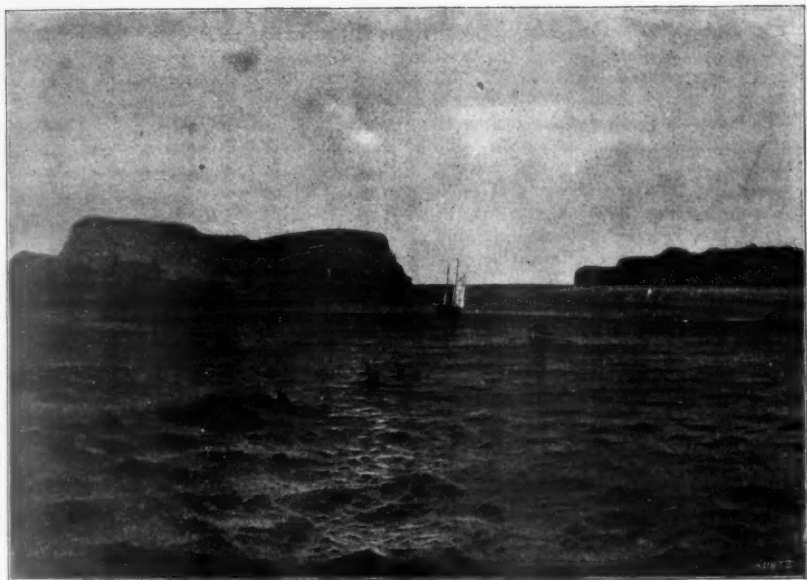
I am not at all certain but that, in a union of the churches, say on Thanksgiving day or some other religious festival, a good deal might be done in bringing about a steady, working town meeting, which, if you please, might pass its resolutions—at all events, which any board of supervisors or trustees who have the legal authority would greatly respect. Supervisors and trustees want to do what the town wants. How are they to find out unless the town tells them? If the habit were well started which should call together people for frank and open discussion of those matters which are of most interest, I do not believe that the mere technical fact that the vote of the town is not binding upon the people who are really the selectmen of the town would have a great deal to do with the efficiency of the meeting itself. At all events, whatever you may say about the detail of my illustrations, I am quite clear that my young friends in the state of Franklin have found the right tree, and are barking up that tree to advantage, in their plans for establishing a town meeting there.

"BY MAN'S OWN WILL."

By DORA READ GOODALE.

By man's own will, on man's own soul, is writ
Of thoughts, words, deeds, the history, bit by bit;
This page, who can erase when such shall be
Carried from time into eternity?





PELAGIC SEALERS AT WORK.

OUR FUR-SEAL ROOKERIES.

THEIR CARE AND CONSERVATION.

BY HENRY W. ELLIOTT.

WHEN we purchased Alaska in 1867, among the many millions of us then there were perhaps less than half a dozen who knew that with this purchase we acquired right and title to the Pribylov group of fur-seal islands and all that appertained to them; and again it is true that none of us ever dreamed of such a combination of sealing and seizure in the open waters of Behring sea and the North Pacific ocean as has taken place therein during the last four or five years.

When in 1870-74 the extraordinary numbers of the fur seal as it hauled out on these islands became known, and the peculiar habits of the animal itself while visiting this land were generally described, the interest of our people in these unique amphibian stockyards of our government was equally felt and shared by the readers of the old world. Then, too, apart from the biological curiosity and interest aroused,

the envied sealskin sacque and furs caused much inquiry; then the newspapers and the magazines and book publishers came forward to meet that inquiry.

Therefore, long before the inception of the present dispute over the question of jurisdiction in Behring sea and the protection of the fur seal from the deadly work of the pelagic sealer, the public had become quite familiar with the general idea of what our fur-seal rookeries of Alaska looked like, and were worth. But in 1886 a little cloud appeared on the horizon of Behring sea, shadowed out as early as 1881, which has grown into the form and spread of sure destruction for these rookeries, unless something is done to divert it—unless something is done at once to check the pelagic sealer the commercial ruin of these rookeries is at hand: even the extermination of the fur-seal species in Alaskan waters is threatened.

When the writer visited the seal islands in 1872-74, he found the rookeries in about the same fine form and great number that they had exhibited during the twenty years preceding, i.e., since 1854; and he found the sealing methods of driving and skinning conducted very much as the Russians had done since 1834; the curing and handling of the pelts was, however, managed by us in a different and greatly better form. But the Russian plan of killing was the correct one after all, and a vast deal of the present diminution of seal life is due to our "improvement" on that method.

When the Russians operated the islands they were not paying any tax and royalty rental for each skin taken and shipped, and when the drive of young male seals reached the killing grounds, the culling of this herd, so as to take nothing but the largest and finest three and four year olds, was not done—the entire drove was slaughtered save the remarkably undersized ones or the adults—less perhaps than five per cent. of the whole number driven up. The Russians sold their skins in the Chinese market, and the Chinese prized the small skins on account of their cleaner, brighter color, since they never plucked and dyed them, as we do.

But our method has been to cull the driven herds after they reached the killing grounds, so as to take nothing but the largest killable seals: this plan naturally grows out of the desire to pay tax on nothing but the finest skins, since the law

makes no discrimination between the small skin and the large one after shipment, when the total number is summed up for settlement. This practice of ours, of culling the driven herds, has been working injury—especially during the last five years; and this injury on land, in conjunction with the wasteful and deadly destruction of the animals by the open-water sealers, has at last, by 1890, suddenly brought the Pribylov fur-seal rookeries to the verge of commercial ruin.

Our mistaken practice of culling the herds grew up in good faith; the seals spared and permitted to shamle off to the sea from the killing grounds were supposed to be uninjured by the driving, and were thus simply saved to grow up, and either fall under the club next year, or eventually mature and find their places on the breeding grounds. But, unfortunately, this idea of the spared or culled seals being unhurt is not true; it is true only so far as this, that those seals which we hustle off into the sea from the slaughtering grounds because they were too small always give the most animated and lively expression of supreme happiness when their heated, strained bodies strike the water; they leap and sport and swim rapidly away, apparently unhurt, in so far as all outside appearances go; but in fact they are injured, and this injury will become plain to the reader when we picture the "drive" as it is conducted.

Until the young male fur seal is six years old he is not able successfully to



INDIAN HUNTERS SPEARING SEALS IN THE OPEN SEA.



FIRST BRITISH VESSELS SEIZED IN BEHRING SEA, STRANDED BY THE OCTOBER GALES, SEASON OF 1886.

take up a station on the breeding rookeries; he is, therefore, compelled by the older and stronger males to herd apart from these rookeries with the rest of his kind, and the ground which he visits is called, in contradistinction from the breeding places, where he cannot land, "hauling ground." Upon the hauling grounds, therefore, all the young male fur seals between one year and five years old gather in irregular squads during the sealing season every summer and fall; they are constantly coming and going, since they do not fast like the old males; a cool, moist, foggy period will coax them out from the sea in greater numbers than when the weather is dry and warm.

To these hauling grounds the natives come for the "drive." It makes little difference whether the seals are hauled far out on the land from the water, or not; it is enough for the Aleuts to find them there, no matter how they may be resting. The men slip quietly and quickly in between the seals and the surf, and start the surprised animals up and inland with a slight exercise of their vocal organs and an exhibition of vigorous gesticulations.

Now, let the reader study the effect of this driving of a fur-seal herd, started in the manner above cited, from, say, "Middle hill," English bay, St. Paul's island, to be driven over to the killing grounds and salt houses at the village, nearly three

miles over loose sand, up and down the steep, grassy slopes of Telegraph hill, across mossy tussocks, and around the lagoon to the place of slaughter, making each seal carry its own skin to the salt house. In the first place it will be observed that the fur seal is able to literally stand upon its flippers, with its body clear and free from all contact with the ground (no other seal can do this); but, when in motion, while it can step forward, right and left, with its fore flippers, yet the hind ones are simply impotent; they are hitched up with a lumbering lurch after every second step forward made by the fore hands. It will also be noticed that the long, attenuated flipper-tips of the hind toes are scarcely held above the earth as the animal pitches along—indeed, they sweep and drag; these physical peculiarities being noted, then the effect of starting up several thousand fur seals suddenly for an overland trip of two or three miles can be better understood.

These seals, as they are aroused, huddle up at first in a confused, sweltering heap, every seal standing on its neighbor's feet and making violent efforts to free itself, only to pin down the





THE LANDING, ST. GEORGE'S VILLAGE.

next seal to it and then be pinned down itself in turn ; so much so that frequently they will be piled, in fright and struggling, two, three, and even four seals on one another ; this creates what is called " smothering " by the drivers : because, as the herd gradually unwinds itself by the seals on top getting off, and starting away in that direction where no dreaded man is seen, to be followed by those below in turn, a few of the unlucky seals that happened to be on the ground floor of the frightened heap will be found dead, literally smothered to death ; while those which lay with them on the bottom, and which are now shambling along over the driveway, are all of them doubtlessly injured more or less, though it is not particularly evidenced by the behavior of the animals other than that they are " blown " and languid.

As we look at these animals, thus urged by the natives, reflection declares to us that while a fur seal moves easier on land and freer than any or all other seals, yet at the same time it is an unusual and laborious effort even when it is voluntarily made. But, when thousands of young male seals are suddenly aroused to their utmost power of land locomotion for miles and miles over rough, sharp rocks, roll-

ing clinker stones, deep loose sand, mossy tussocks and other severe obstacles to their floundering progression, these seals in their fright exert themselves violently ; they crowd in confused, sweltering heaps, one upon the other, as they rush down the hill slopes, and in this most extraordinary effort they are obliged to use muscles and nerves that nature never intended them to use, and which are not fitted for the action.

The prolonged drive inflicts an unnatural and violent strain, that cannot fail to leave a mark upon the physical condition of every seal thus driven, though it is, after reaching the killing grounds, suffered to escape.* During the drive we observe that the seals are first heated to the point of suffocation ; then—gasping, panting and prostrate—they are allowed to rest a few moments to cool and regain breath, and then abruptly started up again for a fresh renewal of this beating and straining as they lunge, shamle and drag along.

When the seals arrive on the killing ground after four or five hours of such distressing effort on their part, they are allowed to rest and cool off prior to the final ordeal of clubbing. Then the natives

* I saw, in 1890, the same young seals driven up from Middle hill and other places to the village of St. Paul, over and over again between the 10th of June and 20th of July : so hard driven, that in the later drives of July hundreds of them appeared with " wall " eyes—the same eyes which are observed in horses after becoming blind from the effects of overdriving and " foundering."

drive out from this herd forty or fifty animals at a time, a "pod," or "pods," as these little bands are called; the pod is driven only a few yards away from the drove, surrounded by the clubbers or men who, with stout wooden clubs, strike down all the seals in this pod that come up to the standard size ordered for the season's quota, and let those which are undersized go free from the field back to the sea. Back they go: outwardly, not seriously hurt, most of them; but in fact many of these spared seals have sustained during the drive internal injuries of greater or less degree, that remain to work physical disability or death thereafter to nearly every seal thus released. Even if it can survive the strain of driving year after year up to its sixth, then its virility and courage will have become so impaired as to prevent it from ever attempting to take up a station on the breeding grounds; it is a severe gantlet to run, this driving over and over again throughout every sealing season for five and six consecutive years: not only once is the spared seal driven this year, but it will haul out to be driven again in a few days or weeks, if it is not mortally injured, lured ashore again by the females which come and go while feeding to and from the breeding grounds during the entire season.

The practice, during the last ten years in especial, of culling the herds on the killing grounds, has been slowly robbing the rookeries of that full and sustained supply of fresh young male blood which nature imperatively demands for their support in fine form and large numbers.

Before speaking of the open water or pelagic sealers and their share of condemnation for their work of indiscriminate killing of these animals, it is well to draw attention to the fact that the present condition of the fur-seal preserves is nothing new. Twice before, in the comparatively short period of a century, since they were first opened to the cupidity of man, have they been threatened with that ruin—the same ruin which now threatens them today. In 1806 and 1807 all killing on the

islands was stopped to save them, but resumed in 1808—too soon, for, after seventeen years of continual adoption of half-way measures, the full and necessary term of rest was given to them in 1834. The story of this "Zapooska" of the Russians in 1834 and the causes which led then to the very verge of ruin of those fur-seal interests of ours on the Pribylov islands, is one that is now timely and should be heeded.

When these islands were first discovered in 1786-87 an indiscriminate rush was made to them by the representatives of every Russian trading organization then in Alaska; by everyone then able to fit out a vessel and hire a number of men. The eager, greedy parties located on and near all of the large rookeries and hauling grounds, and killed as many seals as they could handle; in those early times all the skins were air dried, or "in parchment," and not salted as they are now. The process of air curing made the work of sealing then far slower and much more difficult than it is now; the present system of handling and salting skins practically offers no delay whatever to the work of killing and skinning. In the writer's mind there is no doubt whatever but that this inability to cure skins rapidly in 1786-1805—to preserve them as fast as they could take

them by killing and skinning—not one-tenth as rapidly as the present methods permit—alone saved the Pribylov rookeries from extermination. Certainly it must have been the cause, for then at least thirteen different trading associations had their vessels and their men around and on these two islands of St. Paul and St. George, throughout full seventeen consecutive years, engaged all of them to their utmost ability during this period in taking fur-seal skins.



NATIVES OF ST. PAUL'S ISLAND.

Had these early Russian fur hunters then possessed the knowledge and means of curing skins in salt that we now have, together with those appliances now in use on the seal islands of Alaska, there is little doubt that they would have killed every fur seal that remained to show itself three years after they began their operations—that they would have swept every animal from these grounds, and all Alaska as well, long, long before the old Russian American company assumed autocratic control of these interests in 1799.

But, fortunately for us and the rest of the civilized world, they did not know anything about curing skins in salt, or if they did, the Chinese market, where all these pelts were then sold, would not buy them so preserved; they were sold to, and worn by the Chinese without plucking and dyeing. The Russians employed but one method, and that was to stretch the green skins on frames and air-dry them in long, low, drying houses, or to peg the skins out in bright weather on the ground during August, September and October.

A climate so damp, foggy and stormy as that of the seal islands made these Slavonian sealers spend ten times as much time in curing their fur-seal pelts as it took them to drive and kill; then, too, in those early days they were remote from a market, had no prompt economical means of transportation to London and depended wholly upon the whims of the Chinese trade via Kiachta. Still, with this extraordinary drawback, it seems that they took in that laborious and risky manner at least 100,000 fur-seal skins every year. They took so many that by 1803 several hundred thousand air-dried or "parchment" pelts had accumulated beyond the ability of the old Russian company to dispose of them profitably in time to anticipate their decay.

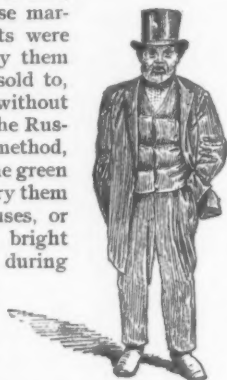
The enforced delay in 1788-1806 saved the Pribylov rookeries from that swift destruction which the keen, quick-witted American and English sealers compassed on the great breeding grounds of the fur seal in the Antarctic in 1806-26; our coun-

trymen then used the kench and salt; they never were bothered with the question of how to dispose of their skins after killing, so as to save them; and they brought their methods of 1806-26—the methods of today—up to the seal islands of Alaska in 1868, where they were employed for the first time. They began at once that system of disciplined, exhaustive slaughter which had proved so effective in exterminating the Antarctic life—took nearly 240,000 skins on these islands in the short space of three months, and ceased killing only for want of salt; happily the government intervened before their work could be resumed in 1869.

The other and most ruinous agency which has been at work since 1886 destroying these famous seal rookeries of Alaska is the white pelagic sealer. This person, with his little sixty or seventy-ton schooner, and crew of twenty-five or thirty-five Indian and white hunters, has been killing seals in the open waters of the North Pacific ocean and Behring sea in the most wasteful and wanton manner; he is a new feature and a destroyer that had never, until 1886, seriously threatened the existence of the seals. But now the small fleet of six or seven vessels that first began the chase into Behring sea has

been increased, in spite of all the discouragement attending the enterprise, such as seizure and confiscation, to a fleet of more than 100 vessels, manned by at least 2500 white men and savages, keenly engaged in shooting fur seals of all sexes and ages (ninety per cent. females last summer) anywhere they are seen in the open waters of the North Pacific and the Sea of Behring.

This method of securing fur seals in the water is one that has been practised by the Indians of Cape Flattery and the northwest coast from time immemorial; but it was not regarded with much favor by white men until the price of fur-seal skins began to be so great as to warrant a pecuniary venture: this rise in values of the raw skins began in 1882-84, and white traders finding that the Indian hunters with their canoes off the Straits of Fuca were making good wages, and at the same



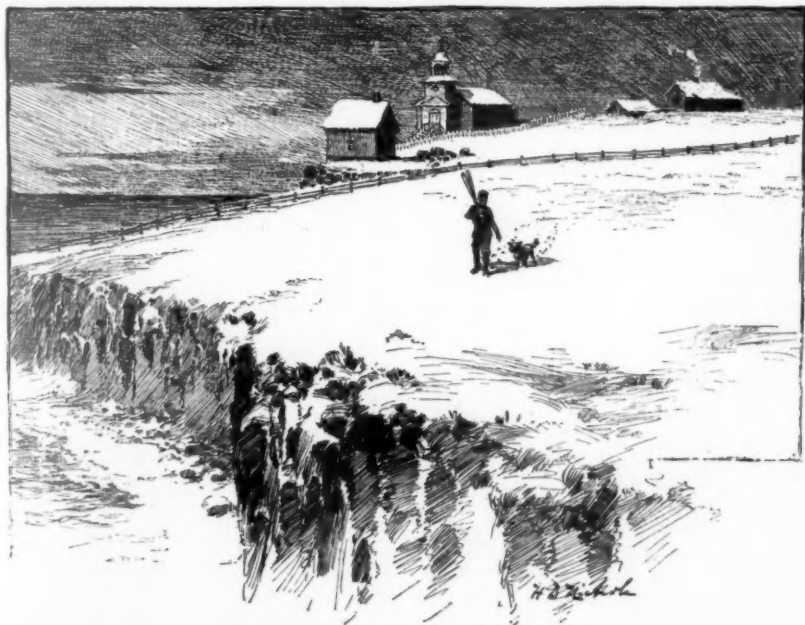
NATIVE SEAL ISLANDER.

time were not pushing the chase, began to fit out vessels of their own for the industry. By 1886 twelve or fifteen small schooners, some of them fitted with auxiliary steam power, were busily engaged in shooting fur seals wherever they could find them in the open waters of the North Pacific ocean and Alaska. The success of these vessels, despite the seizure of several American and three British vessels in 1886, stimulated the fitting out of a larger fleet in 1887, which was vigorously harassed by the revenue cutters that year; but in 1888 the sealing fleet was unmolested, in 1889 harassed again, but in 1890 not disturbed; and during the season of 1891 no less than eighty vessels, all equipped and engaged in the business of pelagic sealing, most of them flying the British flag, have been busily employed.

The power of such a fleet to destroy our fur-seal rookeries will be better understood by the following statement of the manner in which one of these vessels and its crew works. The fur-sealing schooner is never a large vessel; it is small, not averaging more than from forty to sixty tons;

the crew is made up of five or more white men and twenty-five or more Indians, who are selected from the Cape Flattery, Vancouver, and Queen Charlotte island tribes, or of white hunters alone, fifteen or twenty of them; they are also provided with their own Indian canoes, spears, lines, etc. The white hunters (who shoot and never spear) use White-hall boats, dories and similar small row-boats.

The sealing season for the pelagic hunters begins each year in February and March, off the coast of California and Oregon, Washington and Vancouver island, where the fur seals first strike the coast on their way up; they left the seal islands in October and November preceding, and this is their first appearance to the hunters since leaving the land of their birth. The seals are all headed towards the north, and by the middle of April the great bulk of the herd has reached the ocean coast of the Kenai peninsula and Prince William sound; by the middle of May and early in June it will be found off the Kodiak coast and the Shumagin



CHURCH AND STORE, ST. GEORGE'S ISLAND.

islands; by the 1st to 4th of July it enters Behring sea through the passes of the Aleutian chain; ten days later, the breeding season on the Pribylov islands is at its height, and all the seals have assembled.

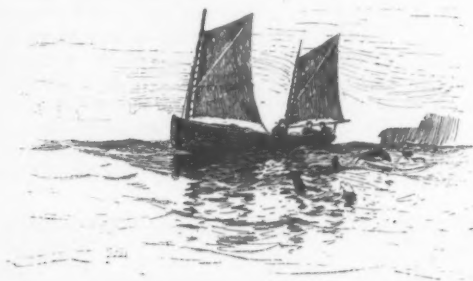
Though these fur seals do not land anywhere after leaving the islands where they were born, yet they keep the land in sight a large portion of the time while they are at sea, approaching very close to the entrance of the Straits of Fuca and the Kenai coast; the youngest seals, or last year's pups, come in quite close, within a mile or two, but the adults seldom draw nearer than seven or ten miles, and many of the bands are found more than 100 miles at sea as they follow the

of Fuca about the middle of February every year.

These fur seals are classified by the open-water sealers as "sleepers" and "feeders." In fine weather, when little or no wind is stirring, the seals love to turn over on their backs, and, clasping their flippers together over their abdomens, they sleep soundly with nothing protruding above the water except the snout and heels; but when the sea is rough, sleep is out of the question with the fur seal—it busies itself in feeding; in catching fish, squid and marine crustaceans that tickle its palate; a "sleeper" is easy to approach, taking due caution as to the wind and muffling the oars or paddles; but a "feeder" is alert and shy. The pelagic sealer knows,

however, that where and when he sees one "feeder," more are with it, and they are likely to pop their heads up at any moment in any direction around and near to his boat, as they rise from their submarine fishing to breathe, and sometimes frolic together; so, by a manner of silent and patient waiting, he secures many opportunities to shoot at seals within easy range of his boat during the day's work.

The "sleepers" are chiefly taken by the Indian hunters, who spear them, but the "feeders" are not to be approached in that way, so they are shot by the white hunters; the Indian method is the least wasteful. The hunters seldom lose a seal that they go for, while the shooting plan is just the reverse. The modus operandi of the savages is as follows: when the weather permits and seal are in sight, or seal signs are about, the ten or twelve canoes that have been stacked spoon fashion on the deck of the schooner are launched; into each canoe, which is about twelve or fifteen feet long (dug out from a single pine log), two Indians seat themselves, or squat, rather; one sits at the stern and with a single paddle propels and steers the light craft out away from the vessel in the course prearranged; the schooner lays by, if no wind stirs, while the canoes make out in every direction of the compass from it; or, if a light wind, the canoes all start to windward with moderate distance between them, while



FUR SEALS SPORTING ROUND A BOAT.

trend of the land going north. This return trip of the fur seals to the Pribylov islands from the California coast is well charted, but that outgoing journey of theirs from these islands south to the California waters is not so well known. The stormy weather of October to December, inclusive, drives all vessels out of Behring sea and away from the North Pacific ocean, and therefore the pelagic sealers have not as yet been able to follow the herd out of Behring sea, as they have followed them into that area. As we have no record of herds of fur seals travelling down to the southward along this northwest coast, by which route they return, it is fair to assume that the animals strike right south and eastward into the waters of the North Pacific ocean when they leave the area of Behring sea in October and November, and leisurely traverse the 2200 to 2400 miles that lie between the Aleutian chain and the Californian coast, so as to appear as they do off Santa Barbara and the Straits



A FUR-SEAL DRIVE ON ST. PAUL'S ISLAND.

the vessel beats up after them so as to take them on safely before night or storms come up.

A "sleeper" is noted by the keen eye of the Indians in one of these canoes; as the men are to the leeward of the somnolent, though conscious animal, the silent paddling of the Indian does not give it any warning of approaching danger, and the other savage, who has been looking to every detail of the running line attached to the toggle-headed spear which he grasps, and bracing himself as the canoe glides up to within less than ten yards of the unsuspecting sleeper, hurls it with a certain aim that drives the sharp bifurcated steel prongs into the animal's neck or chest. Quick as lightning the victim is aroused by the blow, and throws itself into a frenzied and desperate attempt to escape by diving and swimming off; but the stout line is securely attached to the head of the spear which is now imbedded under the skin and muscles of the stricken seal; the Indians cautiously draw in upon the line, keeping their canoe end on to the point of tension until the head of the unhappy beast shows itself under the bows, then instantly a blow from a short-handled heavy wooden club crushes in the frail bones of its skull, and its struggles end; its quivering body is taken up, and, if no other seal at the moment is in sight, the skin of this one is at once removed by its captors, who carry ordinary butcher knives and whetstones for that purpose.

A little keg of water with provisions and tobacco is put into each canoe as it starts out in the morning from the vessel, be-

cause, in spite of the greatest vigilance and care, fogs and storms come up so quickly in these regions, and it is no unusual thing for a sealing canoe or white hunters' boat to be unable to return to the schooner for several days, and many are lost altogether.

The white men who shoot use small rowboats, dories and yawl-shaped craft of no particular type; one man rows, and follows implicitly the directions of the second, who is the hunter; usually two men go out in one boat, sometimes three; the boats are lowered in both quiet and fresh weather, and never go to windward, but run down from the schooner to leeward; the latter drifts after them, laying to; three or four boats are all that these sealers carry in addition to their Indian crew and outfit. No attempt is made to row up to where a "feeder" pops its head up; but, after getting out a short distance from the vessel, the boat is rowed just so as to keep headway on it, and the men watch alertly for the sudden showing of a fur seal's head and neck as it rises to breathe and look about for a few seconds before diving again. The chances are even that the men will sit for hours in their boat and never see a seal's head—and then on the other hand they may have a hundred shots at as many different animals during the same time. Everything depends upon whether they have happened to strike early into the path of a large travelling herd, or have got there just too late.

When a "feeder" shows itself, it makes a very good mark if the tumbling of the



NATIVE CHURCH, ST. PAUL'S ISLAND.

water where it is, and the motion of the boat where the hunter is, does not operate to render the best aim a matter of uncertainty. It shows its head and long neck entirely above the water, and it is just as apt to rise within a few yards of the boat as not. Very few of the hunters attempt to shoot at a greater distance than 100 yards—most of them rarely get anything at that range; the usual distance is between forty and fifty yards at the longest.

But shooting a seal does not signify that the hunter gets it—not by any means; there is so much difference of opinion and of statement of fact in regard to this point, that it is not possible for any authoritative declaration to be made; some hunters say that they do not lose one seal out of three that they kill; others are equally positive in saying that they do not lose ten per cent. of what they kill; shooting at a seal and not killing it these hunters do not count; therefore nothing definite can be deduced from such testimony, because a mortally wounded seal can and will swim away as quickly as one slightly wounded; and as the hunters use buck-shot in wire cartridges, they wound nearly every seal that they shoot at, even if they do not kill it.

The body of a seal, "clean killed," sinks in a few moments after the shot; the hunter immediately after firing rises to his full height in the boat, and fixing his eye as closely as possible upon the spot where he marked the animal at the instant of shooting, urges and directs the boat-puller to row up to it, and, with a long-handled "gaff-pole," he arrives over the wake of the sinking body in time, or not in time, as the case may be, to secure it. It requires much more skill to pick

up a dead seal's body, when the weather is thick and windy, than to shoot it; and unless the hunter is a man of uncommon good judgment as to locality and the effect of shooting, he will lose at least six or seven animals for everyone that he gets. A good hunter claims to get four out of every five that he goes for; but the boatpullers do not agree with the hunter. As the

latter do most of the work of chasing the bodies, naturally their testimony is the more conservative; the boatpullers think that one out of every five that they go for is the fair average, but there is no agreement among them, and no positive testimony can be secured.

However, in any case, it is certainly a wasteful chase, rendered doubly so by the fact that today, owing to the conditions of the rookeries, ninety per cent. of the adult fur seals taken at sea are females, and nearly every one before the 10th of July is taken heavy with its unborn young; a moment's reflection at this point will give the reader a good idea of the extent of injury which a fleet of pelagic sealers can do, if unchecked during the breeding season of the fur seal. And when this agency of ruin is supplemented by the system of "driving," as carried out today on the land, the plight which our fur-seal rookeries are in, and the danger which threatens them in the immediate future, can be well understood.

Closing Behring sea to pelagic sealers, and resting the hauling grounds by stopping all killing on the islands for a term of years, is not enough; we need more than that; we need an international close-time agreement with Great Britain, primarily, whereby not only the open waters of Behring sea, but also those of the North Pacific ocean south of the Aleutian archipelago, the peninsula of Alaska, and Kenai, 100 miles from their coasts, shall be reserved and treated as a breeding preserve for the fur seal from the 1st of every May to the 10th of every October.

This length of time is due to the fact that the fur seal's offspring requires suckling on land for a period of four months

after its birth; the hair seals of the North Atlantic only need twenty days, or a short month, ere their young are ready for the sea and are abandoned by their mothers. But the young fur seal is not ready for the struggle for its existence, unaided, until it has shed its natal coat of stiff black hair and replaced it with the seagoing jacket of over hair and under wool, or fur, and this renewal is not complete until the 1st to the end of October.

Bishop Veniaminov, who is the only Russian that has given us the faintest idea of the details of work as conducted on the islands of St. Paul and St. George during his time (1812-37), seems to have witnessed a steady decline of the number of seals during that period; the killing was conducted without restraint of any kind by the old Russian American company, except as it saw fit to modify its own autocratic course. All sorts of halfway measures were adopted by it to no good purpose whatever. Finally, in 1834 the supply of killable seals fell off from an expected 20,000 to only 12,000—"all that could be got with all possible exertion."

Then the Russians awoke to the fact that if they wished to preserve the fur-bearing interests of the Pribylov islands from ruin they must stop killing—wholly stop for a number of years—stop until the renewal of the exhausted rookeries was manifest and easily recognized. The Zapooska of 1835 which they then ordered is the date of that renewed lease

of life which these rookeries took, and which by 1857 had restored them to the splendid condition in which they were when they passed into the hands of the United States, and which now, after twenty-three years of killing since 1868, under the regulations of 1870, together with the pelagic sealing since 1886, we find again threatened with speedy commercial ruin unless full measures are at once adopted for their preservation and restoration on land and in the sea. Halfway measures will not do; they failed signally in the Russian régime, and they will as signally fail with us if we yield in the slightest degree to any argument for their adoption.

The people of this country and the rest of the civilized world have no wish for a revenue, no matter how great it may be in the present, if that revenue is derived from destructive seal killing, no matter whether it be on land or in the sea; they will not hesitate to express their contempt for the man or men who may attempt such a programme, and they will surely punish the actors. The matter of gain is all right enough when it does not involve the destruction of these rookeries, but the moment it does, then that commercial greed which makes the demand will meet with its swift abatement, and be sent to the rear by a higher and a better sentiment which, though it may be in the background at present, will soon be aroused and plant itself at the front.



"REEF" AND "GARBOCH" ROOKERIES.

SOME NEW CONTRIBUTORS.

Hiram Stevens Maxim was ancestors being among the early. At the age of fourteen he was twenty-three entered the machine studied engineering drawing, for a maker of gas machines and ton, and draughtsman at the York. During this time he designed nearly all of the gas machines from his designs. Mr. Maxim from hydrocarbons on filaments for incandescent lamps, and was the first to make an automatic regulator for keeping a constant current in incandescent lighting. He has made many inventions, the best known of which is the Maxim gun. During the last three years he has been actively engaged experimenting in aero-dynamics.



born in Sangerville, Maine, his settlers of Plymouth county, apprenticed to a trade, and at chine works of his uncle, where He subsequently was foreman philosophic instruments in Boston. Novelty Iron Works in New signed numerous gas machines, chines now in use were made

was the first to deposit carbon



Carroll Davidson Wright was born in Dunbarton, New Hampshire, July 25, 1840, and was educated in New Hampshire and Vermont. In 1860 he began the study of law, but in 1862, in September, enlisted. In October 1865 he was admitted to the bar and two years later took up the practice of patent law in the city of Boston. He served in the Massachusetts State Senate in 1872 and 1873, and in June of the latter year was appointed Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor of that state. In January 1885 he was appointed Commissioner of Labor, and later on was commissioned by President Cleveland as Commissioner of Labor

for the new department. In 1879 he was lecturer before the Lowell Institute in Boston on "Phases of the Labor Question;" in 1881 was a university lecturer at Harvard. Mr. Wright has published many pamphlets on topics relating to social science and statistics, and thirty-two volumes of official statistics.

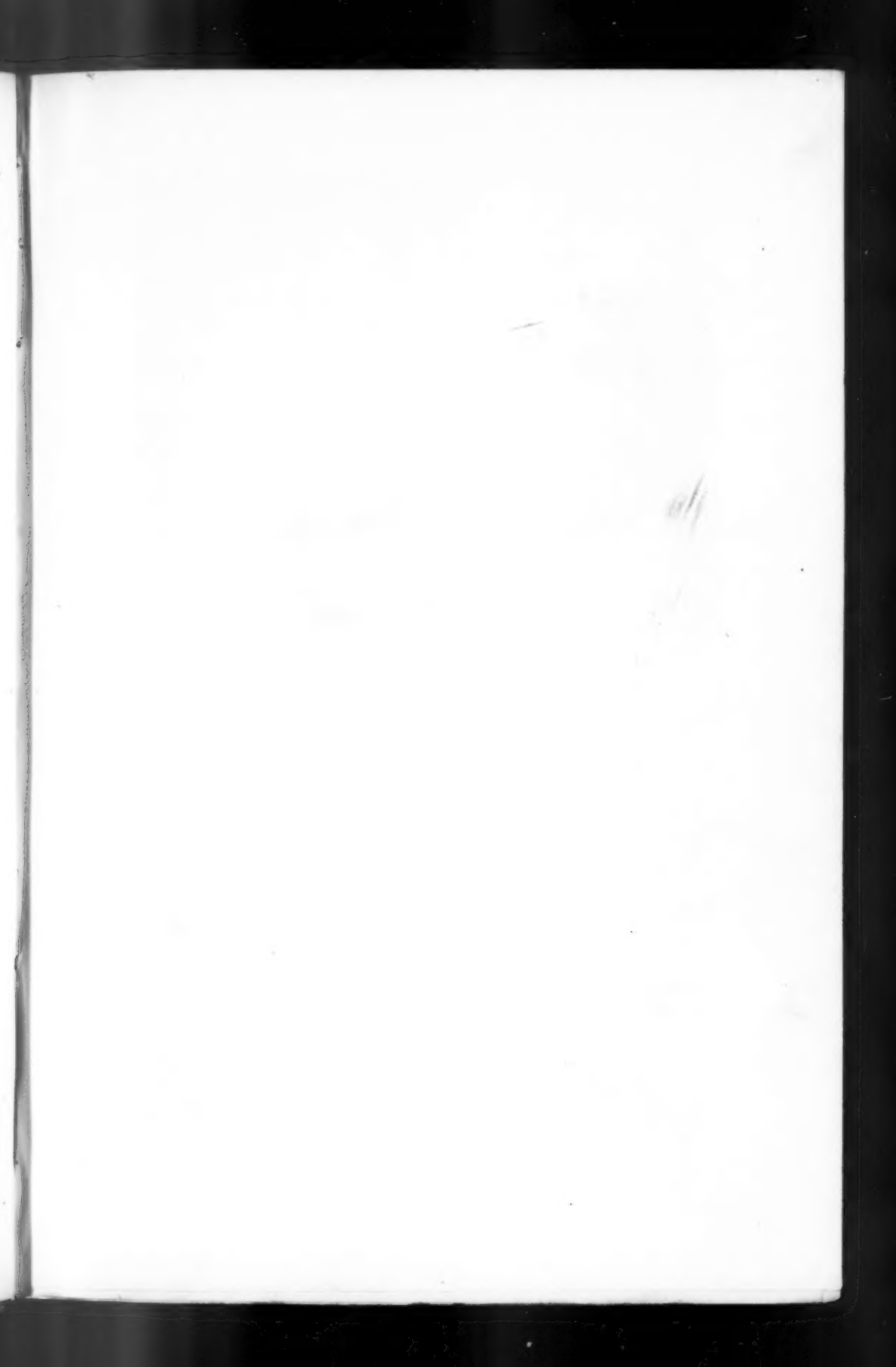
Walter Crane was born at Liverpool, began work under his father, after he became a pupil of W. J. Linton. in 1871, and spent twenty months in eral pictures that were shown in London. he exhibited a series of important allegorical-grosvenor gallery, and in 1888 was the Society of Painters in Water Colors, medal for a water-color at the Paris Mr. Crane became interested in the new pounded by William Morris. He has in design in the national competitions in London for many years. Mr. Crane has painted many important pictures and is well known through his children's books.

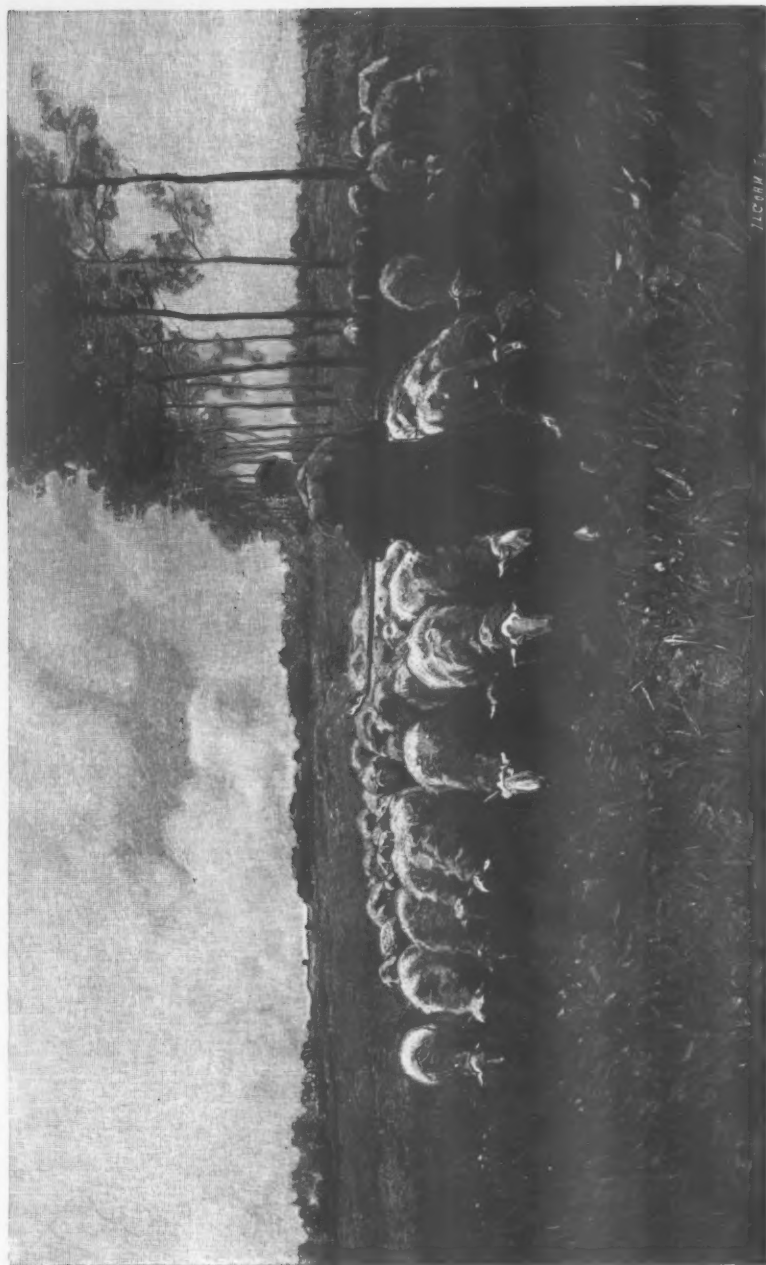


and at an early age whose death in 1859 Mr. Crane married Italy painting several From 1877 to 1887 gorical, works at elected Associate of and received a silver exposition. In 1884 socialism as exacted as examiner

Edward Wakefield is the son of an officer in the British army, one of the band of brothers who colonized New Zealand and South Australia. He was born in 1851, and shared with his father the adventures of pioneer life in the colonies. He returned to England to the university, and at twenty-one was appointed confidential secretary to the government of New Zealand. For some years he sat in the colonial Parliament. He also held office as Colonial Secretary and Minister for Native Affairs. In 1889 he was recalled to England, and seized the opportunity to pay a long visit to America. He is the author of *New Zealand after Fifty Years*, a standard book on the colony, and is a well-known contributor to English and American magazines.







"WHERE THE LONE HERDSMAN LEADS HIS FLEECY THRONG."